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Aug. Now I'll teach you, you little insolent!

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH

OF

M. BERQUIN.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

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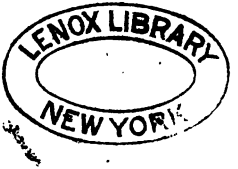

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE SWORD.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD ONSBURGH.
AUGUSTUS, ... *his Son.*
HENRIETTA, ... *his Daughter.*
FRANK RAYNTON,
WILLIAM RAYNTON,
EDWARD DUDLEY,
CHARLES DUDLEY, . . . *Friends of Augustus.*
CRAPE, ... *Servant to Lord Onsburgh.*

Scene, the Apartment of Augustus.

SCENE I. *Augustus.*

AHA! this is my birth-day! They did well to tell me, otherwise I should never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me some new present from papa. But, let's see, what will he give me? Crape had something under his coat when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. If I were not obliged to appear a little more sedate

than usual, I should have forced him to show me what he was carrying.—But hist, I shall soon know it. Here comes my father.

Enter Lord Onsburgh (*holding in his hand a sword and belt.*)

Lord O. Ah! are you there, Augustus? I have already wished you joy of your birth day; but that is not enough, is it?

Aug. O papa—but what have you in your hand there?

Lord O. Something that I fear will not become you well. A sword; look here!

Aug. What! is it for me? O give it to me, dear papa; I will be *so* good and *so* diligent for the future—

Lord O. Ah! if I thought that! but do you know that a sword requires a man? That he must be no longer a child who wears one, but should conduct himself with circumspection and decency; and in short, that it is not the sword that adorns the man, but the man who adorns the sword.

Aug. O never fear me. I shall adorn mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to say to those mean persons——

Lord O. Whom do you call those mean persons?

Aug. I mean those who cannot wear a sword; those who are not of the nobility as you and I are.

Lord O. For my part I know no mean persons but those who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worse of conducting themselves; who are diso-

bedient to their parents, rude and unmannerly to others: so that I see many mean persons among the nobility, and many noble ones among those whom you call mean.

Aug. Yes, I think in the same manner.

Lord O. What were you talking then just now, of wearing a sword? Do you think that the real advantages of nobility consist in fopperies? They serve to distinguish ranks, because it is necessary that ranks should be distinguished in the world. But the most elevated rank does only add more disgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

Aug. So I believe, papa. But it will be no disgrace to me to have a sword, and to wear it.

Lord O. No. I mean that you will render yourself worthy of this distinction no otherwise than by your good behaviour. Here is your sword, but remember——

Aug. O yes, papa. (*He endeavours to put the sword by his side, but cannot. Lord Onsburgh helps him to buckle it on.*)

Lord O. Eh! why it does not sit so ill.

Aug. Does it not? O, I knew that.

Lord O. It becomes you surprisingly. But, above all things remember what I told you.—Good by! (*going, he returns.*) I had forgot. I have just sent for your little party of friends to spend the day with you. Observe to behave yourself suitably.

Aug. Yes, papa.

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Aug. What! low, vulgar blood? No, they have neither hearts nor swords.

Hen. Really, papa could not have given you a more useful present. He saw plainly that a hero was concealed in the person of his son, and that he wanted but a sword to show him in his proper light.

Aug. Hark ye, sister! it is my birth day, we must divert ourselves. However, you will not say any thing of it to papa.

Hen. Why not? he would not have given you a sword, if he did not expect some exploit of this sort from a gentleman newly equipt. Would he have advised you otherwise?

Aug. Certainly, you know that he is always preaching to me.

Hen. What has he been preaching to you?

Aug. I don't know, not I. That I should adorn my sword, and not my sword me.

Hen. In that case you understood him properly, I must say; to adorn one's sword is to know how to make use of it; and you are willing to show already that you have that knowledge.

Aug. Very well, sister! you think to joke; but I would have you to know, madam—

Hen. O, I know extremely well, all that you can tell me; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your sword?

Aug. What is that? (*unbuckles the belt and looks all over the sword.*) I do not see that there is the least thing wanting.

Hen. Really, you are a very clever swordsman

But a sword-knot, now! How a blue and silver knot would dangle from that hilt?

Aug. You are right, Henrietta. Hark ye! you have a whole band-box full of ribands in your room; so——

Hen. I was thinking of it; provided that you do not give me a specimen of your fencing, or lay your blade about me in return.

Aug. Nonsense! here is my hand, that is enough, you have nothing to fear. But quick, a handsome knot! when my little party comes, they shall see me in all my grandeur.

Hen. Give it to me, then.

Aug. (*giving her the sword.*) There, make haste! you will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

Hen. Depend on me.

Enter Crape.

Crape. The two Master Dudleys, and the Master Rayntons are below.

Aug. Well! cannot they come up? must I go to receive them at the bottom of the stairs?

Crape. My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

Aug. No, no; it is better to wait for them here.

Hen. Nay, but since mamma desires that you will go down—

Aug. Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony! Well, I shall go directly. Come, what are you doing? Will this make my sword-knot? go, run, and let me find it on my table properly done. (*going out.*) Do you hear?

SCENE III. *Henrietta.*

The little insolent! in what a tone he speaks to me! luckily I have the sword. A proper instrument indeed, in the hands of so quarrelsome a boy! yes, yes, stay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you so well as I. But he must be told—Ah, here he is!

Enter Lord Onsburgh.

Hen. You are come in good time, papa. I was going to you.

Lord O. What have you then of so much consequence to tell me?—But what do you do with your brother's sword?

Hen. I have promised him to put a handsome knot to it; but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands. Do not give it to him again whatever you do.

Lord O. Why should I take back a present that have given him?

Hen. At least be so good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I just now found him all alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his first trial of fencing upon his companions that come to see him.

Lord O. The little quarreller! If he will use it for his first exploits, they shall not turn out to his honour, I promise you. Give me the sword.

Hen. (*giving him the sword.*) There, Sir, I hear him on the stairs.

Lord O. Run, make this knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. (*They go out.*)

SCENE IV.

Augustus, Edward and Charles Dudley, Frank and William Raynton.

(*Augustus enters first with his hat on; the others follow him uncovered.*)

Edward. (*aside to Frank Raynton.*) This is a very polite reception.

Frank. (*aside to Dudley.*) I suppose it is the fashion to receive company with the hat on, and to walk before them in your own house.

Aug. What are you mumbling there?

Ed. Nothing, Mr. Onsburgh; nothing.

Aug. Is it something that I should not hear?

Frank. Perhaps it may.

Aug. Now I insist upon knowing it.

Frank. When you have a right to demand it.

Ed. Softly, Raynton, it does not become us in a strange house—

Frank. It is still less becoming to be unpolite in one's *own* house.

Aug. (*haughtily.*) Unpolite! I unpolite! Is it because I walked before you?

Frank. That is the very reason. Whenever we have the honour to receive your visits, or those of any other person, we never take the precedence.

Aug. You only do your duty. But from you to me—

Frank. What then, from you to me?—

Aug. Are you noble?

Frank. (*to the two Dudleys and his brother.*)

Let us leave him to himself, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

Ed. Fie! Mr. Onsburgh! if you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? we did not ask that honour.

Aug. It was not I who invited you, it was my papa.

Frank. Then we will go to my lord, and thank him for his civility. At the same time we shall let him know that his son thinks it a dishonour to receive us. Come, brother.

Aug. (*stopping him.*) You cannot take a joke, master Raynton. Why, I am very happy to see you. It was to do me a pleasure that papa invited you, for this is my birth-day. I beg you will stay with me.

Frank. This is another affair. But be more polite for the future. Though I have not a title as you have, yet I will not suffer any one to offend me without resenting it.

Ed. Be quiet, Raynton; we should be good friends.

Chs. This is your birth-day then, Mr. Onsburgh.

Ed. I wish you many happy returns of it.

Frank. So do I, sir; and all manner of prosperity; (*aside*) and particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

Wm. I suppose you have had several handsome presents.

Aug. Of course.

Chs. A great deal of cakes and sweet-meats, no doubt?

Aug. Ha! ha! cakes? that would be pretty indeed. I have them every day.

Wm. Ah, then, I'll wager, it is in money. Two or three crowns? eh!

Aug. (*disdainfully.*) Something better, and which I alone, of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear. (*Frank and Edward talk aside.*)

Wm. If I had what has been given you, I could wear it as well as another, perhaps.

Aug. (*looking at him with an air of contempt.*) Poor creature! (*to the two elder brothers.*) What, are you both whispering there again? I think you should assist to amuse me.

Ed. Only furnish us with the means.

Frank. He who receives friends should study their amusement.

Aug. What do you mean by that, Mr. Raynton?

Enter Henrietta, bringing a plate with cakes.

Frank. Much at your service, Miss. (*bowing.*)

Ed. We are happy to see you, Miss, among our party.

Hen. Sir, you are very obliging. (*to Augustus.*) Brother, mamma has sent you this to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready. Crape will bring it up presently, and I shall have the pleasure of helping you.

Frank. Miss, you will do us a great deal of honour.

Aug. We do not want you here!—But now I think of it;—my sword knot!

Hen. You will find the sword and the knot in

your room. Good by, gentlemen, until I see you again.

Frank. Shall we soon have the favour of your company, miss?

Hen. I am going to ask leave of mamma.

SCENE V.

The two Rayntons, the two Dudleys, Augustus.

Aug. (*sitting down.*) Come, take chairs, and sit down. (*They look at each other, and sit down without speaking. Augustus helps the two youngest, and then himself, so plentifully, that nothing remains for the two eldest.*) Stop a moment! They will bring in more, and then I'll give you some.

Frank. O no; we do not desire it.

Aug. O, with all my heart!

Ed. If this be the politeness of a young nobleman——

Aug. Is it with such as you that one must stand upon ceremony? I told you before that they will bring us up something else. You may take it when it comes, or not take it; you understand that?

Frank. Yes; that is plain enough: and we see plainly too in what company we are.

Ed. Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr. Onsburgh, Raynton, fie! (*Augustus rises, all the rest rise also.*)

Aug. (*going up to the elder Raynton.*) In what company are you then, my little cit?

Frank. (*firmly.*) With a young nobleman that is very rude and very impudent; who values himself more than he ought; and who does not know

how well-bred people should behave to each other.

Ed. We are all of the same opinion.

Aug. I rude and impudent? Tell me so, who am a gentleman?

Frank. Yes, I say it again; very rude, and very impudent; though you were a duke, though you were a prince.

Aug. (*striking him.*) I'll teach you to whom you are talking. (*Frank tries to lay hold of him. Augustus slips back, goes out, and shuts the door.*

SCENE VI.

The two Rayntons, and the two Dudleys.

Ed. Bless me, Raynton, what have you done? He will go to his father, and tell him a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

Frank. His father is a man of honour. I will go to him, if Augustus does not. He certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his son.

Chs. He will send us home, and make a complaint against us.

Wm. No; my brother behaved himself properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not understand having his children ill used.

Frank. Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onsburgh.

(*Enter Augustus with his sword undrawn. The two younger boys run one into a corner, and the other behind an arm chair. Frank and Edward stand firm.*)

Aug. (*going up to Frank.*) Now I'll teach you, you little insolent—(*Draws, and instead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He stops short in confusion. The little ones burst into a loud laugh, and come up.*)

Frank. Come on! Let us see the temper of your sword.

Ed. Do not add to his confusion. He only deserves contempt.

Wm. Aha! this was it, then, that you had a right to wear!

Chs. He will not do any terrible harm to any body with that terrible weapon.

Frank. I could punish you now for your rudeness, but I should blush to take such revenge.

Ed. He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us leave him to himself.

Wm. Good by to you, Mr. Knight of the Turkey's Feather!

Chs. We shall not come here again, until you be disarmed, for you are too terrible now. (*As they are going, Frank stops them.*)

Frank. Let us stay here and give an account of our behaviour to his father, otherwise appearances will be against us.

Ed. You are right. What would he think of us, were we to leave his house thus, without seeing him?

SCENE VII.

Lord Onsburgh, Augustus, Frank and William Raynton, Edward and Charles Dudley. They

all put on an air of respect at the entrance of lord Onsburgh. Augustus goes aside and cries.

Lord O. (*to Augustus looking at him with indignation.*) What is this, Sir, that I hear? (*Augustus sobs and cannot speak.*

Frank. My lord, you will pardon this disturbance that appears among us. It was not caused by us. From the first moment of our coming, Mr. Onsburgh received us so ill—

Lord O. Do not be uneasy, my dear little friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from the beginning, my son's unbecoming discourse. He is the more blameable, as he had just been making me the fairest promises. I have suspected his impertinence for a long time, but I wished to see myself, how far he was capable of carrying it; and for fear of mischief, I put a blade to his sword, that as you see, will not spill much blood. (*The children burst into a laugh.*)

Frank. Excuse the freedom, my lord, that I took, in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

Lord O. I rather owe you my thanks for it. You are an excellent young gentleman, and deserve, much better than he does, to wear this badge of honour. As a token of my esteem and acknowledgment, accept this sword; but I will first put a blade to it that may be more worthy of you.

Frank. Your lordship is too good, but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr. Onsburgh to-day.

Lord O. No, no; my dear boys, you shall stay. My son's presence shall not disturb your pleasure.

You may divert yourselves together, and my daughter shall take care to provide you with whatever may amuse you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, sir, (*to Augustus*) do not offer to stir from this place. You may celebrate your birth-day here alone. You shall never wear a sword again, until you deserve one.

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN, a gardener of Lincoln, was looked upon as the most skilful in the country. His fruits surpassed those of his neighbours in size, and were always found to have an exquisite flavour. All the gentlemen round about were ambitious of having his peaches at their desserts, and he had no occasion to send his melons to the market; they were bespoke on the beds, and very often could not be had for gold. The reputation that he obtained, and the profits that he derived from his labours, increased his assiduity in his cultivation. Rich and industrious as he was, he easily found a proper match, and married Claribell, a young woman in the neighbourhood, as prudent as she was handsome. The first year of their marriage was very happy. Claribell assisted her husband in his labours, and the fruits of their garden were more prosperous than ever.

Unhappily for Jonathan, near his house lived another gardener, called Guzzle, who at day-break

fixed himself in an ale-house, which he seldom left before night. Jonathan was delighted with Guzzle's hearty humour, and it was not long before he fell into the same taste. At first, he went now and then to meet him at the ale-house, and only talked to him of gardening; but very soon, in his own garden, he talked to him of nothing but strong beer.

Claribell grieved at the change in her husband's behaviour. As she had not as yet sufficient experience herself to undertake the care of the wall-trees, she was frequently obliged to bring him home to his work, and usually found him among his pots and glasses. Alas! it would often have been better for him to stay from the garden. His head was now generally muddled with beer when he went to work upon his trees, and his pruning-knife cut away at random among the branches: those that bore were cut, as well as those that did not; and the fine peach-trees, on which last year there had not been a single bough unfruitful, did now only stretch their lazy arms, like so many yawning idlers. The more Jonathan saw his garden decay, the more fond he grew of this sottish way of life. His fruit and his vegetables had lost their great name, and not being able by his earnings to gratify his fondness of drink, he parted by degrees with his furniture, his linen, and his clothes. At length one day, when his wife was gone to market with some roots that she had reared herself, he sold all his garden tools, in order to drink the money with Guzzle. It would be difficult to

describe Claribell's grief at her return. To be reduced from a moderate competency to the most destitute poverty, was not the height of her misfortune. She felt still more strongly for the lot of her husband, and of a young infant, six months old, which she had then at the breast. Who would suppose that it was this child who saved the whole family from destruction?

The evening of the same day Jonathan came home swearing, threw himself into a chair, and leaning on his elbow over the table, called to his wife in a surly tone, for something to eat. Claribell handed him a large case-knife, and a basket covered with her apron. Jonathan snatched the apron off; but what was his surprise, to see his own child fast asleep in the basket.

"Eat there," said Claribell to him; "it is all that I have left to give you. You are the father of this child, and if you do not devour him, famine and misery shortly will." Jonathan, thunderstruck at these words, remained speechless, with his eyes stupidly fixed upon his son. At length his sorrow broke out into tears and exclamations. He rose and embraced his wife, asked her pardon, and promised to reform; and he kept his word.

His father-in-law, who for some time had refused to see him, being informed of his good intentions, advanced him a sum to enable him to put his garden in order again. Jonathan made good use of this supply, and very soon his garden flourished as fruitfully as ever. He became once more, and continued even to his old age, active, indus-

trious, a good husband, and a good father. He took pleasure sometimes (though he blushed at the same time) in telling this story to his son, who from his example conceived such an aversion to drinking and idleness, that he was all his life equally sober and laborious.

PASCAL: OR, THE GRADUATE IN VICE.

Mr. Hartwell was accustomed every Saturday to pay his only son, a little boy whose name was Pascal, an allowance, such as was sufficient to procure him, the week through, those little pleasures and enjoyments which children of his age so naturally pursue. No less confident than generous, he never looked for an account from Pascal of the way in which he laid out what he gave him. He supposed his principles were such, that he would not abuse his bounty, but remember the instruction, which he had so frequently given him on this subject. But what lamentable consequences did not this too blind credulity produce?

For hardly ever did he touch his weekly allowance, but he immediately ran to a shop hard by, and stuffed himself with pastry and nice things. His purse, in this first onset, underwent so great a diminution, that a very little the next day was sufficient to exhaust it totally: and during the last part of every week, he never had a farthing to regale himself withal; yet he did not, upon that ac-

count, less hanker after the same delicacies. And being resolved to gratify his palate, he prevailed upon a confectioner, at first, to give him credit; who afterwards, finding the boy's allowance was never applied to pay off these arrears, while on the other hand the debt increased, thought it was prudent to give in the bill to Mr. Hartwell. Mr. Hartwell was extremely angry with the tradesman, reprimanded his improper conduct, and forbade not only *him*, but every tradesman round about, to let his son have any thing he could not pay for on the spot. This might have been supposed a good precaution; and accordingly he thought it would become a check on Pascal's extravagance: whereas it only irritated matters, and the boy, as we shall see, at any risk resolved to gratify his palate.

Pascal's chamber was contiguous to his father's. After having noticed when his father generally slept the soundest, he once got up softly, came into his room, and feeling for his breeches, took out half a crown. Emboldened by his first fatal success, he frequently repeated this offence, and, for a time, without detection: but there cannot be a crime, however secretly commited, which does not come to light at last.

It chanced that Mr. Hartwell, some time after Pascal's first offence in this way, had a lawsuit to be decided the following day. Having thought upon it waking, it is not to be wondered at that it should take up his attention after he had gone to rest. In fact he lay quite silently ruminating on the

affair, when Pascal, thinking him asleep, got up as he was wont to do. Unhappily for him, the moon threw light enough into the chamber, that a person coming in might easily be seen. Accordingly let any one imagine if he can, what Mr. Hartwell must have felt, beholding his own son thus come to rob him! He for that time stifled his resentment; but before the thief could quit his chamber in the morning, he got up, went to him, and found means to turn the conversation into such a channel, as to ask him how much of his allowance he intended to lay out that day. Nothing, answered Pascal. I have given all my last week's money to a poor man in the neighbourhood, and must deny myself a little till next Saturday.

His father could not possibly restrain his indignation any longer, hearing such a falsehood come from him. He seized him by the arm, and found five shillings in his pocket, which was what the father had been robbed of. In proportion as he had till now been tender and indulgent to his son, so much the greater was his severity and riguor on this occasion; for his reprimands were only the preamble to harsher treatment, and the wretched Pascal was obliged to keep his bed for many days, in consequence of the correction he received.

How difficult is it to extirpate a vice that has once taken root within us! Pascal was not cured by this correction. Mr. Hartwell left his bureau-key one evening in the lock, and Pascal took a model of the wards, and got another made at the

smith's. This gave him a convenient opportunity to rob his father whenever he pleased; who, as he usually kept a great deal of cash by him, and as Pascal was too cunning to take too much at once, suspected nothing of the affair. He was now fifteen years of age, and could dissemble so well, that his parents thought him quite reformed, till his hypocrisy was accidentally discovered.

His father had received a piece of foreign coin, with other monies, which he soon remarked, and put it up in the bureau. This piece fell into Pascal's hands that very night, and Mr. Hartwell missing it the next morning, could not but bethink himself of Pascal's former inclinations, and suspect him. He resolved to satisfy himself that moment, and examining his pockets, found the piece of money he had lost, together with the key, by means of which he had obtained it; and the key, being made to open an uncommon lock, he could not but remark and guess the use for which it was intended.

But Pascal by this time was too old for such correction as he had before received; therefore Mr. Hartwell did but seriously upbraid him for the present, threatening to withdraw the benefits of his affection from him. He consulted a few faithful friends, upon the treatment, proper to be shown him: their opinion was in general, that the harshest method of proceeding would most tend to his amendment, and advised his being sent to school in Yorkshire, where for years he might not see his family, but be subjected to the rigorous discipline

and homely fare peculiar to such institutions, and of course have leisure to repent of his enormity, and be accustomed to a frugal way of life. This was their counsel; but the combat of paternal love in Mr. Hartwell's bosom, which was very far from being quite extinct, would not permit him to pursue their salutary admonition; he inclined to something of a gentler nature, and in grief of heart, and, as the only moderate method he could think of to preserve him from destruction, sent that very day to Bristol for a friend of his, who kept a boarding school, to whose attention he consigned, upon the very day of his arrival, this unworthy son, with directions to supply him with no other money than was absolutely necessary for his wants. His friend set off on his return immediately, and Pascal with him.

This was a precaution; but it came too late; the youth's principles were utterly corrupted. His tutor's table was plain, though very plentiful; for which reason Pascal would go out, and at a tavern gratify his palate with the choicest wines and viands, for which he easily got credit, as his host had taken care to make enquiry into his father's circumstances, who he found was very rich. Nor did Pascal stop here; to supply that want of money which his tutor would not allow him, he began to play, and practised every species of deception at a gaming-house hard by.

God's providence, as if it interfered particularly to reform him, punished all his vices on the spot. Three gamblers, his companions, who detected him

endeavouring to deceive them with a pack of cards that he had beforehand sorted for the purpose, fell upon him unawares, and so rough were the effects of their vengeance, that Pascal was almost beat to death upon the spot.

He was carried home with scarce the least remains of life, and put to bed. His tutor ran to see him, and afforded all the succour and asistance in his power. He waited till he saw him almost re-established, to impart such counsel as might possibly affect him; which he did with all the softness possible, and pointed out the horrors into which he was plunging himself. Miserable youth! said the tutor, what can have induced you to excesses so disgraceful? You dishonour, by your crimes, a name which the probity of those before you had exalted, and made great and respectable. You rob your tender parents of those hopes which they indulged when they laid the ground-work of your education. When the youth of your acquaintance, who now consecrate that time to study which you consume in scandalous excesses, shall be sought for by their country, and employed in elevated stations, you will be considered as an abject dangerous character. You will be banished from all company that have the least regard or value for their honour, and the meanest class of men will scorn you.

Pascal was at first affected with this lesson. He broke off all commerce with his partners; he was satisfied with his preceptor's table-fare; and seemed as if beginning to imagine study had some charms

to please him. But this disposition was soon done away, and by degrees he relapsed into his former way of life. He sold his books; his watch and clothes went afterwards; and he contrived to strip himself of his apparel so completely, that he could not stir abroad.

His creditors now came all at once upon him, and receiving a refusal from the tutor to discharge the young man's debts and satisfy their demands, they wrote letters to the father, threatening to arrest him if they were not paid. Let Pascal's situation now be imagined. Overwhelmed with the reproaches of his creditors, the indignation of his tutor, the contempt of those that waited on him, and his own remorse, he had to dread the malediction of his parents. He was sensible that he had so much neglected to improve his understanding, that he could not find the least resource against want in any calling or profession. He began to think his situation desperate. A whole day he passed in his apartment violently agitated; every now and then he wrung his hands, tore his hair, and cursed his vices: but at night, still borne away by his depravity, he went from home to spend the little money he had left, in liquor.

Accident that evening threw two men into his company who were employed to raise recruits for India. They remarked upon his countenance the embarrassment with which his soul was agitated, winked to each other, and began to talk of India. They described the beauty of the country, and

what pay was given the soldiery. They spoke of the advantages a youth of family might meet with there, and of the probability there was, that such a one might make his fortuue: nay, they went so far as to assert that many, to their knowledge, had, from common soldiers, been made officers, and married wealthy widows.

Pascal heard this conversation with a visible avidity, joined in their discourse, and enquired if it was difficult to be enlisted with these soldiers. If you wish to list, said they, we can oblige you, though we have many more recruits than we want; but you, by your appearance, seem to claim the preference; and thereupon they offered him five guineas if he would sign his name.

After some struggles, Pascal took the guineas, and enlisted. The remainder of the night he spent in drinking: and when morning came, he was sent to learn his exercise. He found himself surrounded by a set of awkward rustics, run-away apprentices, notorious beggars, and convicted thieves, who had enlisted to escape the gallows. He was under the tuition of a surly corporal, who loaded him from time to time with curses, and severely caned him, when he could not comprehend his meaning.

Pascal's misery went on from day to day increasing. All the money he had lately received at parting with his freedom, was already gone in riot. He had nothing to subsist on but the coarse provision granted by the company to keep their new recruits together. Lucas, who had been a swine-

herd, and was then his comrade, was much better off. He had been always used to live on oaten bread, and therefore thought himself a prince, when he could get a bit of half-baked meat. But what were Pascal's feelings, when, partaking of such coarse provisions, he reflected on the delicacies of his former repasts.

Some days after, came an order for the soldiers to embark. Pascal heard this news with much more satisfaction than the people round about him thought he would have testified. If once you get to India, said he to himself, as you are young, and of a likely figure, you will make your fortune, as a multitude of Englishmen have done before you.

In the midst of all these brilliant prospects, Pascal went on board the vessel destined to transport him and his comrades. He drank down a glass or two of brandy at the moment of embarking, which served to warm his head, and make him utterly forget his parents, whom it is not necessary we should now advert to. He went off with mad huzzas. But then the joy with which he uttered these huzzas continued hardly longer than the drunkenness that caused them. Those on board, who were now for the first time in their life at sea, began to feel a death-like sickness. Pascal, whom intemperance had enervated and enfeebled, endured a great deal more than any other. He was several days insensible, from severe sickness and exhaustion. Even the sight of food disgusted him; and when at last he grew a little better, and was hungry, mouldy pease, salt beef, and biscuits full of in-

sects, were the only victuals he could come at. When he first set sail, the soldiers had a pint of beer allowed them each; but by degrees, they were deprived of this indulgence, and compelled to put up with a bare sufficiency of water, and even this they were obliged to filter before they could drink it.

After six months incessant suffering, during all which time they were in fear of continual shipwreck, they arrived in India, wearied out with watchings for the most part, and a dreadful scurvy. Pascal was marched up the country with his comrades, to the army: but his heart, embittered by the horror of his situation, was insensible of any thing like goodness. His abandoned course of life, the crimes he was incessantly committing, and his numberless desertions, frequently subjected him to punishment. He was determined, if he could, to quit these regions, watched his opportunity, and stealing on board a vessel bound to England, hid himself below till it had sailed; nor did he quit his hiding-place, till the ship was a great way out to sea: he then came forth, and being brought before the Captain, promised to work his passage to England; which the master in the end accepted, as the vessel was in want of men.

What, in the interim, was become of his unhappy parents? They, alas! still lived, if people may be said to do so, whose days are spent in anguish and despair. The crimes which their son had committed, and with which the neighbourhood all around them rung, had forced them to renounce

their place of habitation, and go down and live in Sussex, in a solitary quarter near the sea.

A short time after they were settled here, the ship in which Pascal was, arrived on that very part of the coast, where they had fixed their retirement. For while the vessel was yet a little way out at sea, Pascal, a thorough graduate in vice, had conspired with ten or twelve desperate fellows of the crew to murder every one on board, who would not join in their conspiracy, and so obtain possession of the ship. They executed their infernal purpose, and soon after, running their vessel ashore, they hoisted out their boat at night, that they might come on shore, and pillage the inhabitants.

That very night, the unhappy Mr. Hartwell was up, in his house, and watching by his wife's sick bed. Her grief for Pascal's wretched fortune had long preyed upon her constitution; and by this time, after having suffered grievously, she felt the agonies of death upon her. In the intervals of her delirium, she called out for Pascal: Where, where are you, said the dying mother? Come, that I may press you to my heart, and pardon you before I die. At this instant, the door was suddenly burst open, and ten villains rushed into the dwelling. Pascal, with a hatchet in his hand, was first, and led them on. The father came to meet them with a candle; but before his son could recollect him———The remainder is too horrid to relate; suffice it, that Pascal and his gang were apprehended on the spot, and suffered at the gallows.

Children, if, when you have read this story, you dare think of giving way to any vice whatever, tremble at the probability of your becoming criminal by degrees, and ending, like Pascal, with the crime of parricide!

THE FARMER.

Sir John Downton had shut himself up one morning in his study, in order to give his attention to some affairs of consequence. A servant came to inform him, that farmer Martin, his tenant, was at the street door, and desired to speak with him. Sir John ordered him to show the farmer into the drawing-room, and to request him to stay a moment, until his letters should be finished. Robert, Arthur, and Sophia, Sir John Downton's children, were in the drawing-room when Mr. Martin was introduced. He saluted them respectfully as he entered, but it was easy to see that he had not learned his bow from the dancing-master; nor were his compliments of a more elegant turn. The two boys looked at one another, smiling with an air of contempt. Their eyes measured him very familiarly from head to foot. They whispered each other, and laughed out so loud, that the poor man blushed, and did not know what countenance to put on. Robert even carried his incivility so far, as to walk round him, holding his nose, and asking his brother, "Arthur, do you not perceive some-

thing of the smell of a dung-heap?" And going for a chafing-dish of hot coals, he burnt some paper over it, and carried it round the room, to disperse, as he said, the unpleasant smell. He then called a servant, and desired him to sweep up the dirt that Martin had left on the floor-cloth with his nailed shoes. Arthur, meantime, held his sides, laughing at his brother's impertinence.

It was not the same with Sophia their sister. Instead of imitating the rudeness of her brothers, she reproved them for it, endeavouring to excuse them to the farmer, and, approaching him with looks of good nature, offered him wine to refresh himself, made him sit down, and took his hat and stick herself, and laid them by. In the meantime Sir John came out of his study, and approaching farmer Martin in a friendly manner, took him by the hand, asked how his wife and children were, and what brought him to town.

"Sir," answered the farmer, "I come, to pay you my half-year's rent:" and at the same time he drew out of his pocket a leathern bag full of money. "You will not be displeased," continued he, "that I have been something beyond my time: our roads were so flooded that I could not carry my corn to market sooner."

"I am not at all displeased with you," replied Sir John: "I know that you are an honest man, and have no occasion to be put in mind of your engagements." At the same time he had a table laid before the farmer, to count the money on. Robert stared at the sight of farmer Martin's

other time. When the farmer who brought them shall have reason to be satisfied with you, he will not fail to send you some."

Robert. But, papa, is it my fault if he did not smell well?

Sir J. How did he smell?

Robert. Of the dung-heap, insufferably.

Sir J. Whence could he contract that scent?

Robert. From loading carts with it every day.

Sir J. What should he do then, to get rid of it?

Robert. He should—he should—

Sir J. He should, perhaps, not put manure upon his grounds at all?

Robert. There is only that way.

Sir J. But if he did not enrich his land, how could he draw a plentiful crop from it? And if he had always bad crops, how could he manage to pay me the rent of his farm?

Robert would have replied, but his father gave him a look, in which Arthur and he plainly read his displeasure.

The next Monday, very early, the good farmer was at Sir John Downton's door. He sent up his compliments, and kindly invited him to come and take an excursion on his farm. Sir John, pleased with his hearty, obliging manner, would not mortify him by a refusal. Robert and Arthur earnestly entreated their father to let them be of the party, and promised to behave themselves more civilly. Sir John yielded to their solicitations; they mounted the four-wheeled chaise with joyful looks, and as the farmer had a pair of excellent

horses, and drove well, they were at his house before they had any suspicion of it.

Who can describe their satisfaction when the chaise stopped? Cicely, wife to farmer Martin, appeared with a smiling countenance at the wicket, which she opened, and saluted her guests; and taking the children in her arms to help them down, she kissed them, and led them into the yard. All her own children were there in their best clothes, who welcomed the young gentlemen, saluting them with great respect. Sir John would willingly have stopped a moment to talk with the little ones and caress them, but Mrs. Martin pressed him to go in, lest the coffee should grow cold. It was already poured out, at a table which was covered with a napkin as white as snow. The coffee-pot was not of silver, nor the cups of china, yet every thing was of the neatest order. Robert and Arthur, however, looked at each other slily, and would have burst out in a laugh, if they had not feared to offend their father. Cicely, however, guessed their thoughts by the looks which they exchanged, and therefore made an apology for their fare, which she confessed was not so fine as they would have had at their own house; but hoped they would be satisfied with the cheerful entertainment of poor people. With the coffee they had muffins of a delicious taste. It was easy to see that Mrs. Martin had used all her art in kneading and and baking them.

After breakfast, the farmer asked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, to which he con-

sented. Cicely took all the pains imaginable to make this walk agreeable to the children. She showed them all her flocks, which covered the fields, and gave them the prettiest lambs to play with. She then led them to her pigeon-house: there were on the ground two young pigeons which had just quitted their nest, but did not dare as yet to trust their callow wings. Some of the mothers were sitting over their eggs, and others busied in giving nourishment to their young, which had just broken the shell. From the pigeon-house they went to the bee-hives: Cicely took care that they should not go too near them, though she gave them a good view of the bees at work.

As most of these sights were new to the children, they seemed very much delighted with them: they were even going to take a second review of them, if farmer Martin's youngest son Tom had not come to inform them that dinner waited. They were served on pewter, and drank out of Delft ware: but Robert and Arthur were still so full of the pleasure of their morning's walk, that they were ashamed to indulge their satirical humour; they thought every thing excellent. It is true, Cicely had surpassed herself in preparing them the best cheer.

After dinner, Sir John perceived two fiddles hung up against the wall. What person here plays those instruments? said he.

My eldest son and I, answered the farmer; and without saying any more, he made a sign to Luke, his son, to take down the fiddles. They played by

turns some old tunes on the fiddles, both spritely and pathetic, of which Sir John expressed his satisfaction in the most flattering manner.

As they were going to hang up the instruments again, "Come, Robert and Arthur," said Sir John, "it is now your turns. Play us some of your best tunes:" and at the same time he put the fiddles into their hands. But they did not know even how to hold the bow, and their confusion raised a general laugh.

Sir John then requested the farmer to put the horses to, that they might return to town. Martin pressed him strongly to pass the night with him, but at length yielded to Sir John's excuses.——— "Well, Robert," said that gentleman to his son, as they returned, "how do you find yourself after your little journey?"

Rob. Very well, papa. Those good people have done their utmost to give us every satisfaction.

Sir J. I am happy to see you satisfied. But if farmer Martin had not taken so much pains in doing the honours of his house, if he had not offered you the smallest refreshment, would you have been as well pleased with him as you now seem to be.

Rob. No, certainly.

Sir J. What would you have thought of him?

Rob. That he was an unmannerly clown.

Sir J. Robert, Robert, this honest man came to our house, and far from offering him any refreshment, you made game of him. Which then is the best bred, you or the farmer?

Rob. (*blushing.*) But it is his duty to receive us well. He gains by our lands.

Sir J. What do you call gaining?

Rob. I mean, that he finds it to his advantage to gather in the crops of our corn fields, and the hay of our meadows.

Sir J. You are right. A farmer has occasion for all that; but what does he with the grain?

Rob. He maintains himself, his wife, and his children.

Sir J. And with the hay?

Rob. He gives it to his horses to eat.

Sir J. And what does he do with his horses?

Rob. He uses them in ploughing the ground.

Sir J. Thus you see that one part of what he gains from the earth, returns to it. But do you believe, that he consumes the remainder with his family and his horses?

Rob. The cows have their part of it too.

Arthur. And his sheep too, and his pigeons, and his poultry.

Sir J. That is true. But are his whole crops consumed on his own ground?

Rob. No, I remember to have heard him say, that he took part of them to market, to sell for money.

Sir J. And what does he do with this money?

Rob. I saw, last week that he brought you a leather bag full of it.

Sir J. You now see who draws the greatest profit from my lands, the farmer or me. It is true, he feeds his horses with hay from the meadows,

but his horses serve to plough the fields, which, without these ploughings, would be exhausted by weeds. He feeds his sheep too, and his cows, with the hay. His wife and children are fed with the corn of the harvest; but in return they pass the summer in weeding the crops, and afterwards, some in reaping, some in threshing; and these labours again turn to my advantage. The rest of his corn and hay he takes to market to sell, but it is in order to give me the money that he receives. Suppose there remains some part for himself, is not it fair that he should have a recompence for his labours? Now, therefore, once more tell me which of us two, draws the greatest profits from my lands?

Rob. I now plainly see that you do.

Sir J. And without this tenant should I have that profit?

Rob. O, there are many tenants to be had.

Sir J. You are right; but not one more honest than this. I formerly let this farm to another, who impoverished the land, cut down the trees, and let the out-houses go to ruin. At quarter-day, he never had any money for me; and whenever I expostulated with him, he showed me clearly, that his whole stock was not sufficient to answer my demand.

Rob. Ah, the knave!

Sir J. If this man were of the same kind, should I receive much profit from my estate?

Rob. Certainly not.

Sir J. To whom then am I obliged for what I do receive?

Rob. I see that you owe it to the honest farmer.

Sir J. Is it not therefore our duty to receive a man well, who renders us so great services?

Rob. Ah, papa, you make me see very plainly, that I was wrong.

For some minutes a deep silence ensued. Sir John then resumed the discourse.

Sir J. Robert, why did you not play upon the fiddle?

Rob. You know, papa, that I have never learned.

Sir J. Then farmer Martin's son knows something that you do not.

Rob. That is true. But then does he understand Latin as I do?

Sir J. And do you know how to plough? can you drive a team? can you sow wheat, barley, oats, and other grain, or raise a crop of corn? Would you know even how to fix a hop-pole or prune a tree, so as to have good fruit?

Rob. I have no occasion to know all that: I am no farmer.

Sir J. But if all the people in the world knew nothing else but Latin, how would things go then?

Rob. Very ill; we should have no bread, no vegetables.

Sir J. And could not the world do very well, even though nobody knew Latin?

Rob. I believe it could.

Sir J. Remember then, through life, what you have just seen and heard. This farmer, so coarsely clad, who saluted and addressed you in so rustic a manner; this man is better bred than you, knows

much more than you, and things of much greater use. Therefore you see how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress, or the ungracefulness of his manner.

THE WILD GEESE.

Little Arthur Parry one morning saw a great number of wild geese, as his father informed him, flying through the air; and was astonished at the height and order of their progress.

Look, papa, said Arthur, you take care to feed your geese, but who feeds these wild geese?

Mr. P. Reflect a little.—No one.

Arthur. How then do they live?

Mr. P. By seeking food, themselves; for surely they have wings.

Arthur. So also have our geese that walk about the poultry yard. Why don't they fly?

Mr. P. Because all creatures that are once made tame, degenerate, as we say, or lose a great deal of their strength and instinct, that is, understanding.

Arthur. Luckily, they are not very badly off; for Martha gives them all the food they want.

Mr. P. It is true, she regularly feeds them; but I ought to tell you why; it is that we may eat them, after they have once been put into the coop and fattened: but the wild geese have no fear of of this sort hanging over them. As they get food

without assistance, they enjoy the privileges of their freedom: and it is thus among mankind. He that should, without a blush, rely entirely on the care and forethought of another for his maintenance, would lose his birthright and be forced to sell himself for bread; while he, who provides for what he wants, acquires new faculties, and is abundantly supported. Not that we should live apart from one another, or be wholly occupied with ourselves; for these birds, by whose behaviour I would have you regulate your conduct, form among themselves a regular society: They sit upon the eggs, and nurse the young ones of such mothers as have lost their lives by any accident: They likewise aid each other in their long and painful flights: They take their stations in the front, by turns, to guide the flock, and regulate their flight. And you must know, Arthur, that this two-fold species, that is, sorts of geese, originally formed but one. Such difference will a different way of life effect in every creature!

Arthur. O papa! were I a goose, no creeping in a poultry yard for me! I'd be at liberty, and fly.

LITTLE GLEANER.

Emily. How happy these little birds are! They at least are permitted to come and take some grains for their food.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD BEVIL.
MARCELLUS, . . . *his Son.*
HARRIET, ... *his Daughter.*
MRS. JENNINGS.
EMILY, ... *her Daughter.*
HARDY, ... *Bailiff to Lord Bevil.*

SCENE. *A newly reaped field, on which still remain several sheaves of corn. On one side appears a nobleman's seat; on the other several cottages, and other objects that adorn a rural prospect.*

SCENE I. *The stage represents a field of corn, covered with sheaves.*

Emily, holding with both hands a basket full of ears of corn. She sits down near a sheaf.

COME, this is not a bad beginning! what joy will this be for my poor mother! (*She lays her basket on the ground and looks at it with an air of satisfaction.*) That old reaper! how good natured he was to fill my basket; I might have run about here and there all the day, and never have picked up so many as half of this. God reward him for it!

but here are still some ears upon the ground : if I could only glean a handful or two—(*She presses down the corn ears in her basket with both hands.*) I can make it hold them by pressing down a little, and besides I have my apron. (*She rises, takes the two corners of her apron in one hand, and prepares to put into it the ears of corn that she gathers, when a noise is heard.*) O dear! Yonder is a man coming towards me who seems to be angry. Yet I do not think that I have done any harm.

Enter Hardy.

Har. (*seizing her by the arm.*) Ah, little thief! have I caught you at it?

Em. What do you say, sir? I am not a thief. I am an honest little girl.

Har. An honest little girl! you an honest little girl? (*Snatches the basket out of her hands.*) What have you got in this then, my honest little girl?

Em. Ears of corn, as you see.

Har. And did these ears of corn grow in your basket?

Em. If they grew there, I should not have occasion to take so much trouble in the gathering them up and down the fields.

Har. Then they are stolen?

Em. Pray, sir, do not treat me so ill. I would rather die of hunger, and my mother too, than do what you say.

Har. 'Blood! why, they did not throw themselves into your basket of their own accord, did they?

Em. O dear! you terrify me with your swearing.

But only hear me. I went to glean down in yonder field,and there was a good-natured old man who saw me at work. Poor child, said he, how she labours! I will assist her. There were some sheaves lying in the field, and he pulled out of them whole handsful of ears, which he threw into my basket. What is given to the poor, said he, God repays; and—

Har. Aha, I understand you. The old man in that field below filled your basket with ears that you have been pulling here out of our sheaves. Heh!

Em. Nay, then you may go and ask him. He can tell you.

Har. I go and ask him! yes, you may wait for that. I have caught you here; that is enough.

Em. But when I tell you that I have not touched a single sheaf! the few ears that I have in my apron, I picked up from the ground, because I thought that was allowed. However, if you do not choose that I should, I am ready to return them. There, these are yours.

Har. No, no; these shall remain with the others, and you shall remain with the basket, wherever it goes. Come, follow me to the house of correction.

Em. (*frightened*) How! You don't say so, my dear sir!

Har. O, yes, your dear sir! but I should be much dearer if I let you escape, should I not? To the house of correction I say, come, come along!

Em. Ah, pray do not!—I have picked up n

ing here but the handful of ears that I returned to you. What would my poor mother say, if I should not go home the whole day? if she heard that I had been put in prison? It would be enough to kill her.

Har. A great loss! The parish would be well rid of her.

Em. (*begins to cry.*) Ah, if you knew what a good mother she is, and how poor we are! you would pity us.

Har. I am not here to pity people. I am here to take them up, when they enter upon my lord's grounds, and to clap them in prison.

Em. But when one has done nothing, when one is innocent as I am?—

Har. O, yes, tell me of your innocence! what, come here and steal a whole basket full of corn, and then tell me a thousand lies! come, come along!

Em. My dear sir, have compassion on me. Take my basket, if you will; alas, my little store will hardly make you much richer. But let me go I entreat you, if not on my own account, at least for my poor mother. I am all the comfort and help that she has.

Har. If I let you go, it is not on account of your mother at least, that I can tell you; I could wish her an hundred miles off: it is only on your own, because your whimpering has moved me a little. But do not expect to have your basket too; the law seizes on it as a forfeit. Then, at sessions, worships will lay on a swinging fine, and if

that is not paid, off to prison, and turn out of the village. (*Takes the basket upon his shoulder. Emily weeps bitterly and kneels to him.*) Go, do not tease me, or you will see what is to be got by that! (*Goes off muttering.*) Only see, if one were not always to be on the watch after them, little as they are, they would run away, I do believe, with the fields themselves.

SCENE II.

Emily alone. (*She sits down on the ground, and rests her head upon a sheaf. For some moments she weeps in silence, at last she rises and looks about her.*) Ah, he is gone, the ill-natured man! he has carried away what was all my satisfaction. I have lost every thing, my ears of corn, my pretty basket and all; and besides, who knows what they will do to my poor mother and me? (*After a short pause.*) How happy these little birds are! They at least are permitted to come and take some grains for their food, and I—but who knows whether some ill natured man, like this, be not watching them now, to kill them with his gun. I will frighten them all away, and then I will go myself; for perhaps they would punish me for having rested my head on this sheaf. But what two children are those coming this way?

Enter Marcellus and Harriet, Emily (*wiping her eyes.*)

Marc. Aha! was it you then, little girl, that the

bailiff surprised just now, stealing ears of corn from our sheaves? (*Emily sobs but cannnot answer.*)

Har. (*looking at her attentively and taking her brother aside.*) She seems to be a very good little girl, Marcellus. See how she cries! Do not reproach her any more; that will afflict her worse; and it is not worth while, for a few ears of corn that she has picked up—(*Goes to her.*) My poor child, what makes you cry?

Em. Why, they accuse me unjustly; and perhaps you think me in fault.

Marc. Then you are not in fault?

Em. No, indeed, you may believe me. I went into that field down there to glean. An old reaper took pity on my fatigue, and filled my basket with ears of corn. I then came here to pick up a few others that I saw scattered about. Your ill-natured bailiff found me near this sheaf, and accused me of stealing. He took away my basket, and would have carried me to prison, if my entreaties, and tears for my mother, had not at length prevailed on him to let me go.

Har. I should be glad to see him dare to molest you! We have a good papa, who does not suffer any ill to be done to the poor, and who would soon have released you.

Marc. Ay, and who will very soon make him give back your basket, I promise you.

Em. (*joyfully*). O dear, do you think so, my sweet master?

Har. Marcellus and I will go and beg of him—Do not be uneasy. He is never so well

pleased with us as when we speak to him in favour of poor people. And besides, we could get your basket again without much speaking to him.

Em. How happy you are, miss, not to want help from any body, and even to be able to help others!

Marc. Are you very poor then, my little girl?

Em. One must be poor, who comes here gleaning, with so much trouble, what is to make a little bread.

Har. What! is it for bread that you come gathering the ears of corn? I thought that you intended to toast the grains on a hot fire shovel, and so to eat them, as my brother and I do sometimes, when nobody sees us.

Em. O dear, no. My mother and I intended to beat the corn out of those ears, and to give it to the miller, that we might have flour to make bread.

Har. But, my poor child, you could not have much out of that, and it would not last you very long.

Em. Why, suppose we had only enough for a day or two, my mother and I should have a day or two the more to live.

Marc. Well! that you may have another day certain, I will give you this shilling, which I have kept, the last of my money, because it is quite new.

Em. Ah, my good master! so much money! No no, I dare not take it.

Har. (*smiling.*) So much money! Take it, never fear. If I had my purse about me, I would give you much more: But I will keep it for you, and you shall not be a loser.

Mar. (*still holding out the money.*) Come, take

it! (*Emily blushes, receives the money, and curtsies to him without speaking.*)

Mar. This is doing only half. I will run as fast as I can after our bailiff, and make him give me back the basket, or else——

Em. O sir, do not give yourself that trouble. You have promised to assist me, that is enough for me.

Har. Tell me, where do you live?

Em. Just by, in the village.

Mar. We never saw you before; and yet we come here, along with papa, every year, about harvest time.

Em. We have been here only a week, and live with a good woman called Margaret, who has showed much friendship to my mother. *O*, a great deal of friendship indeed.

Har. What! old Margaret?

Mar. Why, we know her. She is the widow of a poor weaver who was out of work. My papa makes her come sometimes to weed in the garden.

Har. Will you take me to your mother's?

Em. It would be too great an honour for her. A young lady of quality like you——

Har. No, no; our papa will not let us think ourselves to be any better than other people, and if you have no other reason——

Em. None at all; so far from it, you may help me to comfort her for the loss of my basket and my corn. And then that naughty man who threatened us——

Mar. Fear none of his threats. While my sis-

ter is going with you to your mother's I will run after him, and I think——You will come back here again ?

Em. If you choose it, my good young master.

Mar. Your basket shall be here before you return.

Em. Perhaps I shall bring my mother with me to thank you.

Har. Come along! let us hasten to find her. (*Takes Emily by the hand and goes out.*)

SCENE III.

Marcellus, alone.

How happy are my sister and I, not to be obliged, like this poor child, to go about picking up ears of corn for our food! Really, this little girl speaks as if she was born to something better. She has not that dirty vulgar appearance of other cottage girls. O, certainly, papa will oblige me so far.—But here he comes with Hardy. That is clever! here comes the basket too.

Enter Lord Bevil and Hardy.

Mar. (*running up to his father.*) Dear papa, how glad I am to meet you!—(*To Hardy.*) Give me this basket!

Hardy. Softly! softly, sir! you will pull my arm off.

Lord B. What do you want with that basket, Marcellus?

Mar. It belongs to a poor little girl, from whom this wicked Hardy took it, as well as the ears of

corn that has been given her. You shall hear the whole, papa.

Hardy. So, so, one is wicked then for doing his duty, and for not assisting rogues in their dishonesty? Why does my lord give me wages?

Lord B. I have often told you, Hardy, it is for hindering vagrants from haunting my grounds, and incommoding my labourers, but not for seizing poor people and dragging them to prison: far less, if they be honest persons, reduced by necessity to seek a mite of nourishment from my superfluity, and who meddle with nothing but a few ears of corn that lie scattered after a rich harvest.

Hardy. In the first place, I do not hinder them to glean as much as they will, after the corn is in; but while there is one sheaf on the ground——

Mar. (*ironically.*) Why do you not say, after the fields are fallow, or covered with snow? There is a great deal to pick up, indeed, after the harvest is got home!

Hardy. You do not understand these affairs, master—In the next place who can answer to us that these are not thieves?

Mar. Thieves! bless me, thieves! The little girl told me herself that she had not taken a single ear of corn here, and that it was an old reaper in the next field that filled her basket for her.

Hardy. That is good! she told you: as if there was a word of truth in what those gentry say! I caught her here close by a sheaf.

Lord B. Pulling out the ears of corn?

Hardy. I won't say so much as that. But how

do I know what she had been doing before I came up? And then is not all that story false of an old reaper who filled her basket for her? O, it is very like the country people here; those folks are so charitable!

Mar. Now I'll maintain that those ears of corn were given her, for she told me so: and so good a little girl I am sure would not tell a story.

Hardy. And pray, master, have you never told a story? yet we all look upon you to be an excellent young gentleman.

Mar. Do you hear, papa, how this fellow Hardy threats me? (*To Hardy, angrily.*) No, if I told stories, I should be a wicked boy; but I do not, nor this good little girl neither. And it is you that are a———

Lord B. Softly, Marcellus; I am thus far satisfied with your defence. We should believe all men honest, until we are convinced of the contrary. But we should never be in a passion with those who are of a different opinion: we should rather endeavour to bring them to a more satisfactory and just way of thinking.

Hardy. No, no, my lord, it is much better to believe all men wicked, until we see beyond a possibility of doubt that they are honest; that is much the wiser maxim. Whenever I meet an ox in my road, I always suppose him to be mischievous, and get out of his way. It may happen that he is not dangerous, but I run no risk in being cautious. The surest way is always the best.

Lord B. If all men had your manner of thinking,

with whom could we live? And what dealings could ever have subsisted between you and me, if instead of putting you into an honest service on my estate, in order to afford a livelihood to a disbanded old soldier, I had given you up to the magistrate as a vagrant, having neither discharge nor certificate?

Hardy. Yes, that is very true; but it is also true that I am an honest man.

Lord B. I keep you in my service, because I am persuaded of that; but I had no foundation for believing it at first, except your word and your countenance.

Mar. My dear papa, if you depend upon one's word and countenance, you will much sooner believe our little girl than Hardy.

Hardy. Ay, master! look at my face. Your papa will certainly be well satisfied with the countenance of your little girl, if it conveys so favourable an impression as mine does.

Mar. O, yes, it becomes you very well with that bear's face, to——

Lord B. Fie, Marcellus!—Hardy, do you know this little girl?

Hardy. Yes, my lord; I know her, and I do not know her. I know that she has been here about ten days with her mother; but how or why they came here, the overseers can best inform you. And to speak my mind freely, it is ill-done of them to receive such folks into the parish to increase the expense of the poor's rate.

Mar. Well then, I'll take that expense on me: yes, I.

Hardy. Why have you any thing of your own, sir?

Mar. If I have nothing, my papa has enough.

Hardy. In the mean time, all the parish murmurs; but when once you grease the fist of people in office, (*imitates the action of counting money*) for I am pretty sure the overseers—

Mar. Look there, if he is not speaking ill of the overseers! it will be well done to tell them.

Lord B. Softly, child. I see, Hardy, it is impossible to cure your suspicious temper; so that I am inclined to suspect too, in my turn. You judge that this little girl has filled her basket here, because you found her in my field near a sheaf. You judge that the overseers would receive a bribe, because they have admitted a poor family into the village. Well then, I judge that you only kept the child's basket, because she had no money nor tobacco to give you; and that in such case you would freely have released her.

Hardy. How, my lord! can you imagine?

Lord B. Why may not I think of you, as you allow yourself to think of others?

Hardy. Well, my lord, I had better hold my tongue. And were I to see those beggars carry away your fields, your groves and your meadows—Shall I take this basket to the steward?

Mar. O, no, no, dear papa, I beg it as a favour.

Lord B. Hardy, you will carry it to the poor woman's house, and make an apology to the little girl.

Hardy. An apology, my lord? an apology? can you think of such a thing? I go make her an apology? for what?

Mar. For what? for having given her so much uneasiness without cause, and for having affronted her by accusing her of a base action.

Hardy. If they have not an apology nor basket until I——

Lord B. Hardy if I had been guilty of injustice to you, I should never hesitate to make amends. And to convince you of it, I will go myself: I will carry back the basket, and make an apology in your name.

Hardy. Or rather, do you, master Marcellus, take that charge upon you.

Mar. O, with all my heart. Papa, the little girl is to come back presently with Harriet, who is gone to comfort her mother. I must wait for her.

Hardy. In that case I have no business here. (*He goes off muttering.*) I see we shall have so many beggars in this village, that we must soon go begging ourselves.

SCENE IV.

Lord Bevil, Marcellus.

Mar. Papa, do you hear what he says?

Lord B. Yes, my dear: I am willing to excuse his humours.

Mar. But how can you keep so ill-natured a man?

Lord B. He is not ill-natured, my dear; but his overmuch zeal to serve us leads him astray. He is most faithfully attached to me, and fulfils his duty punctually.

Mar. But then if he is unjust?

Lord B. You heard him say that he did not think he was. His only fault is that he follows his orders too literally, and that he has not discernment enough to make the proper distinctions between persons and circumstances.

Mar. Pray, papa, explain that to me.

Lord B. With pleasure, my dear. When I fixed him in his employment, I gave him in charge to rid my grounds of vagrants, and to carry all such when found before a justice. This order could only regard those wretches who live by thefts and robberies, or should come to defraud or molest our tenants.

Mar. I understand. Whereas he looks upon all those as rogues who subsist upon the charity of others, and never informs himself whether old age, sickness, or inevitable misfortunes, have reduced them to that condition.

Lord B. Very right, my dear boy! for circumstances alter things exceedingly. For instance, you did not show sufficient reflection in your dispute with him. Can you tell whether the mother of this little girl is not a dishonest person? whether the little girl herself has not told you an untruth, and actually stolen those ears of corn out of my sheaves?

Mar. No, my dear papa, it is impossible she stole!

Lord B. Why impossible? are you clearly informed of every thing? Do you know who she is, who her mother is, and with what view they have come here?

Mar. If you had only seen her! if you had only

heard her speak! her language, her countenance, her tears! Then she is so poor as to have occasion for a handful of corn ears to make her bread. Need one know more than this? Should I let a poor person perish with hunger, because I do not know as yet whether he merits my assistance?

Lord B. Let me kiss you, my dear boy! Preserve always these generous dispositions towards the poor, and God will bless you, as he has blest me, for the same sentiments, by giving birth to them in your young heart. Mercy is always preferable to severity. A want of feeling can only lead to injustice; and if he who solicits our compassion does not merit it, the fault is his, not ours.

Mar. But, my dear papa, it is not prudent to commit to such a man as Hardy, an office which puts it in his power to be unjust.

Lord B. You would be right, my son, if I had left to him alone the power of condemning or acquitting. He can at most commit but a slight injury, which it is easy to remedy; and this inconvenience is unavoidable. To judge of things according to the principles of equity, I have in my steward a man of good understanding, upright, and noble in his sentiments. He gave me a favourable account of the little girl and her mother, as soon at they were first received into the village, and informed me that they live with old Margaret, who is a very honest woman.

Mar. But what if Hardy had beat the little girl as he threatened her?

Lord B. Nothing could have carried him so far.

I have forbidden him, on pain of losing his place, to strike any person whatsoever, even those he should surprise in doing any thing amiss; and he rigorously pursues the orders that I give him.

Mar. Here is my sister returning with the little girl.

Enter Harriet and Emily.

Mar. (*running with the basket to Emily.*) Here, my little girl, here is your basket. There has not been a single ear of it touched.

Em. O my dear basket! How much am I obliged to you, my good little master! (*perceiving Lord B.*) Who is that gentleman?

Har. (*running to her father and jumping up to embrace him.*) This is our good papa.

Marc. O, he is a good papa, indeed, that I can assure you: so that you have nothing to fear. Come, I'll introduce you to him. (*Coming forward.*) He has scolded old Hardy well, for treating you as he did.

Emily (*advances towards Lord B. and curtsies to him.*) I beg pardon, my lord, for the liberty—but your lordship's children are so good!

Lord B. (*aside.*) Marcellus was right. Whoever looks on her, cannot doubt her innocence. That graceful air, her manner of speaking are proofs of no vulgar education.

Em. (*in a low voice to Mar. and Har.*) Have I made your papa angry? He is talking to himself.

Lord B. (*overhearing her.*) No, my dear. If my children have behaved well to you, they have done no more that you appear to merit.

Har. I wish you had seen her mother!

Lord B. Who is your mother, my dear? By what means did you come to these parts? and how do you live?

Em. We live—indeed I can scarce tell how. We live upon little or nothing. We spend the day, and sometimes the night, in spinning and working at the needle, to get us bread. Old Madge affords my mother lodging; and they sent me to-day into the fields to glean; but, indeed, my first attempt has not turned out well.

Marc. (*in a whisper to Emily.*) Better than you think! my sister will get papa's leave, and you shall have ears of corn without gleaning.

Lord B. But where did you live before?

Em. At Richmond, which is a few miles off. Living was dear there; so old Margaret persuaded my mother to come to her, and offered her house-room for nothing.

Lord B. (*aside.*) If people who are so poor, exercise humanity to each other, what duties have not we to fulfil? (*to Emily*) Is your father living? What is his profession?

Marc. I will lay a wager that he is no working man.

Har. And so will I, especially since I have seen her mother.

Em. (*confused*) My father?—I have none indeed, I never saw him. He died before I was born. Ah! if he was living now—

Lord B. And do not you know who he was? What was his name?

Em. My mother will inform you better than I.

Lord B. Could I speak with her ?

Har. O yes, papa, she is coming herself. She only begged a moment's time to prepare herself.

Lord B. And who brought you up ?

Em. My mother entirely, my lord. She taught me to read and write. She instructs me in my religion, and gives me some lessons in drawing.

Lord B. (*aside*) In drawing ! I have not a doubt remaining. This is a branch of some good family reduced to poverty by misfortune.

Har. Here she comes.

Marc. Is this she ?

Lord B. (*aside.*) I am impatient to clear up this mystery. This child recalls to my mind features that are well known to me, but whose, I cannot recollect.

Enter Mrs. Jennings.

Emily. (*running to meet her mother, who appears confused on seeing Lord B.*) Come, mamma, do not be afraid ! this is the father of th se two amiable children that showed us so much good nature ; and he is very kind too, as kind as his children. (*Mrs. J. advances, Harriet eagerly takes her hand, and draws her towards her father.*)

Har. My papa knows all.

Mrs. J. May I flatter myself that your lordship has not suspected my little Emily ?

Lord B. The sight alone, madam, of you and your daughter is sufficient to convey the most favorable opinion of you both.

Mar. Is her name Emily? O, papa, it is easy to see she was not born to be a gleaner.

Mrs. J. The laws of necessity are sometimes severe, and as long as we do nothing dishonorable——

Lord B. Nobody should blush for poverty; it may be found united to every virtue. But may I take the liberty, madam, to ask your name?

Har. Her name is Mrs. Lambert.

Mrs J. I should not disguise my real name from your lordship. I find myself, indeed, under the necessity of disclosing it to you, in order to justify myself in your lordship's opinion, for the state to which you see me reduced. Yet I should wish (*looking at the children*) to make this avowal to you without witnesses; not that I blush for my humble situation, but if my name was known I should fear to meet among the lower class, some ungenerous souls, who would perhaps take a pleasure in mortifying me, because they sometimes see those who are in prosperity behave with the same want of generosity to themselves.

Mar. Well, I shall not listen.

Har. And I shall never mention a word of it, I assure you. Whoever you are, Emily shall always be my friend.

Lord B. Be assured, madam, I should not inquire into these particulars without being strongly interested in them, and unless I were resolved to make amends for the injustice of fortune.

Mrs. J. I was born of a good family, though little favored by fortune. I passed my youth in London,

as companion to a lady of the first rank. Eight years ago, I became acquainted with Mr. Jennings, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, who had come to spend some months in town.

Lord B. (*eagerly.*) Jennings! Jennings!

Mrs. J. He conceived an affection for me, and his good qualities prejudiced me in his favour. I gave him my hand, and a few days after our marriage we retired to a small estate which he had in Dorsetshire.

Lord B. 'Tis the same! 'tis the same! I can trace his features in the face of this child.

Mrs. J. How! my lord?

Lord B. Go on, madam, I pray you.

Mrs. J. I will be as brief as possible. We were beginning to enjoy, in a peaceful retirement, the happiness of a most tender union. But alas! the fatigues of the service had impaired my husband's health, and a severe illness seizing him, put an end to his life in a few days.

Har. (*to Emily.*) Poor child! you became an orphan very soon.

Em. Ah me! even before I was born.

Mrs. J. This child was born in sorrow. As soon as my husband's brothers, who were hard-hearted, worldly men, saw that there was no male heir, they took possession of his property; and as we had delayed from day to day, the formal attestations requisite to put our marriage articles in force, I was obliged to be satisfied with whatever they thought proper to allow for the subsistence of me and my daughter.

Lord B. Their ungenerous avarice gives room to suppose that the sum was small, and could not last you long.

Mrs. J. It sufficed to maintain me for a few years in Dorsetshire, during which time I continued to flatter myself with the expectation of obtaining a small jointure. But at length, seeing all my hopes frustrated, I took the resolution of returning to London to my former benefactress. On my arrival, I learned that she had died a short time before. Having then no other resource than to sell what remained of my clothes and jewels, and to work with my own hands for a subsistence, I retired to Richmond, to live private and unknown. And there I met sometime ago, a woman whom I had formerly known, and who lives in this village.

Har. That is old Margaret, papa.

Mrs. J. She had been servant to the lady whom I mentioned. My attention to her during a severe illness attached her strongly to me. I explained my situation to her, and she proposed to me to come and live here, where I might enjoy a still more obscure retreat. I am indebted much to her hospitality, and as she has no relation to perform the last offices for her, she has given me to understand that I shall succeed her in the possession of her little cottage. You see, my lord—

Lord B. 'Tis enough, madam. This generous woman shall not surpass me in gratitude. It gives me inexpressible joy to repay a debt which I have contracted to your worthy husband!

Mrs. J. How, my lord, have you known my husband?

Mar. The father of this little Emily?

Har. O my dear little Emily, I see we shall keep you with us. But what is the matter? Do you cry?

Em. It is only for joy.

Lord B. To your husband I owe my life. How happy am I then, in being able to repay that kindness to his wife and his child! I served with him in the last war. In a dangerous engagement, one of the enemy's horsemen had his sword lifted over me, at a time when I was quite spent with fatigue; so that I must have perished, if my brave colonel had not saved my life, by rushing upon him at the very moment.

Mrs J. I know him well by this description. He was as brave, as he was generous.

Lord B. Some days after, I was sent with a detachment upon a very dangerous expedition. We were surrounded, and forced to yield, after a long resistance. My baggage had been plundered, so that I was both stripped of clothes and money. Colonel Jennings being informed of my situation, procured me a recommendation to the enemy's general. Through his exertions, I obtained every assistance requisite, whilst under cure for a deep wound that I received. I was more than two years in recovering; and when we were ordered home, had barely time to pay him a visit of acknowledgement, before I was obliged to go on board immediately for the West-Indies. I married there to my advantage;

and in consequence of that circumstance, returned to England about six years ago. I was preparing to fly to him, when I heard that he was no more. I little thought that his wife and daughter experienced that reverse of fortune in which I am grieved to find you at present.

Mrs. J. O, God! by what wonderful ways hast thou conducted me hither!

Mar. What, your father saved papa's life!

Har. How dearly we ought to love you!

Lord B. Come hither, Emily; you shall find in me the father you have lost. My children too, have occasion for a second mother to replace her whom death has taken from them. The education that you have given your amiable child, (*Emily goes close up to him and takes his hand*)—shows me, madam, how worthy you are to fill so delicate an employ. I shall take every necessary precaution that you may not have to dread, a second time, the unforeseen strokes of adversity.—(*To Emily, who still holds his hand.*) Yes my little dear, I will make no difference between you and my own children. You are the living image of your generous father, and are as worthy of my affection as he was of my gratitude.

Mrs.J. How shall I answer, my lord, to so much kindness! I have only tears to express what I feel.

Har. (*embracing her.*) My dear new mother! will you always be with us then, as well as Emily? You shall see how glad we shall be to obey you.

Mar. Yes, and Emily shall be my other sister. She will certainly not go any more to glean. Ah,

ill-natured Hardy, how I shall laugh at you now!

Mrs. J. My dear little lambs! with what joy you fill my heart! Instead of one child then, I have now three; and no mother shall equal me in attention and tenderness to them. (*To Lord Bevil.*) Will your lordship permit me to go and impart these happy tidings to my good friend Margaret? Her joy will be great indeed!

Lord B. Nothing is more just, madam; mean time I will go and order an apartment to be prepared for you at my house.

Har. Papa, will you give me leave to go with Emily and my new mamma?

Mar. And me too, papa; I should wish to accompany them.

Lord B. With pleasure, my dear children.—Afterwards you will bring Mrs. Jennings and her daughter to our house, without forgetting good old Margaret, whom I invite also to come and dine with us.

Har. (*to Emily, who is going to take the basket.*) No, Emily, this is not fit for you to carry now. Let the basket remain here.

Em. O, sir! I would not give this basket for any thing in the world. To it I owe my own happiness and my mother's; the happiness of knowing you; and, in short, my life and well being. No, my dear little basket, I shall never blush to carry you. (*She lifts it up with difficulty.*)

Har. At least take the corn out, it will be lighter.

Em. No, no. The corn is mine. For the good

old reaper gave them to me, whatever Hardy might say. I will make a present of it to Margaret.

Lord B. She shall not be forgot next harvest, and from this day forward shall be assured of bread for the whole of her life.

Mrs. J. May heaven reward you and your children for these acts of generosity!

A LOVE QUARREL.

Little George, an orphan, had been brought up from his infancy by Lady Alfred, who, with Lord Alfred, had retired from London and resided in a little village. To see the tenderness with which they treated him, a stranger would have imagined he was really their son. This worthy couple had but one child, a girl, named Henrietta, who was nearly of an age with George: and Lady Alfred had the satisfaction to behold a more than common fondness in the children for each other.

One delightful morning towards the end of August George and Henrietta, with their little friend Elizabeth, whose parents lived in the neighbourhood, were sauntering in the orchard. The two little girls, the youngest of whom, Henrietta, was not yet quite eight ears old, were arm in arm; and walking with that lovely negligence and grace so peculiar to childhood, humming over a delightful roundelay then fashionable in the mouth of every songster in the village, while little George preceded them at

leisure, piping on an English flute, to harmonize their discords.

A series of delightful gambols entertained them in the orchard; at last Henrietta and Elizabeth both cast a longing look on the fruit-trees round them; an apple-tree particularly attracted their attention. Its fruit had been gathered several days before; but still a few apples, that had been overlooked, were discovered hanging here and there, and the deep vermilion they were tinged with, which the leaves could not entirely hide, invited, as it were, the hand to come and take them. George sprang forward, climbed the tree they were admiring, and threw down as many apples as he could get at, while the children held their aprons to receive them.

Chance so ordered it, that two or three of the finest fell into Elizabeth's apron, who piqued herself upon this accidental distribution, as if it had been a pre-determined preference, as well she might, since George was in reality the prettiest and politest fellow in the place.

Elizabeth with joy and triumph in her eyes, that looked like insult, thus addressed herself to Henrietta: "Do but see how fine and large my apples are, while yours are not half so handsome!" Henrietta at these words hung down her head, and putting on a serious countenance, kept silence during the remainder of their walk. It was in vain George studied, by a hundred assiduities, to bring the little maiden back to reason, to spread a smile upon her clouded countenance, or make those lips pronounce a syllable whose prattling till then had been so pretty.

When they arrived upon the terrace, and were near home, Elizabeth took leave. George now addressed his sister, as he always called her, asking why she seemed so angry with him? 'Certainly you cannot be offended, that Elizabeth had her share of apples? You well know I always love you most, and would have shown so in the tree, by throwing you the finest apples: but I know not how it chanced, my dear, they fell into Elizabeth's apron. Could I take them from her? Ask yourself that question. And besides I thought you far more generous than to take offence at such a trifle! You shall see, on the very first occasion that presents of showing you my real sentiments, it was not my design to vex you.'

'Heydey, Mr. George!' said Henrietta, 'who told you I was vexed? Suppose Miss Elizabeth's apples had been ten times finer than those I had, is that any thing to me? I am no glutton, and you know that very well; neither should I in the least have minded it, but for the saucy little creature's looks. I'll not endure them, that I won't; and as for you, fall down upon your knees this instant, or I'll never, while I live, forgive you.'

'O, I can't do that, said George (and as he spoke, bent his body backwards) for by so doing, I should confess a fault with which you should not charge me. I'm no story-teller, and must say it is very wrong in you, Miss Henrietta, if you won't believe I did not mean to vex you.'

'Very wrong in me!' replied the other. 'Very wrong in me! What's that you say, sir! you need

not thus affront me, and for no other reason but because Miss Elizabeth is in your favour.' So saying and bestowing a contemptuous curtsy on him, she looked another way and scornfully went in.

As dinner was now ready, they sat down, but pouted at each other all the time it lasted. Henrietta did not drink even once, because she must have said, *Your good health, George.* And George, on his part, was so piqued at her injustice, that he also thought he would preserve his dignity. And yet the little lady would slily steal a glance at George, and from a corner of her eye, consider all his motions. As it happened, one of these sly glances met with one of George's,who was no less slily studying Henrietta's motions. Being thus surprised, she turned that moment towards another object; and as George attributed this action to disdain, though in reality it was not, he affected great indifference and went on eating, just as if he did not care a farthing for her.

When the dinner-things were cleared off, and the wine and fruit brought in, unluckily poor Henrietta, mortified at George's whole behaviour, replied a little disrespectfully to her mother, who for the second time had put some question to her, and was ordered instantly from table. She obeyed, and bursting into a flood of tears, withdrew, as if she knew not whither she was going. As the door was open that conducted to the garden, she passed out that way, and went to hide her sorrow in an arbour. There, while she burst again into a flood of tears,

and sighed most lamentably, she repented of her quarrel with George, who always used, upon sad occasions, to alleviate her distress by sympathizing with her.

George, who remained at table, could not think of Henrietta in disgrace and not feel for her situation.

Scarcely had he been permitted to take two peaches before he set about contriving some means or other of conveying them into his pocket for poor Henrietta, whom he afterwards meant to visit in the garden, upon some pretence which he did not doubt he should think of, and yet he greatly apprehended his intention would be known. He pushed back his chair, and brought it forward more than twenty times, and was continually looking down for something on the carpet. Pretty little Brisk! sweet Racket! he began, alluding to two dogs in the apartment; and had got a peach he meant to slip into his pocket, if he could but fix lord and lady Alfred's observation upon something at a distance from him.

See, papa, mamma, how prettily they play! Do but turn about! They'll make you die a laughing.

O, replied my lord, they'll not eat each other, I'll answer for it; and having glanced at them, turned so soon into his first position, that poor George, who thought he was sure of pocketing the peach, was disconcerted, and obliged to put it again upon the table.

Lady Alfred observed him, and conjectured his intention; and having for a while enjoyed the little

boy's embarrassment, she made his lordship privy to the affair, as well as she was able, and in dumb show bid him turn his head on one side; which he did accordingly, but could not hide a smile, that notwithstanding all his gravity, escaped him.

But George, who thought himself as yet quite undiscovered, and fearful this device again repeated might betray him, instantly resorted to another stratagem. He took a peach, placed it in the hollow of his hands, put both together, and bore them to his mouth, making as if he really was eating, by an imitation of the noise and motion of chewing. Then, while with his left hand he luckily found means to clap this peach into a cavity he had hollowed in the napkin on his knees, he put his right hand out to take another, which he served exactly like the former.

Some few minutes had passed, and my lord and lady utterly forgot their little George, and were conversing in their usual manner; so that George, supposing this a proper opportunity to get away, rose up from table, with both peaches in the napkin, and began to imitate the mewing of a cat, as lately a young shepherd boy had taught him; and his view in this was to engage the attention of Brisk and Racket, which he did, and put them into motion. Lady Alfred, somewhat displeased at these mewings, interrupted him, "What now, George! if our discourse displeases you, you may go and mew in the garden." George put on a feigned embarrassment at this reproof, and running up to Brisk, said at the same time, "See, mamma, she wants to

bite poor Racket!" turned dexterously and whipt the napkin into his pocket, and pretended running after Brisk to punish her. Brisk scampered towards the door that Henrietta had left open, when she went into the garden, and away went Master George pursuing her.

"George! George!" said Lady Alfred; "pray where are you going?" "I'll take a turn, if you think proper, in the garden. Won't you let me? I'm sure you will give me leave." But as her ladyship returned no answer, he in a suppliant manner added, "Pray, dear mamma, do let me! You shall see how I'll behave myself."—"In that case then," answered she, "I *do* let you. Go."

What words can represent his joy! He was so happy, that his foot, while running, slipped from under him. By good luck, the peaches were not damaged in the fall. He got up again and went to to seek his sister in every nook and corner of the garden.

George was by this time at the arbour, where he saw poor Henrietta wonderfully changed, and in an attitude of sorrow and repentance. She was exceedingly unhappy. She had grieved the three best friends she had; her worthy parents, and her own dear George.

"My sweet Henrietta!" George began, "Let's be friends: I'd freely ask forgiveness of my fault, if I had really intended to displease you; let's again be friends. Here are two nice peaches: I could not eat them, seeing you were not to have your portion."

'Ah! my dearest George!' said Henrietta, 'what a sweet good-tempered little fellow I have always found you! Certainly a friend in misfortune is a friend indeed. But I'll not take your peaches. It would have been pitiful behaviour in me, had I been vexed this morning for the loss of half a dozen apples. You don't think I was, George, do you? No, 'twas the insulting look that pert Elizabeth gave me; but I'll not think about her now. Will you forgive me? I know I sometimes love to plague you; but keep your peaches, I'll not eat them.'

'Well then, sister,' answered George, 'as often as that fancy comes into your head, plague me as long as you think proper; I'll never let another do so. Do you understand me? And as to these two peaches, I can't eat them. I have told you so already and was never guilty of a story.'

'Nor I,' said Henrietta, and that moment flung them both away into the public road. 'I can't endure the thoughts of having made a quarrel for interested reasons.—But as we are close friends again, how happy would it make me, if I could but get mother's permission to ask her pardon.'

'O! I'll fly and get it for you,' answered George, and hardly had pronounced the words, when he ran from the arbour. 'I'll inform mamma,' continued he, 'it was I who made you displease her, by having vexed you in the morning.'

George soon succeeded in bringing a pardon for Henrietta—aud they both returned into the parlour to enjoy the pleasures of a reconciliation, and the love of Lord and Lady Alfred.

FATHERS RECONCILED.

Alicia. Do not fear, my friend; you may stay awhile. My papa will not take it amiss.

FATHERS RECONCILED BY THEIR CHILDREN.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. SEWALL.
CONSTANTINE, *his Son.*
ALICIA, *his Daughter.*
THOMAS, *Son of the Village Apothecary.*
GRACE, *his Sister.*

The scene lies in a garden, under the windows of Mr. Sewall's house in the country. On one side a summer-house, and at the bottom of the stage, a tuft of trees.

SCENE. I.

Mr. Sewall, Alicia, and Constantine.

Alicia. BUT, papa——

Mr. S. I repeat it. Let neither of you henceforward, under pain of my displeasure, have the least connection with the apothecary's children.

Al. What has made you so angry with Mr. Garvey?

Mr. S. Am I obliged to give you an account?

Con. No, certainly. It does not become us to question you. (*To Alicia*) When my papa gives his orders, it is our business to obey without reply.

Mr. S. Yes, that is my meaning. Mr. Garvey

is an obstinate, disobliging person. Ungrateful to refuse such a matter to me who am his landlord, and from whom he enjoys his fortune and livelihood!

Con. That is scandalous, papa: and I don't know why we have been so long connected with the children of such people. If there had been a genteel boy besides in our neighbourhood, I should never have spoken a word to Thomas.

Ali. O papa! can you hear my brother talk so? Thomas and Grace are such good children; we should be very happy if we were as good as they.

Mr. S. What is it to me whether they be good or bad? Once more I forbid your having any intercourse with them, or else I shall keep you shut up at home.

Con. Let Thomas dare to come sneaking about this garden! I'll give him—

Mr. S. What would you say? I do not intend that they should be ill treated, or affronted in the smallest matter.

Con. (*confused*) No, I don't mean that, neither. I only say that I will not let them come within a hundred yards of us. O, I shall keep a look out.

Ali. Yet you had so great a friendship for Mr. Garvey! You looked upon him as so honest a man! as a man of so much learning and good sense! you remember very well that it was he who taught my brother latin, and gave me my first lessons in spelling, merely through friendship, before we had a master.

Mr. S. All that may be; but I forbid another word on the subject. I will have nothing to say

to him, as you must have nothing to say to his children. Dry up those tears, Alicia. Have you so little respect for your father's commands, that it costs you tears to obey them?

Ali. No, papa. But pardon this last mark of regard that my heart affords them. I shall not be less obedient than my brother.

Con. We shall see who will be most dutiful.

Ali. At least you will not insist that I should hate them. It would not be in my power to obey you.

Mr. S. Neither to hate them, nor to use them ill: only to break off all connection with them. This is my order.

Ali. I will do whatever is your pleasure. But I have one favour to ask of you.

Mr. S. What is that?

Ali. That I may speak to them once more, to tell them your orders.

Con. For what? All correspondence is at an end.

Mr. S. I think your request reasonable, and grant it. You may tell them at the same time that their father must pay me in three days, or he will repent it.

Ali. How, my dear papa! does Mr. Garvey owe you any thing?

Mr. S. Do you think I would ask him for what he does not owe me? But that does not concern you. Only remember to obey me. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE II. *Alicia and Constantine.*

Ali. Well, brother, is this your friendship for Thomas and Grace?

Con. Well, sister, is this your obedience to your father?

Ali. You pretend to obedience? It is hypocrisy; nothing more. You only flatter him, to wheedle some money from him. You love nothing in the world.

Con. Because I do not take pleasure in continually disobliging him? Would you have me run after these children now he has forbidden me!

Ali. You little deserved their friendship, if it costs you no more to give it up. But whenever your expectations from any one are at an end, your sentiments for them soon vanish.

Con. As if I had any thing to expect from children of that sort!

Ali. What was that case of mother-of-pearl, which you prevailed on Grace to give you not a week ago? and those tablets, that you contrived to coax so dexterously from Thomas yesterday? you have cringed to them a thousand times for a nosegay or an orange; and now——

Con. Now I must obey. But truly, the apothecary's children are fine children to grieve after!

Ali. Yes; and I shall see you, perhaps, this evening in the middle of the dirtiest boys of the village.

Con. I shall not lose much by the exchange.

Ali. And they still less.

Con. I don't care. But here comes Mr. Thomas; advise him as a tender friend not to come too near me.

Ali. If you do not like to see him, you may go away.

Con. I do *not* like to see him, and I will stay.

Enter Thomas, carrying a little wooden house, painted blue.

Tho. (*to Alicia*) O, how glad I am to find you!

Con. Dear Tom, what have you there in that little house?

Tho. It is a present that Mr. Billingsley's gamekeeper made me.

Con. And you come to make me a present of it, my dear friend?

Ali. (*aside*) The hypocrite!

Tho. It is for Miss Alicia.

Ali. For me? No, no, my friend. Since it is a present to you, I shall not deprive you of it.—But pray what is it?

Con. (*imperiously*) Come, I'll see what it is? (*Endeavours to snatch the wooden house from Thomas, who holds it forcibly.*) Some ugly bird, I suppose.

Tho. An ugly bird? no, you are out.—Guess, miss: but I won't keep you in pain; it is a squirrel. O, a comical little beast it is! He always strives to hide himself in your pocket: then he comes to eat out of your hand, and he runs after you like a little spaniel. (*He takes it out of its*

house, and gives its chain to Alicia) Don't let it go, though. He must grow tame with you, otherwise he would take a trip to the grove.

Con. (*with a look of envy.*) A fine present indeed! a squirrel! it smells like a pole-cat.

Ali. O the charming little creature! how sprightly it looks!

Thomas. I wish, Master Constantine, I had another to offer you; and will bring you the first that I have. When he is a little used to you, miss, he will play such tricks as will make you die with laughing. He is worse than a monkey.

Ali. For that reason, Master Tommy, I will not deprive you of it. (*To the Squirrel*) Come, little rogue, go into your house again. You must take it back, friend Thomas.

Con. Yes, don't you hear? You must take it back.

Tho. How? he is not mine now. You would not disoblige me, Miss Alicia? No, I know you would not. (*He runs to the summer-house*)—There, I will leave it here on the bench.

Con. (*to Alicia*) Only dare to take it, and see if papa won't make you pay dear for it.

Ali. I am almost inclined to take it, because of your threatening. My papa has not forbidden me to receive squirrels. I am sorry for poor Tom, that I have nothing to give him in return but a sad farewell.

Con. Well, leave it to me; I will dismiss both him and the squirrel.

Ali. No, no, do not take that trouble. (*To*

Thomas as he returns) Once more, my friend, I cannot accept your present. I have such disagreeable news for you, that I do not know——

Con. Yes, yes, Mr. Thomas. If you show yourself about our garden, or only look at the walls of our house!—

Tho. What? could you have the heart, sir, to hinder me? I thought that you had more friendship for me.

Con. Our friendship is broken off, to let you know; and pray do not think——

Ali. I beg you will excuse his ill manners. You do not know, perhaps, that your father has had a quarrel with ours.

Tho. Pardon me, I know it, and it has made me uneasy enough. However, I did not think that the matter went so far as to break off our friendship. And I should still less have expected it from master Constantine.

Con. Sister, will you send him away immediately, or shall I go and acquaint my papa?

Tho. If you were to have any trouble on my account, Miss Alicia—

Ali. Do not fear, my friend; you may stay a while, father will not take it amiss.

Con. We shall see that; I will open the cause to him. (*He goes out, but returns a moment afterwards, and slips into the summer house unperceived.*)

SCENE III. *Alicia, Thomas.*

Tho. For heaven's sake, Miss Alicia, tell me what I have done to your brother?

Ali. In the first place, he is a little jealous on account of the squirrel that you have given me. Then he thinks he will become a great favourite with *our* father, by taking part in his quarrel with *yours*. For my father is very angry, and I do not know why.

Tho. Nor I either. I only heard my father say as he walked about by himself, "I could not think this of Mr. Sewall." He then went to find my mother; and as my sister was with her then, she must know what the business is.

Ali. In the mean time, my father has forbidden us to see you or speak to you.

Tho. What! shall I see you no more? shall I not be allowed to speak to you? Ah, how shall I part with you? what will my poor sister do who is so fond of you? O dear! what have we done?

Ali. Comfort yourself, my dear Thomas; we shall still be good friends, and if we are forbidden to see each other, who will hinder us to think of one another? Thus, for instance; when I play with your squirrel, I shall think of you. I shall always call him by your name. O, I shall love him!

Tho. How happy you make me in telling me so! I do not know now if I should be sorry any more; but here comes my sister. She looks very dull.

Enter Grace.

Ali. (*running to meet Grace and saluting her*) My dear Grace!

Grace. My good miss Alicia? (*Constantine appears at the bottom of the stage, leading Mr. Sewall privately behind the summer house.*)

Tho. (*to Grace*) You are going to hear disagreeable news.

Grace. And I bring you no better. My father and mother are in such trouble—

Tho. Did I not tell you so? well, what passed?

Grace. Your father may perhaps be angry with ours, but certainly his demand is something unreasonable.

Ali. Unreasonable? that cannot be. Ah! if it were so, I should still have hopes of persuading him. Tell me, however, what is it?

Grace. You know that handsome tuft of trees that is behind your garden?

Ali. O yes; where we used to go in the spring evenings to hear the nightingale sing. A charming little grove!

Grace. You know, too, that this little grove was given to my father by old Mr. Drury, in return for his services to him during his lifetime.

Ali. Well?

Grace. Well, Mr. Sewall wants to have it.

Ali. What, my father?

Tho. What, our pretty little grove?

Grace. My father told him, that he should be very happy to oblige him; that he should never forget how much he and his family were indebted

to him; but that his friend had desired him, on his death-bed, never to part with this grove, that it might always serve to keep him in his memory.

Ali. With all the respect that I owe my father, I cannot deny, he is in the wrong here. But, however, he would not have it for nothing. That is not his way of thinking.

Grace. O dear, no. He means to pay my father for it, and even perhaps more than it is worth.

Tho. And what does he wish to do with it? does he not enjoy the prospect as well as we?

Grace. He wants to cut down all those fine trees.

Ali. and Tho. Cut them down?

Grace. You know the hill that is behind the grove? He says that will make a fine prospect. Now the grove is at the foot of the hill; so to have the prospect, they must cut down the grove.

Ali. O, now I see why he brought an architect from town, who talks to him about grottos and bridges, and Chinese temples. My father dreams of nothing but improvements. He has a plan of them continually in his hands, and talks of them a hundred times a day even to me. And I who made myself so happy in the expectation of seeing all those fine things! Now I'll have nothing to do with them. Let your father keep his grove.

Tho. What would become of the birds that chirp so sweetly on those venerable trees, and who build their nests there, because nobody disturbs them, and we carried them food there?

Grace. And the refreshing coolness that we breathed there in the hot summer days!

Ali. And the echo that used to answer us from the hill when we sung!

Grace. The prospect of a grove in full leaf, is, I believe, as good as that of a hill.

Ali. And then what occasion has my father for a new prospect? He has so many others on every side.

Tho. I should think that one of my own limbs was lopt off at every stroke of the hatchet.

Ali. No, no. Your father must not deprive himself of his grove.

Grace. Must not? ah, he will not keep it long.

Ali. Why not? my father will never take it from him by force, I suppose! He has not the power.

Tho. But if he is angry with us, and has forbidden you to see or speak to us, I would rather give ten groves like that.

Grace. And don't you think that I would too? what should I do there without you, Alicia? I should never have any desire to go into it.

Ali. My dear Grace, we used to be so happy in it. Do you remember when we used to go there in the evening, and tell everything that had happened to us in the day?

Grace. Yes; and each brought her work. You sewed and I knit. Then Thomas brought us flowers, and we left off our work to make nosegays. You gave me yours and I gave you mine. That was enough to make us think of each other the whole of next day.

Tho. And now that's all over, never to return!

Ali. No, we shall have no more such delightful moments. It will make me grow sick, and then my father will be sorry, and I will tell him that if he would restore me to health, he must allow me to see my little friends again. (*They all three embrace, and weep.*)

Grace. But meantime the grove will be cut down; it certainly must.

Ali. And why?

Grace. Ah, Miss Alicia, I have not told you all. About ten years ago, Mr. Sewall lent my father fifty pounds to set him up; and you know that my father has never yet been able to pay him.

Ali. (*aside*) Ah, this was the debt mentioned just now.

Grace. If we keep the grove, Mr. Sewall will have his fifty pounds; and my father knows not how to raise the money. Among all his friends, there is none but your father that could furnish him with so great a sum; and he is the very person who demands it.

Ali. (*taking both their hands*) O, if there be nothing but that, I can settle it.

Grace. Settle it?

Tho. You, Miss?

Ali. (*with joy in her countenance*) Do you promise not to betray me?

Grace. I betray you?

Tho. Ah, can you doubt but we will promise?

Ali. Well then, hear me. You know—I can never think of it without being moved—You know how fond my mother was of me. In her last ill-

ness, one day when I was alone with her, she called me to her bed-side, and kissing me, she took a purse from under her pillow, "Here, my dear Alicia," said she, "take this. I forbid you to let any one know that I have given it to you. Keep it for important occasions. You have a kind heart, and a good understanding for your age—(it was mother, however, who said this)—You will know how to dispose of it worthily. Your father has a noble and generous soul, but is something passionate and vindictive. You may, perhaps, spare him occasions of vexation or sorrow. On so extensive an estate as ours, there must be many poor people who have suffered unmerited losses; such, you may assist in secret. You may also repay such services as may be done you, without always having recourse to your father. It is through your hands that I have for these two years past distributed my favours and my assistance: I hope that you have acquired sufficient discernment to distinguish those who have a claim to pity. In short, I doubt not that you will make the best use of this little sum which I entrust to your hands, for the benefit of honesty in distress. I shall think that I myself have done the good that you shall do; and it is the best means by which I can be present to your memory." She was so exhausted she could say no more; but I shall ever remember this discourse as long as I live.

Grace (*wiping her eyes.*) Excellent lady!

Tho. My father and mother never speak of her, but with tears.

Ali. My mother had a great friendship for them

took. She told me at her death always to look upon Mr. Garvey as one of my best friends, and to follow his sensible advice in everything. You see, then, that I have obligations to you. Happy am I in honouring my mother's memory; in satisfying my own gratitude; in saving my father from an act of injustice; in sparing him the sorrow he would feel for it; in preserving every thing; the charming little tuft of trees; our own friendship; the pleasure of seeing each other as before—

Grace (*throwing her arms round her neck.*) O, my dear Miss Alicia!

Tho. (*taking her hand*) My father will bless you in his heart, but he will never take your money.

Ali. Certainly he will take it if I request him. Nobody in the world shall know anything of it. Stay here, my dear friends; I will go for it.

Tho. I shall not take the charge of it, however.

Ali. You shall, my dear Grace. And, Thomas, if you hinder her, take notice I do not accept your squirrel; I obey my father rigorously; I never look at you again; I never go either to your house, or into the grove again.

Grace. Well, Miss, since you speak in that manner—

Ali. (*stopping her*) You do not know what you say. I won't even hear you. Stay for me, I shall soon return. If I am not interrupted, I shall write a few lines to your father. In case that I cannot join you again, I will put the purse near the summer-house; there, under that large stone. Mark the place well now: do you hear?

Grace. I am sure that my father will send me back with your money.

Ali. Let him beware of that. Besides, you will not know where to find me; for alas, it is perhaps the last time that we are allowed to discourse together.

Grace. Ah, Miss Alicia, what cruel words!

Ali. I must certainly obey my father. But we are neighbours; we are not forbidden to look at each other; and whenever our eyes can meet unobserved———

Grace. O, mine shall take care to seek yours, and to tell them that I shall never forget to love you.

Tho. Who will hinder us to be in your way when you go out to walk? and then—

Ali. You are right. A smile, or a side-look can pass without being seen. Come, take comfort; all will go well. But where is the squirrel? As I am going into my room, I will carry it up.

Tho. Stop a moment; I will go for his house, and carry it for you as far as your door. (*Runs to the summer-house.*)

Ali. Good by, my dear Grace.

Grace. Ah, Miss Alicia, I cannot believe that it is to be forever.

Tho. (*returning with the squirrel's house empty*) Bless me; the squirrel is not here.

Ali. What! my squirrel gone? O dear, Thomas.

Tho. Somebody must have opened the door, for I remember to have shut it.

Ali. It can be none but my brother. He was jealous that you made me a present of it; and while we were speaking here, he slipped into the summer-house, and opened his little door.

Tho. If he only carried away the squirrel to play with him a little!———

Ali. I know him better than you do, he has let him run away.

Tho. Well, stay; he cannot be very far off. If I can discover him on some tree, I need only show him a nut to make him come down immediately. I will go and hunt all about. (*Goes out.*)

Ali. (*to Thomas*) I wish you success in the chace, my dear friend. (*To Grace*) Poor Thomas! I pity him, he was so happy in making me that present!

Grace. That is true indeed. He never was easy till he brought it to you.

Ali. Well, I must leave you, my dear Grace. I will take the terrace walk; it leads to the house; and do you go out by the little door of the garden, and slip round along the wall. You need only stand under my window, without taking notice of anything. I will throw you the purse with a letter. If my papa is not in the way, I will come and bring them to you myself.

Grace. O my dear generous friend, what good-nature! (*They go out different ways.*)

SCENE IV. *Mr. Sewall, Constantine.*

Con. Well, papa, was I wrong? you see what pains my sister takes to obey you.

Mr. S. And what is this story of a squirrel?

Con. I did not tell it you while we were hidden, because they would have heard us. But here is the affair: The dear friend Thomas made a present of the squirrel to the dear friend Alicia. The dear friend Alicia received this ugly little beast with so much pleasure, that she calls it her dear friend Tommy. But I have managed so, that she has not had much amusement with it.

Mr. S. How so?

Con. They put the squirrel's little house on the summer-house bench. I slipped in there while they were taking a tender farewell, opened the little door, took the squirrel out, and let him loose among the trees. I saw him soon climb up into a tree, and jump from branch to branch. They will be pretty cunning if they ever catch him again.

Mr. S. Then, sir, you have done a very mean action. Did I not forbid you to molest these poor children? and you knew very well the trouble you were going to cause your sister.

Con. Since she disobeyed you, did she not deserve to be punished?

Mr. S. Is it to you that the right of punishing belongs? Run, tell the gardener and his people to look for the squirrel, and to bring it to me.

Con. But, papa, you forbade my sister any communication with Mr. Garvey's children; and will you suffer her to receive a present from them?

Mr. S. Was Thomas informed of my intentions when he brought the squirrel?

Con. At least Alicia knew them; and was not that disobeying you?

Mr. S. It belonged to me to determine that. She certainly would have showed me the present she received; and if I thought it proper, I should order her to return it. Again I say, run and let this squirrel be found, or you shall answer for it.

Con. But, papa, you have heard them talk finely. My sister has money unknown to you, and she gives it to Mr. Garvey to pay you. Should not I do better, to go and watch Grace, to surprise her when she receives the purse, and bring it to you?

Mr. S. Dare not to do it. You know my orders. Obey.

Con. (*murmuring*) I thought that I had done such fine things!

SCENE V.

Mr. Sewall, musing.

Yes, I see I have suffered my passions to carry me too far. What a pattern of friendship, gratitude and generosity, do these children show! It is true, I had forbidden Alicia—But should I have forbidden her? Should I suppress those sentiments in her heart, to which I myself had given birth? Could I deprive her of the only happiness which she enjoys in this solitude? the greatest happiness of human life, an amiable and virtuous society with children of her own age? a blessing, the loss of which I could not compensate with all my fortune; and for what reason? To satisfy an empty whim. My dear Alicia, neither those grottos, those bridges,

those Chinese temples, nor all those ornaments with which I meant to embellish my garden, nothing, in short, could have made you forget the unadorned grove where friendship found so sweet a retreat. What a lesson is this to me! But for you, I was about to lose a valuable friendship. You save me from injustice and remorse. And your noble conduct makes me feel the unworthiness of your brother. Ill-natured boy! in what an odious light has he shown himself! But let me banish this mortifying idea from my heart. I am impatient to know if Mr. Garvey thinks as generously as his children. The part that he takes, will determine my happiness. I have either lost a friend undeserving of my attachment, or I shall now find one worthy of me. (*Alicia crosses the bottom of the stage on tiptoe. Mr. Sewall perceives her, and calls*) Alicia! (*she goes on. Mr. Sewall calls a second time*) Alicia! come hither!

Enter Alicia.

Mr. S. Where were you going? why did you strive to avoid me?

Ali. (*confused*) Because—I was afraid to disturb you, papa.

Mr. S. You are going, perhaps, to seek the squirrel that Thomas gave you as a present.

Ali. It is true he has given me one. I suppose Constantine told you.

Mr. S. You did not receive it, I presume.

Ali. I! no—O yes, how could I avoid it. Poor Tommy! he was in such joy when he offered it.

Mr. S. You must return it.

Ali. Yes, papa, if I had it; but it has run away.

Mr. S. Is this true, Alicia?

Ali. Yes, sir, I assure you. I can show you his house; it is empty.

Mr. S. Who could have let it out? This was a trick of Constantine.

Ali. No, papa. Do not accuse my brother of it. The door must have been ill fastened, so the prisoner escaped. But Tommy is in pursuit of him, and if he catches it again, he will bring it back to me.

Mr. S. You mean then, to have a second conversation with him? What have you to say to him? Have not you told him my resolution? And have not you taken leave of him?

Ali. Yes, papa; but—O, I was so sorry! I shall not easily comfort myself.

Mr. S. You find then a difficulty in obeying me?

Ali. O, it is not that; don't imagine it. But could you love me still, could you own me for your child, if I were to tell you that this quarrel does not grieve me? What would you think of me, or what would my friends think, if I could withdraw my heart from them at once, without feeling the least concern?

Mr. S. But is the offence offered me by their father so indifferent to you, that you take no part in it?

Ali. O, I do take a part in it, and I would give anything in the world that you had full satisfaction.

Mr. S. You know then what I ask of him, and what he refuses me?

Ali. I know—I know—Ah, papa, why do you ask me?

Mr. S. Because I would know if Mr. Garvey's children are acquainted with the affair, and have entrusted it to you.

Ali. Yes, they told me—they told me all. Do not be angry, papa!

Mr. S. Well, what do you think of my demand? Does it appear unreasonable? Have not I a right to expect from Mr. Garvey, in return for all my kindness, a slight compliment, and for which I would repay him a hundred-fold?

Ali. Dear papa, I am only a child; how can I decide among grown people?

Mr. S. Consult your heart. I would know what it says.

Ali. Pray excuse me. My heart perhaps might say something that would displease you.

Mr. S. I understand. It would judge, no doubt, that I am in the wrong.

Ali. Ah, now you are going to be angry.

Mr. S. Only speak; you will see.

Ali. I would not offend you for any thing in the world.

Mr. S. You will not; only tell me freely what you think.

Ali. Well then, I think you are right, and Mr. Garvey too.

Mr. S. Both of us right? O, you little flatterer,

that is impossible. One of us must be right and the other wrong.

Ali. Pardon me; I spoke it as I think. You have done Mr. Garvey great kindnesses, and have a right to expect from him, in acknowledgment, a matter which you have so much at heart: and he is right in refusing it to you, because he has reasons for not giving it up.

Mr. S. But are his reasons just, or ill-founded?

Ali. It is not for me to be the judge of them. You look upon it as a duty, in gratitude, to give up his little grove; and he looks upon the keeping of it to be also a duty in gratitude. You would cut it down, to make a fine prospect; he thinks it an agreeable shady retreat for his children. You are his landlord, and have power: he has nothing but the prayers and tears of his family.

Mr. S. Enough of this; you are too dangerous an advocate. Well, let him pay me the fifty pounds that I have lent him, and he may keep his grove.

Ali. Then it will be force—

Mr. S. That will show which is right, eh?

Ali. No, papa, I only meant—O, I do not know what I would say. But the fifty pounds—where can he get them?

Mr. S. If you don't know, neither do I. However, if he applied to you—

Ali. (*embracing her father*) O, I cannot conceal it from you any longer. And though you were to punish me for it—I have deserved your anger—I have—

Mr. S. Come, come, let me go! What does all this mean, Alicia?

SCENE VI.

Mr. Sewall, Alicia, Constantine forcing in Grace.

Con. Ah, papa, I have her, I have her. She has a letter; I suppose for my sister. Come, give it me, or I will search you all over. Yes, yes, she had it in her hand as she slipped along the yew-hedge.

Mr. S. No violence, Constantine. (*To Grace*) Do you wish any one here, child?

Grace. (*confused*) No—yes, sir, I was looking for——

Mr. S. Why are you frightened? Whom do you want?

Grace. Miss Alicia.

Con. But you know, Grace, that papa has forbidden her to speak to you.

Mr. S. (*to Constantine*) I request you to be silent. (*To Grace*) And what is this letter in question?

Grace. It is nothing—nothing—(*looking sorrowfully at Alicia.*) Ah, Miss Alicia, will you forgive me?—

Alicia. My dear Grace, we must now hide nothing from papa.

Con. (*to Mr. S.*) How, sir? they speak to each other before your face. Is that obedience?

Mr. S. Will you be silent? Well, Grace, may I not know?—

Grace. Since I must tell you, sir, the matter is, that my father has written a letter to Miss Alicia, thanking her for her kindness. (*She offers the letter to Alicia : Constantine seizes it.*)

Con. O papa ! it is full of money. (*To Alicia*) Ah ! you will be paid now.

Alicia. I was going to confess the whole to you, papa, when Grace and my brother interrupted us. I submit to my punishment.

Mr. S. (*opens the letter and reads.*)

" Most worthy Miss :

" I should not be deserving of your generous intentions in my favour, if I were base enough to lead you into the slightest act of deceit, by accepting the money which you offer me to pay your father. No, my dear miss, I am his debtor, and shall have the misfortune to continue so, until I can acquit my debt by my own resources. I am unhappy in not being able on this occasion to meet your father's wishes so cheerfully as I would on any other. If Mr. Sewall, without mentioning it to me, had pursued the course which his power enables him to use, I should never have expostulated. He may assure himself, that I should never have formed in my own mind a single complaint against him. At least I should not have to reproach myself with violating the sacred promise that I have passed. Let him know these sentiments, my worthy little friend. His friendship and yours are more valuable to me than all the possessions in the world. Continue still in the same generous disposition towards me and my children. I have the honour to be, &c."

(*Mr. Sewall, without shutting the letter, looks at Alicia.*)

Alicia (*running to him.*) Now, papa, you shall know how this money came into my hands, and forgive me for not owning it to you before!—

Mr.S. (*kissing her*) I know the whole, my dear Alicia. I heard your conversation. I am delighted with the nobleness and generosity of your sentiments. I do not blush to confess, that perhaps, but for you, I was about to commit an action that would have made me unhappy all my life. Here is your money. Make that noble use of it which your excellent mother enjoined you. Do not fear that I shall ever suffer it to be exhausted by your bounty. Your little grove shall remain, my dear children, and friendship shall unite you still.

Ali. (*taking his hand*) O papa! I owe you now a second life.

Grace (*taking his other hand.*) O, sir! what goodness! Ah! how my father——

Mr. S. Tell him, my dear Grace, that I request him to take his note again; that I have a small alteration to make in it, of which I will speak to him.

Con. How? papa, you——

Mr. S. Silence your ill-natured tongue. You have given me to-day proofs of a very bad heart.

Con. I have only obeyed you. Must not children obey their parents?

Mr. S. Without doubt, they must. But when the commands of their parents are unjust, they must then first obey their duty and their Maker. If your heart did not tell you that mine yielded too

much to passion, I have no further hopes of you. See how Alicia has acted!

Con. But, mamma, did not leave me any money at my own disposal.

Mr. S. Because she foresaw the improper use you might make of it. And then had you no words of comfort for your little friends, and for a man who had once the care of your education? But what has become of the squirrel? have you given orders to find him?

Con. I could see no one in the garden.

SCENE X.

Mr. Sewall, Constantine, Alicia, Grace, Thomas.

(*Thomas enters, running, and out of breath. He holds the squirrel in one hand, the other is wrapped in a handkerchief, stained with blood.*)

Thomas. Joy! joy! here he is! I have found him, here he is! (*Perceiving Mr. Sewall, he stops short.*)

Alicia (*running to him.*) O, my good Tommy. (*she takes the squirrel.*) My pretty little Tommy, have I found you? O, you shall never escape from me again. Come, sir, march into your house once more. (*Shuts him up in his house, and carries him into the summer-house.*)

Mr. S. What is the matter with your hand, my dear Tom? I think I see blood upon your handkerchief.

Thomas (*with surprise and joy.*) My dear Tom! Miss, do you hear that?

Alicia. Yes, child, all is now reconciled.

Grace. And we are friends forever. (*Thomas jumps for joy, and bows to Mr. Sewall. Grace takes her brother's hand and looks at it with concern.*) Have you hurt yourself? Let me see.

Alicia. And on my account too?

Thomas. It is a trifle. It was done by a branch that broke with the spring I made to jump after the runaway. I tore my hand a little; but I would have left an arm behind, rather than not bring back the squirrel to Miss Alicia.

Ali. Ah, how good-natured! Papa, you must have it drest. Nurse has an excellent salve.

Mr. S. That care shall be yours. Come, children, follow me. I will have a little entertainment prepared for you to-day, at my house, and I will go myself, and invite your parents to come and partake of it. I have been your scholar this day, and I see by your example, that good children may always give useful lessons to their parents.

GEORGE AND THE BIRD'S EGG.

Little George was fond of walking in a wood that bordered on his father's garden: now this wood was formed of little trees, placed very near each other, and two paths conducting through it, crossed. One day, as he was sauntering up and down, he wished to rest himself a little, and leaned his back

against a tree, whose stem was yet quite slender, and which shook through all its branches, when his back first touched it. As it chanced, the rustling frightened a little bird, who issued from a neighbouring bush, and flew away.

George saw it and was grieved. He fixed his eye upon the bush, to see if it would not return; and while he was attentively considering it, he thought he saw among the branches, at a spot where they were twisted into one another, something like a tuft of hay. His curiosity induced him to draw nearer, and examine it. He found this tuft of hay was hollow like a cup: he thrust aside the branches, and saw certain little balls within it, of an oval shape, and spotted. They were placed beside each other in a layer of grass. Surely, said George, this must be what I have heard some people call a bird's-nest; and the balls are eggs. They are indeed quite little, but the bird is not so big as any of our hens.

It was his first design to bear away the nest: but, upon second thoughts, he was contented with one egg alone; and having taken it, ran home. He met his sister by the way. "See, sister," said he: "See this little egg. I found it in a nest: there were five others with it." Let me have it in my hand, said George's sister. She examined it, returned it to her brother, and then asked a second time to have it. When they got home they rolled it up and down a table, just as if it were a ball. One shoves it one way, and the other pushes it another way, till in the midst of their diversion, it falls

down and breaks. They cry, and mutually accuse each other as the cause of such a great misfortune.

As it chanced their mother heard them complaining; and not knowing why they wept, approached to console them. Both begin at once. She hears their different stories, and then taking each affectionately by the hand, conducts them to a tree that overshadowed a green bank, on which they all sat down.

Be comforted, dear children, she said; that you have broken the egg between you, is truly a misfortune; but it is one, that should not grieve you much, since you did not mean to do so. I might notwithstanding blame you, George, with justice, for taking it from the nest. You have seen hens' eggs disposed in a sort of nest. The mother sits on, warms and animates them. Chickens in about three weeks are formed within them, and they pierce the shell. In a few days they come and feed out of your hand. This egg would also have become a little chick, which you have killed by bringing away. The bird that flew out of the bush, was the mother. Doubtless she will come again very shortly to her nest: she will perceive one egg is wanting, and perhaps forsake it altogether. This is frequently the case.

Perhaps this loss of a single egg, informs them that their asylum is discovered; they have everything to fear from our violence; they guess that when their little ones are hatched, he who has already robbed them, will return and seize upon their tender family. If then this nest you have been

thus robbing, as I must call it, should be totally abandoned—tell me, would you not be sorry for it?

Yes indeed, mamma, replied George; and I am sorry I took away the egg; but I did not know a syllable of what you have been telling us; and thought no harm in bringing it to show my sister, which is all I meant to do.

My little fellow, I can easily believe you, said his mother. If you were to do bad actions for the pleasure some suppose there is in doing them, you would in that case have a very wicked heart, and I should be sorry I had such a son: but that I do not fear; for, on the contrary, I believe you are a good boy.

Mamma, said the little girl, the nest, for I have seen it, out of which my brother took this egg, does not resemble in the least those swallows' nests we see about our roof.—Henrietta, said her mother, every nest is not alike; nor yet is every bird alike; some are great, and others little. Some are never known to perch on trees, and others live at all times in them. Some are large and stupid, others small and full of industry and cunning. Some are beautiful beyond description in their plumage, which has half a dozen colours; others are of one dull colour. Some subsist on fruits, some go in quest of insects, and a multitude of others seize on smaller birds and eat them.

O, the wicked creatures! answered Henrietta. I don't love these last, and should be glad to spoil their nests.—So too would many others, said their mother; and therefore those great birds that constantly devour the less, construct their nests in places

where they cannot easily be come at; in woods, and in the holes of rocks, where men appear but seldom; and at heights beyond our reach, however skilful we may be in climbing.

Therefore, dear children, since these birds are greatly different from each other, not only in size but in their way of life, and in the colour of their feathers, it is but reasonable they should have nests different also from each other. Thus the lark, that never lives in any tree, but sings, as you have heard, mounting in the air, constructs her nest upon the ground; the swallow builds upon houses and barns, under the eaves; the owl that we hear only by night, seeks out deserted habitations, or some hollow tree to put her eggs in; and the eagle that I showed you yesterday in Mr. Mason's court yard, chained, while others of his species fly above the clouds till they are absolutely out of sight, bring forth their young in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Those birds, that live round about us, make their nests in trees or hedges. Those that love the water, and who find their food therein, build theirs among the rushes that grow near it, upon little islands and at times upon the shore itself.

If, one of these fine days, we go into the valley terminating our large meadow, we shall see a number of those little creatures busy in selecting the materials of which they compose their nests. One you will observe carrying off a wheat straw; another will have in his beak some wool or feathers, or dried leaves; and very probably a third some moss. The

swallow, by the border of a stream, moistens with the water which she takes up in her beak, a little bit of earth, with which she builds her habitation. Such materials as are very coarse and solid, she will take to form the outside of her nest, but lines it with the softest and the warmest. Nay, there are some birds who pull out their own feathers to make up that comfortable bed their little ones repose on.

Birds construct large nests, or small ones, in proportion to the number of young they are to hatch in them. Some will hang up their nests by a sort of thread, which they have the skill to form of flax, or of different sorts of weeds, or of spiders webs. Others place it in the middle of a soft and gluey substance, whereunto they carefully stick many feathers. All of them do everything they can to make it strong and solid, and secure themselves from every enemy, by resorting to retired and solitary places.

When their nests are completed they lay their eggs. The mother, and at times the father, sit upon them with admirable perseverance. They are taught by nature, that the warmth of their body, when they sit upon those eggs, puts every thing within them in motion; and produces little creatures, that at last are stromg enough to break the shell that holds them, and come forth.

You must have often seen a fly in winter, to appearance dead. You took it in your hands, and through the warmth proceeding from them, it was brought to life. It is nearly thus with birds: the

perseverance of the parents, when they brood upon their eggs, converts them into living creatures.

When the mother sits on the nest, the cock will bring her victuals, and sit by to please her with his music. When the little ones are once alive, they help them to get clear of their confinement in the egg. Their diligence for the little birds is now redoubled; they do every thing to defend and nourish the young, and are constantly employed in this interesting office. They go very far to get their food and make an equal distribution of it, every little one receiving, in his turn, what they have brought. As long as they remain young and helpless, they contrive to bring them food suited to their delicacy; but when once they are grown older and stronger, they provide them food more solid.

There is one bird, and that a very large one, called a *pelican*, who being forced to go great distances in quest of victuals for her young ones, is provided with a sort of bag. She fills it with such food as she is sensible they love: she warms what she procures, and renders it by such means fitted for their tender stomachs: she returns and empties it before them.

When birds become parents, they appear to forget they want food themselves, and only think upon their little family. If rain or tempests come, they hurry to their nest, and cover it as well as they are able with their outstretched wings, keeping out the wind and water that might hurt the brood. All night too, they are busy in the work of cherishing the little things. The fearfullest among them, that

will fly away if she but hears the slightest noise, and trembles at the least degree of danger, knows not what fear is when she has once a family to care for, but becomes courageous and intrepid: as for instance the common hen. As great a coward as she is when by herself, she grows a very heroine, an example of audacity, when she has young ones to defend from danger. She attacks the largest dog, and will not even fear a man, who should attempt to take them from her.

So too do the little birds endeavour to defend their young, when any one would steal or hurt them. They will flutter round the nest, will seem to call out for assistance, will attack the invader and pursue him. If their young be shut within a cage, they will continue to come regularly, and at all times feed them. Frequently the mother will prefer to be shut up with them, rather than be freed from the necessity of tending on them, and will never quit the little creatures.

Poor dear birds! cried out the chilrden, how we will in future love you! Never for the time to come, depend upon it, will we be so cruel as to do you harm. We will only look at your nests; we will be satisfied with gazing on you, while employed in the delightful task of tending your young, and contemplate your little family all flying round their parents.——Yes, my dear children, said their mother, thus it should be. Keep your resolution as you ought, and I shall love you for it. And never injure any creature, or occasion it the least degree of pain for pleasure's sake. On saying which the

mother went in doors, embracing her dear children, who were pleased with what she had been telling them.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

Mr. Saunders had brought up two handsome dogs, one Cæsar, and the other Pompey. He had named them so, not with the wish or expectation that they should one day become rivals, like the two illustrious commanders whose names they bore; but, though both were littered at a birth, had always fed together, and been treated with an absolute equality, yet it was not long before they manifested very different tempers.

Cæsar was extremely meek and docile; Pompey rough and quarrelsome.

The generous Cæsar jumped for joy when any one caressed him, and never took it ill that his brother should be fondled in the same manner; but the surly Pompey, on the contrary, whenever Mr. Saunders had him on his lap, would growl if Cæsar met with the least notice, the least smile, or token of affection.

When the friends of Mr. Saunders came on a visit, and brought their dogs, Cæsar would immediately get in among them, and endeavor to amuse his company; and, as his nature was extremely pliant and insinuating, and his manners very winning, they were always at their ease whenever it was his part

to entertain them. They would play and frisk about the apartments, just as if they had been all at school with one another. The good Cæsar did his utmost to set off their beauty and activity, that Mr. Saunders might be pleased with their appearance, and induced to do them some good turn or other.

What did Pompey in the mean time? He would get into a corner, and be all day barking at the strangers. If unhappily they drew too near him, he would be sure to grin and snarl, and often bite their tails or ears. And if his master noticed any one among them for his breeding and good parts, he would howl with all his might, as if there were robbers in the house.

Mr. Saunders had remarked this odious temper for some time past in Pompey, and begun already to neglect him. Cæsar, on the other hand, gained something every day on his affection.

On a certain day, as he was set at table, he resolved to try their dispositions more than he had ever yet done. They were both attending at the table, Pompey being nearest; for the honest Cæsar, to avoid dissension, always yielded the foremost place with pleasure: and Mr. Saunders held out a nice piece of juicy meat, which Pompey immediately fell to chewing. Cæsar was not discontented in the least at this, but waited with the greatest good humour till his turn should come. His turn soon came; but Mr. Saunders threw him nothing but a hard dry bone. He took it without any sign of discontent; but scarce had the churlish Pompey ob-

served Cæsar busy with his share, though much inferior to his own, than he rejected with disdain the bit between his teeth, and fell on Cæsar to obtain his bone. The gentle Cæsar made no manner of resistance, but imagining that it might please the fickle taste of Pompey, yielded it at once.

Do not think, my dear friends, that this condescension on the part of Cæsar was the effect of cowardice, or even weakness. He had given ample testimony of his strength and resolution very lately, in a contest where he had been engaged on account of Pompey, whose intolerable surliness had drawn down upon him the resentment of a dog that lived in the neighborhood. He had not fought above five minutes, though it was himself that had provoked the fight, before he ran away; while Cæsar, without a friend to take his part, continued the engagement like a hero, and acquired at last such glory, as to make his adversary bite the dust.

This anecdote his master knew, and as his character for courage was so well confirmed, he made him take the bit of juicy meat that he had before thrown to Pompey, but which Pompey had rejected. "Cæsar, my good fellow," said his master, "it is but just that you should enjoy your brother's portion, since he first took yours; therefore eat it."

Pompey scowled at Cæsar, seeing the affection that accompanied these words in Mr. Saunders' countenance; and Mr. Saunders added, "Since you have shown yourself thus complaisant and generous towards him who treats you with such jealousy and envy, you shall be in future my own dog, and range

about my house as you think proper; but your brother shall be tied up in the yard: so, quick! a chain for Pompey! and let some one bid the carpenter this moment make up a kennel for him." Accordingly Pompey was instantly conducted to his station, while Cæsar had his liberty about the apartments.

Pompey would, very probably, have enjoyed with insolence so great a mark of favour, had *he* gained the advantage in his master's judgment; but the heart of Cæsar bled at the idea of his brother's sentence, and he tried all means to soften his condition. When the servants gave him any thing, he would be sure to carry it to Pompey, wag his tail with pleasure, and invite him to regale upon it; and at night he would not fail to visit Pompey in his house, amuse him in the midst of his sufferings, by all possible means, and, for hours together, warm his benumbed limbs.

But Pompey, far from being softened by such kind actions, never welcomed Cæsar to his kennel, nor received him otherwise than with continual howlings; so that very quickly, rage inflamed his blood, his heart was ulcerated, and he died a miserable dog.

Children, who read this, if there be one among you of a disposition such as Pompey had, consider what a miserable lot awaits you, and reflect upon his punishment. Unless you reform, you will lead a life of sorrow and humiliation, and expire in horror.

THE HOBGOBLIN.

An ignorant maid-servant had possessed the imaginations of her master's children with a hundred foolish tales of spirits, and particularly of a black faced goblin, as she said.

Antonia, one of these children, for the first time in her life, beheld a chimney-sweeper knocking at her father's door. She made a lamentable outcry, and betook herself for refuge to the first apartment she found open, which apartment was the kitchen.

Hardly had she hid herself behind a table, when the black-faced man came in, as if, in her imagination, he meant to follow her.

This frightened her a second time, and up she ran into a pantry, higher than the kitchen floor by half a dozen steps, and not a great way from the fire-place; here she thought she should be safe from danger, in a corner.

She had scarcely concealed herself in the pantry, when she heard the frightful fellow singing in the chimney; and with brush and scraper making a rattling noise against the bricks about him.

Seized with terror she jumped up, and leaping through a window, which was rather low, into the garden, ran quite breathless towards an arbour at the bottom of it, where she fell almost void of motion, close beside a tree.

In this situation, hardly durst she look about her; when by chance she saw the black-faced man

again appear, and wave his brush about him at the chimney-top.

On this, Antonia almost split her throat with crying out, Help! help!

Her father heard the cry, and running to the arbour, asked what ailed her, that she cried out so! Antonia had not strength sufficient to articulate a word, and therefore kept silent, pointing to the place where Grim was sitting astride, and flourishing his brush.

Her father smiled; and to convince her what small cause she had for terror, waited till the chimney-sweeper came down. He then bad him be called, and asked him to wash himself in Antonia's presence; after which, without explaining matters any further, he sent into the house to bring his barber, who it happened was then waiting for him, and who consequently had his face all over white with powder.

She was heartily ashamed of having feared so much, without occasion; and her father took this opportunity of giving her to understand, there were whole nations, in a certain quarter of the globe, all over black by nature, but not on that account to be dreaded by white children; since many white children are nursed by negro slaves, in the West Indies, without losing any of their whiteness.

Ever afterward, Antonia was the first to laugh at silly stories, told by silly people, of hobgoblins and the like.

THE FRANK CONFESSION.

Henry and Geneura, one day got permission from their mother, to take a turn about the garden, by themselves: they had deserved this confidence now placed in them, by their past discretion.

They amused themselves by playing for a time with that decent gaiety, by which it is easy to discern when young children have been well brought up.

Against the garden wall grew many fruit trees, and among them a young cherry tree, that had, no earlier than the year before, been grafted, and was now in fruit. Its fruit indeed was very little; but on that account, perhaps much finer.

Mrs. Pennington, their mother, did not want to gather them, though ripe. She kept them for her husband's eating, who that very day was to return from York, where business had a long time kept him.

As the children were accustomed to obedience, and forbidden ever to gather any kind of fruit, or to pick up even such as they might find upon the ground, to eat it, without leave, she thought it useless to say any thing about this cherry tree.

When Henry and Geneura were fatigued with running up and down the terrace, Come, said Henry, let's do something else now; upon which they joined their hands, and walked sedately towards the bottom of the garden, casting every now and then, a longing look upon the fruit with which the espaliers were loaded.

They soon came to this grafted tree. A little blast of wind had shook the finest cherries from it, and they lay upon the ground close by. Young Henry was the first to see them. He stooped down, and picked them up, ate some, and gave Geneura some, who ate them likewise.

They had not flung the stones away, when Geneura recollected her mamma's command to eat no fruit but what she might think fit to give her.

Ah, said she to Henry, we have disobeyed mamma by eating these cherries, and shall make her angry when she comes to know it. What had we best do?

Hen. Why need mamma know any thing about it? We may hold our tongues.

Gen. No, no; she must know it, brother. She frequently forgives us the greatest faults we can be guilty of, when we really confess them.

Hen. Yes, yes; but in this instance we have disobeyed her, and she never yet forgave us disobedience.

Gen. When she punishes our faults, I need not tell you, brother, it is because she loves us; and in consequence of being punished, we are not so very likely to forget, as otherwise we should, what we may do, and what we may not.

Hen. True, but she's always sorry when she punishes our faults, and being sorry, she's unhappy: so I should not like to see mamma unhappy, which would be the case, did she but know what we have done.

Gen. I should not like to see mamma unhappy, brother, any more than you ; but would she not be much more so, upon discovering that we had wished to hide our faults ? Should we be bold enough to look her in the face, while we were secretly reproached by our own hearts ? or rather, should we not be quite ashamed, to hear her call us her dear children, knowing, as we must, how little we deserve it ?

Hen. Ah, my dearest sister ! you have quite convinced me ; and indeed we should, in that case, be two little monsters ; therefore, let's go to her, and acknowledge what we've done.

They kissed each other, and went to their mamma's apartment.

Dear mamma, said Geneura, we have disobeyed you, and forgot what you forbade us. Punish us as we merit, but don't be angry with us ; we should be quite uneasy were our faults to make you sorry or unhappy.

She related, in the next place, what her brother and herself had done, without endeavoring to excuse the action.

Mrs. Pennington was so affected with the openness of Henry and Geneura, that a tear of tenderness and love escaped her. She could not resolve on punishing their fault, but generously overlooked it. She well knew that children of a happy disposition are more powerfully wrought on by the recollection of a mother's kindness, than by that of severity.

THE SCAR : OR, THE TWO FRIENDS.

FERDINAND'S soul was endued with elevated thoughts, and generous notions. He had a lively turn of mind, a strong and quick imagination, with a cheerful temper. His whole person, and elegant behaviour, won him every heart.

However, with so many amiable qualities, he had one great defect, extremely inconvenient to his friends, that of giving way to every slight impression, and yielding up his soul to the emotions any accidental circumstance might raise within him.

When he sought amusement in the circle of his play-mates, trifling contradictions ruffled his impatient disposition, and they saw the fire of rage inflame his whole countenance; he stamped upon the ground, cried out, and was mad with passion.

As he was once walking in his chamber, and meditating on the necessary preparations for an entertainment his father had permitted him to give his sister, Marcellinus, his dear friend and favorite, wished to communicate his notions on the subject. Buried in thought he saw not Marcellinus, who having called to him in vain, drew nearer, and began to pull him by the sleeve; but Ferdinand, disturbed and out of patience with these interruptions, unexpectedly turned round, with so much rudeness, that he sent poor Marcellinus quite across the apartment hard against the wainscot.

Marcellinus dropped, and lay still without the

appearance of life: for in falling, he struck his head against the moulding of a book-case, and received a wound in the temple, as Ferdinand then fancied, whence came a great quantity of blood.

What a shocking sight was this for Ferdinand! who never intended harm to Marcellinus; and for whom he would have lost his life, if needful.

Ferdinand fell beside him, crying out, He's dead, he's dead; I've killed my friend! Instead of trying means for his recovery, he remained stretched out, uttering dismal outcries. Happily, his father heard him: he came running up, took Marcellinus in his arms, and having laid him on a bed called for salts; and throwing cold water in his face, revived him a little.

The return of Marcellinus to new life, transported Ferdinand with joy; but, as he might relapse, it could not remove entirely his anxiety.

A surgeon being sent for, probed the wound. He found it was not in the temple, but so very near it, that a hair's breadth in the distance would have made it dangerous indeed, if not mortal: being carried home, he soon became delirious.

Ferdinand could not be persuaded to leave Marcellinus. He took his station by his dear friend's pillow, and was wrapt in silence; Marcellinus frequently pronounced the name of Ferdinand, while his delirium lasted. My dear Ferdinand, would he say, in what had I offended you, that I should thus be treated? Yet it is quite impossible you should be less afflicted than myself, for having wounded me without the least provocation. Let

it not grieve your generous nature. I forgive you, and do you forgive me, Ferdinand, for having put you, as I must have done, into a passion. It was not my wish to vex you.

This discourse that Marcellinus addressed to Ferdinand, without observing his presence, though holding him continually by the hand, redoubled his affliction. Every word from the lips of Marcellinus, as it served but to proclaim the greatness of his friendship, was a poinard to the heart of Ferdinand.

At last, it pleased God, for Ferdinand's great consolation, to assuage the fever's violence. In ten day's time the patient was enabled to get up.

What tongue can tell the joy of Ferdinand! It is not to be comprehended certainly by any one, unless he has felt the sorrow Ferdinand experienced all the while he was a witness of his friend's distressful situation.

Marcellinus being at last thoroughly recovered, Ferdinand resumed his former cheerful humour, and not needing any other lesson than the sorrowful event that had so lately happened, laboured hard to overcome the vehemence of temper to which he had been a slave.

Marcellinus in a very little time had no memento of the accident remaining, but a trifling scar near the temple. Ferdinand could never see this scar without emotion, even when they were come to years of manhood It became, in short, the seal of that much closer friendship in which they were ever afterwards united.

THE LITTLE PRATER.

Leonora was a little girl of quick parts and vivacity. At only six years old, she could both sew and handle her scissars with much dexterity, and her mother's pincushions and huzzifs were all of her making. She could read with ease and readiness, any book that was put into her hand: she could also write very prettily, and she never put large letters in the middle of a word, nor scrawled all awry, from corner to corner of her paper. Neither were her strokes so sprawling, that five or six words would fill a whole sheet, from top to bottom; as I have known to be the case with some other little girls of the same age.

Her father and mother had as much reason to be pleased with her obedience, as her preceptor had with her industry. She lived in the greatest harmony with her sisters, behaved to all the servants with civility, and to her playfellows with the utmost good nature and desire of obliging. The friends of the family, and strangers who made acquaintance with it, seemed equally delighted with her manners and accomplishments.

Who could believe, that with such qualities, such talents, such good-breeding, the possessor of them could be insupportable? Such however was the misfortune of Leonora.

One fault, though a single one, almost destroyed the effect of her acquirements: her troublesome fondness for talking, soon made every one forget

the merit of her mind, and the goodness of her heart. The little Leonora was the greatest *prate-apace* in the universe.

In the morning, for example, when she took her work, she would begin with saying: 'Well, it is high time now to be a little busy. What would mother say, if she were to come and see me sitting with my hands before me? O dear! what a monstrous long piece I have got here to sew! Well, thank my stars, I am no sluggard, so I shall soon contrive to see the end of it. Ah! hear now the clock strikes; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine:—Well, I have two hours yet before I need go to the piano. I may do a good deal of work in two hours. I know mother will give me some sweetmeats to reward me. O what pleasure I shall have in eating them! I love nothing so much as sweetmeats, though French plums are very good too. Papa gave me some the other day. But I think almonds and raisins are the best; or at least better any thing else, except sweetmeats. Now, if Dolly would but come today, I could show her my new trimming. She is a very good natured girl, that Dolly, only she loves talking too much—One can't get in a single word for her. Why now, where is my thimble? Sister, have you seen my thimble? I dare say Jenny has taken it away with her. That tiresome creature is always doing some mischief. Who can work, now, without a thimble? The needle will be always running into my finger. And then my finger will be bleeding, and that will hurt me so! and dirty

all my work besides. Why, Jenny! Jenny! where can you be? Do you know anything of my thimble? O, no, here it is—all entangled in my thread.'

In this manner, the little thing would chatter incessantly all day long. When her father and mother were conversing upon subjects of the utmost importance, she would come with her idle prattle and interrupt their discourse. At dinner she was frequently beginning her soup, when the rest of the family had finished their dinner. She forgot to drink and to eat, in her eagerness to be talking.

Her father every day, and repeatedly, reprimanded her for this fault: but reproaches and remonstrances were equally vain. Neither had correction any better effect.

As she suffered nobody to be heard but herself, she was frequently sent up stairs alone into her own chamber, in order to be kept out of the way. At other times, they made her, during dinner, sit at a little table by herself, as far off from the family as possible. Leonora was sorry and ashamed, but she did not reform. She always found something to say aloud to herself, when she could seize upon no one else to hear her. Rather than be silent, she would begin to prattle with her knife and fork.

And what did she gain by persevering in this troublesome habit? Nothing, my little friends, as you will soon see, but mortification and hatred. I

will tell you, now, what she was one day obliged to endure.

Her father and mother were invited by a friend, to spend a few days in the country. It was in the autumn; the weather was delightful; and there had never in any season been a greater abundance of peaches, nectarines, apples and pears.

Leonora had the fullest expectation of making one in this party. She was greatly surprised, therefore, when her father bid her little sisters, Julia and Cecilia, prepare for the journey, and, at the same time, turning to her, told her she must stay at home. In tears, she flew to her mother, and called out: O mother, what have I done to make papa in such a passion with me?

Your papa is not in a passion with you, answered her mother; but there is no possibility of enduring you in society. You interrupt all peace and comfort by your impertinent prating.

Must I never speak one word then? said Leonora.

That, answered her mother, would be nearly as great a fault as this, of which we desire to correct you. But you must always wait for your turn, and not perpetually interrupt your father and me, and people who are both older and wiser than you can be. You ought, also, to break yourself of that idle and troublesome trick of saying every thing that comes into your head. When you wish to ask any question really for your instruction, you should do it in a few words, and at once: and when you have any little account to give, always

consider first in your own mind, whether your friends, or whoever you are speaking to, are likely to wish to hear it.

Leonora, however deficient she might be in reasons, would at least have found abundance of words in her own justification, had she not heard her papa's voice calling aloud to her mother and sisters, that the carriage was waiting.

Leonora saw them set off, with many sighs; and followed the carriage with her eyes swimming in tears, as long as it was in sight: and when she could see it no more, she went and seated herself in a corner, and spent the first quarter of an hour in crying. O wicked tongue! said she, it is to you I owe all my misfortunes! But I will take care that you shall never, never for the future, say one single word more than you ought.

In a few days the family returned. Her sisters brought home baskets of nuts and grapes; and as they had excellent dispositions, their first pleasure was to beg Leonora to partake of their presents: but Leonora was so lost in melancholy, that she could not even taste them. She went to her father, and said to him: Ah, my dear papa, forgive me for making you punish me so; for I am sure you have been as sorry for it as myself: and so I think we have both been sufferers; but indeed, indeed, papa, I will never be such a prate-apace any more.

Her father embraced her tenderly; and the next morning, she was permitted to breakfast at

table with the rest of the family. She spoke very little, and all she said was modest and to the purpose. It is true, she found it very difficult, at first, to keep her tongue in order; for, unused to any control, it was continually in motion, rolling from side to side of her mouth. But the next day, this restraint grew less painful to her, and every following day still less and less; till by degrees, she was able wholly to conquer her insupportable love of chattering. And now she perfectly understands how to bear her part in society, without being impertinent, tiresome, or intruding.

THE AFFECTIONATE PRESENT.

Mrs. Dennison and Miranda.

Mir. MOTHER, you know it will very soon be my brother's birth-day; and I don't know what to offer him. I hope you'll give me something to present to him by way of keep-sake.

Mrs. D. Doubtless I might easily do so, but I should like much rather to present him with that something on my own account. Do you imagine I enjoy less pleasure than yourself, in making presents? and besides, just reflect that if I give you any thing, which afterward you give to your brother, it is my gift, not yours.

Mir. That's true, indeed, mamma: and yet I should be very glad if I had any thing to give him.

Mrs. D. Well then, let's think a little. How shall we proceed? You surely have something by you! for instance, your little orange-tree.

Mir. My little orange tree, mamma, whose blossoms I use to make up all my nosegays?

Mrs. D. Well, what think you of your lamb?

Mir. O, dear mamma! my lamb that loves and follows me so prettily.

Mrs. D. Your doves then?

Mir. I resolved, you know, to bring them up, before they had broken the shell: so they're my children, and I cannot part with them.

Mrs. D. I see you've nothing then to give your brother!

Mir. Now I recollect, I have.

Mrs. D. And what?

Mir. You know that purse, my aunt Teresa gave me for a Christmas-box last year: that is very pretty!

Mrs. D. True, my dear: but do you think your brother will be pleased with such a gift? for, not to mention that he cannot wear it long, I fancy you remember, that when you first had it, you did not like it yourself, and put it carelessly into a drawer, as a thing you had no wish to see again; this your brother knew, and cannot but remember, when you bring it out.

Mir. But, notwithstanding that, mamma, it is still a very pretty present.

Mrs. D. No, my dear: that only can be called a pretty present, which we should be glad to keep.

and which the party, so obliged, would equally be glad to have.

Mir. And I must give my brother every thing that I should be glad to keep?

Mrs. D. No, just as much, or just as little as you please; provided that what you do give, appears to be a token of friendship.

Mir. (*after a little reflection*) Well, well, I'll make up a nosegay of my finest orange-blossoms, and present it, with my lamb, to Henry.

Mrs. D. Well fancied! such a gift will show him your affection, as he knows you would particularly like to keep the lamb yourself.

Mir. Nor yet, mamma, is this the whole; for every day, I'll take a walk out with my brother, that the lamb may use itself to follow him, as well as me. The little creature, in this manner, will be quite familiar with my brother; and my brother love him better.

Mrs. D. Come, my dear, and embrace me. Be assured this delicate attention will increase the value of your present. Thus the merest trifle may become a valuable object, when bestowed with such a grace. You could not give your brother, nor even me, such joy with any other present.

Nor myself, mamma, replied Miranda, with vivacity.

You will be happy still, continued Mrs. Dennison, when the birth day comes; because, as I must do something, I intend you shall perform for me, the honours of a little collation, to be served up in the

garden, for your brother, and such friends as he may wish to invite.

Hearing this, the little lady kissed her mother's hand with ardour, and immediately ran to make up some artificial roses, with a crimson ribband, she had by her. And with these roses she intended to dress out the lamb on her brother's birth-day, when she made him her affectionate present.

THE YOUNG GAMBLERS.

Pardon us this once, sir, we beseech you ; and we will never come again within your doors.

THE YOUNG GAMBLERS.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. GRANDISON.
JULIANA, *his Daughter.*
VICTOR, *his Son.*
RUPERT, *Victor's Neighbour.*
BERNARD, *his Friend.*
KING, LLOYD, CRIB, *Gamblers.*

The SCENE *is the garden of Mr. Grandison;—in one part during the first act, after which it changes to another part.*

SCENE I.

Rupert and Bernard.

Ber. What have you to do at Victor's?

Rup. I want to have a little conversation with him, Bernard; and you are acquainted with him likewise.

Ber. Yes, by sight. You have not always been so intimate, I fancy, as you are at present.

Rup. Not before my father took lodgings here, adjoining his apartments. We see each other often now; and last night were together for an hour or two, at cards.

Ber. I think, of late, you talk of nothing but cards; and I have seen you frequently with King and Lloyd, of whom I can say no good.

Rup. You know them but too well; and would to heaven that I had never seen them!

Ber. Is it so? But you may break off their acquaintance when you please.

Rup. It is not in my power, at present. Would you betray me, if I told you something?

Ber. We have long been friends; and do you fear to trust me, Rupert?

Rup. O my dear good Bernard! they have made me miserable, and engaged me to do things for which my father would renounce me if he knew them. I have not a moment's peace.

Ber. Alas! what are they?

Rup. Yesterday they got me to go with them to a place where one *Crib* waited for them. We sat down to play and I lost all I had.

Ber. They cheated you, no doubt. But still there's no great mischief done; for never play more, and then your loss will be a gain.

Rup. But this is not the whole. As I had no more money, and still wanted to win back my loss, I played on, and in the end they got possession of my watch, my coat and waistcoat buttons, buckles, and, in short, every thing I had worth selling. I owe Crib a guinea likewise, and he'll tell my father, if to day I can't find means to pay him.

Ber. There's but one thing you can do. Confess the whole directly to your father. I am sure he will pardon you on your repentance.

Rup. Never! never!

Ber. What then will you do?

Rup. I dare not tell you.

Ber. Let me know it.

Rup. I communicated my distress to King and Lloyd, and they advised a scheme to extricate me.

Ber. A fine scheme, no doubt!

Rup. It is not certainly the fairest, as you'll say; but what am I at liberty to do? I have already introduced them to young Victor. He has money.

Ber. Well; you don't intend to rob him, surely?

Rup. Heaven forbid! They only mean to serve him just as Crib served me; and then we are to share the winnings, so that I may pay my debt.

Ber. And so, because you have been pillaged, you would aid them to defraud your friend too? But how do you know that Victor will not win?

Rup. O, no! he plays quite fair.

Ber. And you, like a sharper?

Rup. Like a sharper?

Ber. No; I'm sensible you play as fair as Victor, and on that account you lost. Now, as I hope you always mean to play so, how can you be sure of winning?

Rup. I don't know how it is; but they inform me they have certain ways by which they're sure of winning.

Ber. Ways! They're knavish tricks, and would you use them? I'm not rich, and yet I would not mend my fortune by your certain ways. I'm even sorry you have told me your intention.

Rup. My dear Bernard, have compassion on me, and I promise——

Ber. Promise! What can bring me to assist in your deception?

Rup. No; I mean to say, that if I'm but so lucky as to pay this odious Crib, I'll break off all connection with him and his friends, and never touch a card again. If I should break this promise, you shall be at liberty to tell my father every thing. (*Bernard shakes his head.*) Yes, every thing. And then, it does not rest with me to cheat: I cannot if I would; Crib has taken that upon himself. I shall but play my cards: they've promised I shall be no loser, but divide the profits with them.

Ber. Well; I'll make a party with you.

Rup. I desire no better and will instantly invite young Victor for the afternoon. His father is at present in the country, and will not come back perhaps this three weeks.

Ber. Quite convenient! But take notice, if yourself should cheat him——

Rup. Don't talk so. I wish I had not told you the affair.

Ber. So do I. I should not then be answerable for it?

Rup. Answerable?

Ber. To my conscience surely. Can I see a worthy youth on the point of being cheated?

Rup. But you will not cheat him.

Ber. Rupert, if you saw a thief picking even a stranger's pocket, ought you to keep silence?

Rup. Victor will but lose two or three, or possibly four guineas, and be cured of playing.

Ber. Just as you are cured. But here comes Victor, I see.

Enter Victor.

Victor. Good morning to you both.

Ber. Good morning, Victor.

Rup. What, you have not yet been down into the garden when it is such fine weather?

Ber. Victor does not like to run about as you do, and can entertain himself in his apartment.

Victor. Yes: but I have been already walking in the garden, and even breakfasted with Juliana and my father in the grove.

Rup. (*surprised*) Is he returned so soon? I fancy you are not well pleased at that.

Victor. Not well pleased when he has been three weeks away!

Rup. I love my parents well enough; and yet, if they should take it in their heads to travel, it would not vex me.

Victor. For my part I could wish my father never out of sight, he's so extremely kind.

Rup. And mine so harsh, I must not think of pleasure when he's near me.

Ber. Who can tell what pleasures you expect?

Victor. I thought you were in want of nothing in that respect. Since we have lodged together, I have almost every day observed you at the door; and when I've met you in the garden, never could I see you under any thing appearing like restraint.

Rup. No, no; I've always met you on the days my father dined abroad, and that's the only time I have to use as I think proper; therefore I do

turn it to account. But now your father is come home, I take it we shan't see you quite so often in an evening.

Victor. Why not, Rupert? He refuses me no pleasure I can ask. However, I must say I find no company like his; and he frequently has said he thinks my company and Juliana's quite delightful.

Rup. What a charming father! So then he permits you to go out both when and where you like?

Victor. He does, because I always tell him where I'm going.

Ber. And because he knows you never go but where you tell him?

Rup. What do you do for entertainment, when you're both together?

Victor. In the summer evenings, frequently we take a walk.

Rup. In winter?

Victor. We sit down before the fire, and talk of fifty curious matters; or I study geography, and take a lesson in mathematics. Sometimes too, with Juliana and a friend or two, we act a little drama of some kind or other. You can't think how that amuses us!

Rup. But sure such different studies are enough to crack your brain!

Victor. On the contrary, they come of course, as if they were an amusement.

Rup. A game at cards I should suppose much more amusing. Do you ever play?

Victor. Yes, indeed; and my father frequently makes one.

Rup. And do you play for money?

Victor. Doubtless; but a trifle, just enough to interest one in the game; and particularly, as by that, my father says, one learns to lose with temper.

Ber. That's quite right; we ought to husband our purse, as they say.

Victor. O don't imagine I want for money. I have more than I can use.

Rup. How much?

Victor. A crown a week.

Rup. A good allowance truly! And all that to purchase trifles?

Victor. Yes, such trifles as my father would not like to have me trouble him about; and that, I must acknowledge, makes me much more careful.

Ber. I believe so. We can hardly choose but know the worth of things, when we must pay for them ourselves.

Victor. True, Bernard. And besides, we naturally save in that case, as myself have found it; so that with presents and some other matters, I have now five guineas in my pocket, without reckoning silver.

Rup. So much! And how can you employ it?

Victor. Have I nothing then to buy? However, I can dispose of it otherwise. I pay for keeping our footman's daughter at school; and every

Monday morning send a trifle to a writing-master I once had, who is now grown blind: these, both together, make up something; and I keep the rest for ordinary uses, and among them, for play.

Rup. At which you are tolerably lucky. You remember you won half a crown of me the other night, at *One-and-thirty*.

Victor. I was sorry, as I always am, to win of friends.

Rup. Then you shall have an opportunity to-night of losing, if you think fit. Are you engaged?

Victor. No; I shall stay at home. My father is to draw out a petition for a widow woman who wishes to go into the alms-house.

Rup. That's well; and mine goes out at five. Come then to me and I'll endeavour to amuse you. We shall have King, Lloyd and Crib.

Victor. I'll run and ask my father's leave. Shall you be here when I return?

Rup. No, I must go and give them notice of the party; but Bernard will bring me your answer.

Victor. Will you go in with me, Bernard? I am sure my father will be glad to see you: he has often told me of the great esteem he has conceived for you.

Ber. I am very happy in his partiality. The esteem of such a gentleman is highly honourable; but at present I am rather indisposed, and shall remain, with your permission, in the garden.

Victor. Do; a turn or two will compose you, and I shall not be absent long. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE II.

Bernard alone, musing. I don't know what to do in this affair! Poor Rupert is afflicted! I should like to extricate him; but then to let the worthy Victor fall a victim! No, the accomplice is not better than the robber; and to favour roguery is just as bad as doing it. I will therefore go and tell the whole. But softly! here comes Juliana. Let me first of all do every thing I can to assist her in preserving Victor from the danger, and yet not betray my friend.

Enter Juliana.

Juli. What, you here, Bernard, and alone? I thought I saw my brother talking with you.

Ber. He has just now left me.

Juli. I should like were he never to leave you, if his company were but agreeable to you. I then should not be uneasy about him.

Ber. You do me honour, miss; but surely Victor is too sensible to give you any uneasiness.

Juli. I have no pain while he keeps company with such as you: but shall I come directly to the point? I do not think any good of those companions of Rupert; and he wants to mix with them.

Ber. I have not yet perceived that their company has hurt him.

Juli. True; but my poor brother, I must say, is innocent, yet somewhat credulous: he thinks every one like himself. What would become of him, if those he thinks his friends were not such? I have remarked, that you do not much approve of Rupert's intimates.

Ber. To say the truth, my dear young lady, I should rather wish that Rupert would be satisfied with Victor's friendship. There is one advantage, however; his father watches over him, as your's does over Victor, and instructs him what to do.

Juli. The mischief is often found out too late; it is easier to prevent than to cure.

Ber. I am sure you love your brother tenderly, and therefore hear me; but tell no one that I mentioned what I am now going to say. Young Rupert has prevailed upon him, just before you entered, to make one with him and his three intimates. They mean to play, no doubt; but do your utmost to divert your brother from partaking with them. I designed to wait here for his answer, but do not think it is proper I should carry it. I make no doubt but he will quickly return. Pray do not judge amiss of me that I retire; and please to think of the advice which my duty, as a friend to Victor, bade me give you.

SCENE III.

Juliana, alone.

As a friend! This looks a little serious! Ah, my poor brother! should it chance that you, who are at present all the joy and consolation of my father, were to change, and be the cause of his affliction for the time to come!

Enter Victor.

Victor. My father's friends are willing, I can see, to take the earliest opportunity of paying him their compliments on his return, as if he had

been absent for a twelve-month. I could hardly thrust in a word.

Juli. You had something of consequence then to tell him?

Victor. Of the greatest consequence to me. I want to pass the evening with my friends.

Juli. With Rupert, doubtless?

Victor. Yes.

Juli. I thought so. You might easily have guessed, however, that such a friend as Rupert does not please me.

Victor. Truly, Rupert is greatly to be pitied, being so unfortunate as not to have a place in your good graces! And what should he be to merit such an honour?

Juli. He should be—just such a one as you are.

Victor. Do you mean to ridicule?

Juli. No: I am very serious, I assure you; and consider you a very amiable young man, without a fault, unless indeed it be the want of due politeness to your sister.

Victor. And why so? because that sister is a little critic, and pretends to greater understanding than her brother.

Juli. Truly, I had quite forgot to mention modesty, when I was drawing up your panegyric.

Victor. But what means this prating? and pray tell me why these intimations with regard to Rupert? Do you know him?

Juli. I would know him by his actions.

Victor. Are you always by him, to remark them?

Juli. I can guess them from the company he keeps.

Victor. I understand you perfectly: his company displeases you, because I am one of his acquaintance.

Juli. Surely, brother, he must have acquaintances of longer standing than yourself; and I speak of them, as I would of good-for-nothing fellows.

Victor. Good-for-nothing fellows?

Juli. Yes, that play and practise every dishonourable trick to win their adversary's money, and then spend it still more dishonorably.

Victor. O, what two great crimes! they play when they are together; and they spend their winnings as they please. We do the same, I fancy. And besides, you say they play to win; but they have often lost to me.

Juli. Yes, yes; they've lost their copper, and won your silver.

Victor. Well, and if they have, the loss was mine, not yours. But this is just like what my sister is. She would be sorry if she could not vex me in my pleasures, notwithstanding I do every thing to heighten her's.

Juliana (*taking him by the hand.*) No, brother; every pleasure you can have, is also mine: but for the world, I would not have your pleasures hurt you, and deprive me of the satisfaction I receive from loving you.

Victor. I know indeed you love me; but am

hurt to find you think I am incapable to guide myself.

Juli. And yet you would not be the first that—but here comes my father.

Enter Mr. Grandison.

Mr. G. My dear children, I have just now been enjoying a delightful satisfaction!

Juli. That of being visited on your return by your acquaintance, I suppose you mean? But certainly your friends must cherish you, when we, who are restrained by your authority, rejoice as much as they do.

Victor. Yes, truly; for without you we can find no pleasure.

Mr. G. And yet you must learn to do without me; since according to the ordinary course of nature, I shall certainly go first.

Juli. O, sir, would you afflict us at a time we thought of nothing but rejoicing?

Victor. Yes, sir, you will live, and long, we hope, for our advantage. But let us talk no more on such a gloomy subject. I have a little favour to request.

Mr. G. Well, let me hear it.

Victor. Mr. Rupert—you are acquainted with his father—he has invited me to spend the evening with him.

Mr. G. You have then a new acquaintance? I am glad you find such good company so near you.

Juli. You hear that? good company!

Victor. I think him so; I have already sat

down with him several times, and he has introduced me also to some friends of his.

Juli. Good company too, I suppose?

Victor. Yes, for surely I must know them better than you.

Mr. G. When I used the words *good company*, I meant discreet and well bred.

Victor. Yes, sir, extremely so.

Juli. And how are you to know they are such, as you have only seen them once or twice?

Victor. I have been hours together with them.

Mr. G. How did your acquaintance begin?

Juli. At play.

Victor. And why not so? My father lets me play.

Mr. G. It is true, for recreation, and for such a sum as, being gained, will not induce the immoderate love of money; or, if lost, will not put you out of temper: and this likewise at a time when nothing can be done more profitable.

Juli. But I thought, something might always be done more profitable.

Victor. Yes, (I speak only for myself) if I could but nail my thoughts continually to some book or other.

Mr. G. Juliana's remark is not amiss. We may employ a leisure evening better than at play, no doubt, if people would be always rational, or even innocently mirthful: but as scandal or folly sometimes will go round, in such case, you know, I let you play, and often take a part myself.

Juli. And these I doubt not, brother, are the reasons why you play?

Victor. I don't see any right that you have to catechise me.

Mr. G. But why take offence at what she says in friendship?

Victor. Rather, sir, from a desire to injure me in your thoughts.

Mr. G. Can you conceive such notions of your sister?

Juliana (*with a tone of tenderness.*) Brother!

Victor (*with the same tone.*) Juliana, pardon me: I am in the wrong to tax you thus: you must grant, however, that your insinuations unavoidably hurt me.

Mr. G. Her suspicions may have some foundation, that reflect not upon you: we need not, I think, fear our dispositions toward each other, so united as we are. (*Juliana and Victor take their father by the hand.*)

Juli. O, sir, how good you are!

Victor. You lay by all a father's authority, and are our friend.

Mr. G. If I were other than your friend, I should not be qualified to bring you up. I might perhaps connive at your neglecting outward ceremonies of respect; but not that failure in confidence which I expect from your tenderness. You should not have a secret you would keep hid from me, as, whenever you chance to be in danger, my experience may preserve you. Let me therefore ask you, Juliana, what are the objections you

have formed against your brother's new connections?

Juli. They are always engaged at cards.

Victor. Who told you so?

Juli. No matter from whom I have my information: the thing is, whether it be true?

Mr. G. I have already told you what I think of playing: every thing depends upon the game that you play.

Victor. O, it needs no great attention: it is the game of *one-and-thirty.*

Mr. G. I confess I do not greatly approve of it.

Victor. Why not? There can be nothing in the world so innocent. Whoever is one-and-thirty, or nearest to it, wins.

Mr. G. And do you know it is what we call a game of chance?

Victor. Because one has a chance to win or lose? and must not this be said of every game?

Mr. G. With this material difference, that at *one-and-thirty*, chance alone decides; whereas, in many others, skill is to be shown. In short, you want but fingers, and no head, for games of chance: and in my opinion such games are utterly unworthy of a thinking man.

Juli. They cannot even amuse you.

Victor. Do not say so, dear sister. There is a deal of pleasure in expecting such or such a card as you may want.

Mr. G. Because the love of money makes it so. And as this love of money operates very powerfully, it is a strong temptation for ten thousand

rogues to follow gaming as a trade ; and therefore unsuspecting people generally are their dupes.

Victor. Do you believe so, sir ? but how ?

Juli. I fancy they must have some art or other, to arrange the pack in such a way, as to obtain what cards they want.

Mr. G. Yes, that is in reality their secret. I cannot tell their method ; but I am certain, they employ some means, and have seen deplorable examples of it in my travels.

Victor. O pray tell us what examples ?

Mr. G. With pleasure. When at Bath, I was acquainted with a young gentleman, who lost in one night above twelve thousand pounds, which was his all.

Juli. His all ! poor youth ! and what did he then do to live ?

Victor. He must have been crazy.

Mr. G. Despair and anguish distorted his features, when he saw his fortune irretrievably lost. He looked so frightful I was forced to turn away my sight ; he gnashed his teeth, plucked out his hair by handfuls, and beat violently on his breast : he gasped and panted like a dying man, and left the room quite frantic.

Victor. And pray, sir, among those who won his money, was there no one who would give it back, as I should certainly have done ?

Mr. G. They kept their seats, and still continued playing : or if they turned off their attention from the cards, it was to look upon him with contempt.

Juli. The wicked wretches!

Mr. G. But the worst part of the story is to follow: this poor young man destroyed himself before the morning.

Juli. O, shocking!

Victor. Dreadful! and from henceforth, sir, I will never touch a card, I promise you. I'll run and tell this to Rupert——

Mr. G. Softly, softly: you are always much too hasty in your resolutions. One should never wholly give up a pleasure, because it may be hurtful when carried to excess. I have often told you, that a game at cards, when friends are met together, is amusing and innocent.

Juli. Not useful, sir?

Mr. G. Only so far as it teaches us to bear with our fortune; and not to triumph when we win, or be dejected at our losses.

Victor. Heaven be praised, I am not so fond of money as to hurt another by my insults, in good fortune: or show that I am hurt myself, by being vexed when I am unlucky. But to shun what possibly might happen, it will be better for me not to visit either Rupert or his friends.

Mr. G. You would only prove your weakness if this should be your final resolution: for at least you have it in your power, when with them, to refrain from playing.

Victor. O, I know them: they would absolutely make me play.

Mr. G. Well, play as much as they would have you, as by that means you will gain a better

knowledge of them. But instead of going to this Rupert, or his friends, invite them hither. You may also tell them that Juliana perhaps will make one.

Juli. But, sir——

Mr. G. Yes, yes; I have a reason.

Juli. But suppose they win my money?

Mr. G. You shall have it all from me again. And tell them, Victor, you expect a friend, whom you'll prevail on to sit down and play among them.

Victor. But you know, sir, I expect no friend?

Mr. G. When I inform you of a friend you have at home, who will be with you, cannot you guess what friend I mean?

Juli. Sly! Why sure you understand papa! he means himself.

Mr. G. Yes, Victor; for you recollect just now you said I *was* your friend.

Victor. O, yes; they will play indeed, if you are of the party.

Mr. G. Therefore you shall not inform them who that friend is you expect. As soon as I have finished my petition, I will return and join you. I shall see what is proper to be done. Till then, play with them and at any game they choose.

Victor. So then you would have me run to Rupert and his friends?

Mr. G. Yes, yes; and do not forget to desire Bernard's company. I shall be glad to see him. All his masters praise him wonderfully, and you have frequently been lavish in his commendation.

Juli. He merits every tittle of it.

Victor. One word more, sir—shall we meet here in the garden?

Mr. G. As you please. The weather is so fine, you may appoint them in the summer-house. It will hold all your company. (*They all go out.*)

ACT II. SCENE I.

In the Garden, near the Summer-house.

Mr. Grandison and Juliana.

Mr. G. We are here: and now I need not fear they will be before me, and do any thing I shall not notice.

Juli. You are in the right, sir, to take this precaution, as I fear your presence will be much more necessary here than mine.

Mr. G. You fear?

Juli. Yes, sir, for I have told you, Bernard was with me not long since. From some words he dropped, I have reason to believe my brother's company have laid a plot to cheat him of his money.

Mr. G. All the better, if he finds himself their victim. I will hide myself behind the summer-house, just by that partition, and hear every word they say. They will enter here, and cannot possibly discover me: but in the interim, take care; and if you see their roguery seem as if you did not.

Juli. I shall find it hard, sir, to dissemble. It will be painful to me, should I see my brother prove

the object of their ridicule, and fall a victim to his open natnre.

Mr. G. By himself alone can he be fully undeceived; as with the greater ease I shall in that case make him more attentive for the future in the choice of his connections, and so cure him of his love for gaming, which I must acknowledge he seems too ready to follow.

Juli. How, sir, can he have a thought of going thus to cards? He ought to know himself. He is so credulous, that every sharper must suppose him proper for his purpose; and so warm, that at the first ill luck he falls into a passion.

Mr. G. Yes; that is just his character. I did not think you so observant, Juliana.

Juli. We should be observant of another's conduct, if we mean to serve him. And——

Mr. G. A knock; it must be Rupert's friends: they do not desire to lose a moment. I now leave you. I will go round, and gain my station. (*He goes out.*)

Juli. (*alone.*) How I long to know the issue of all this! Alas, dear brother! who can tell but that your future happiness in life depends on the decision of the present afternoon!

SCENE II.

Juliana, Victor, Rupert, Bernard, King, Lloyd, and Crib.

Rupert (to Juliana.) I was afraid, Miss Juliana, as your brother knows, that our company might incommode you: but he would not—

Victor. Incommode her! I'm in hopes she'll keep us company.

Juli. With all my heart, if you think proper, gentlemen.

Lloyd (with constraint.) You do us honour, miss.

Crib. (*whispering Rupert.*) This is quite unlucky! In politeness we must play the game she likes. You should not have consented to come here.

Victor. Perhaps I shall be able, gentlemen, to introduce a friend of mine to your acquaintance likewise.

King. Shall you?

Victor. Yes; and with a pocket full of gold.

Rupert (aside.) That's well.

Juli. We'll stay here in the garden, if you please.

Ber. We cannot do better. We shall have the pleasure of a charming walk.

King. Do you design to walk?

Ber. What else?

Lloyd. Why, play.

Ber. But I do not understand your play; and if I did, I wish not to lose my money.

Crib. Wish to lose it! as if it were certain you would lose it!

Ber. Sir, with you particularly. You are a great deal too skilful for me.

Victor. If I should win, I promise I'll return you every farthing.

Rupert. And I too.

King and Lloyd. And we too.

Ber. You would make a fool of me. To lose my money, and receive it back; or, on the other hand, to win your's and keep it, is not what I wish: so do not concern yourselves on my account. I will see you play, or walk up and down the garden.

Juli. My father, gentlemen, cannot have the honour to receive you, *(King and his company seem rejoiced)* but he has bid me entertain you. Victor will get ready some refreshments, and I will run and bring the cards.

Crib. That's needless: I've a pack about me.

Victor. How! about you?

Crib. Yes: I study them.

Juli. And have you counters too?

Crib. I shall beg you to get them, unless we are to stake our money.

Rup. (*aside to Crib.*) You remember I've no money? (*Aloud*) No, no: we shall hardly know what we're about. And so, miss, if you'll be so kind—

Juli. Enough, I'll bring the box. Come, brother.

SCENE III.

Rupert, King, Lloyd, and Crib.

Lloyd (*goes into the summer-house with Rupert, King and Crib, while Bernard walks about.*) I am sorry we are here.

King. What matter, since the father is not here?

Crib. You should not have consented to the place of meeting, Rupert.

Rupert. Here or in my room : what difference does that make ?

King. And then, when Victor has lost every thing, we will carry off his money and go play where we think proper.

Lloyd. We shall, very likely, empty the young lady's pocket also.

Crib. Yes ; that's what I look for : let's take care, however. We'll put in our counters at two-pence each, for half a dozen deals or so ; and when the game grows warm, and they have won a little, we'll make them double.

Rup. You remember, Crib, your promise ?

Crib. Don't be uneasy. We know each other. All our loss shall be in counters, and we'll have no reckoning when the game is over. I'll dispose the cards in such a way, that we must lose at first, and that will draw them on.

Rup. But, Crib, you know you quite fleeced me the other day ; and I have now but sixpence in my pocket. How am I to pay my loss ?

Crib. Your loss ! we shall be sure to win, if we attend to what we do.

Lloyd. I should be glad if Victor's friend would come : he would be another pigeon we could pluck.

King. Yes, yes ! I know of none so easy to be duped as these same bookish fellows.

Crib. We had best begin, that they may find us busy when they come. (*He takes his cards*

out.) Stay; I'll put them so that you may lose. (*He shuffles them.*) Now you shall see. (*He gives three cards to Rupert, King and Lloyd; lays down as many for himself and then addresses Rupert.*) Do you stand?

Rup. No: beg.

Crib. There.

Rupert (looking at the cards.) Out!

Crib (to Lloyd.) And you?

Lloyd. One card, but not a high one.

Crib. Much good may it do you!—there.

Lloyd. Out too!

Crib (to King) Now you are to be out. You beg I suppose?

King. No; as Lloyd and Rupert are both out, I stand.

Crib. And so will I. How many are you?

King. Twenty-five.

Crib. And I just thirty. I have won: And yet I might have lost by doing the reverse of what I did; as you shall see the two first games we play, when Victor and his sister come, who having won, will then have no objection to play higher.

Rup. But how can you be sure of winning when you please?

Crib. You have already paid for your instruction, and I'll let you know the secret. I tell every thing to friends, when I have pocketed their money. With my art, you'll win of others what you've lost of me, and so be quits.

Rup. Well, let me know.

Crib. You see, *(showing the cards,)* the ten and court cards are a very little longer than the rest, and all the smaller ones, as high as five, not reckoning in the aces, somewhat broader"; by which means I can at pleasure bring the picture cards, &c. to the top in shuffling, and the five, and those below it, to the bottom. I contrive to give you two of those on the top; and afterwards, the other from the bottom; so that at most you have but five and twenty, and will therefore generally beg. Well then, you have it from the top, and must infallibly be out.

Rup. I understand you.

Crib. This is all my lesson, and you have it upon easy terms; ask King and Lloyd, who so profitably follow my instructions. But I see the lady coming, so push about the deal.

SCENE IV.

Rupert, King, Lloyd, Crib, and Juliana.

Juliana (putting a box upon the table, with cards, and fish counters in it.) You don't lose any time, I see.

Crib. I was showing Mr. Rupert a new game.

Rup. Will you sit down with us? We shall have that honour, I hope?

Juli. If I knew the game that you play.

Lloyd. It is a very easy game. Only *One-and-thirty.*

King. Had you never seen it played, you'll know enough to beat us at it by a second deal.

Juli. I know a little of it. It would perhaps

be better for me not to play with those that know it so completely as you, gentlemen; however, if it gives you pleasure--

Rup. O yes, miss, the greatest in the world.

Lloyd. And even if you were to win all our money.

Juliana (with a smile.) Yes, that is my intention.

King. You'll be scarce the richer for it in the end; we play but for a trifle.

Rup (with impatience.) Well! what are we about. We pass away the time in talking.

Crib. We must wait for Mr. Victor: It is but just we should amuse him, we are his guests.

Enter Victor.

Victor. Here, here I am. The servant will be with us very shortly. I have ordered some refreshment.

Rup. Come, sir, we are waiting for you.

Victor. Thank you.

Lloyd. Let's give out the fish.

King. There are six of us: to each one, two dozen fish and ten counters: that is ten dozen more.

Rup. But how much every fish?

Crib. Just what the lady pleases.

Juli. O, it is rather as you like.

Victor. Our fish were two-pence each, when last we played together; five were staked every deal by each, and half a dozen the bon-ace.

Juli. Well, be it so.

Crib. Then here goes to begin. (*Crib takes*

the cards and deals. Juliana and her brother win, by Crib's contrivance, three times running.)

Juli. Hey! hey! if we go on in this way I think I shall soon fulfil my prophecy.

Crib. While we play so low as two-pence we shall never ruin ourselves.

Lloyd. Well then, shall we make it four-pence?

Victor. O, with all my heart. I've so much money, you can't break me easily. *(He shakes his purse, at which Crib and his companions look with pleasure.)*

Juli. And I can risk as much, I fancy, as my brother.

Crib. We must then first pay our debts, that we may have our full complement of fish and counters.—Let me see *(after having counted.)* I've lost one counter and six fish; that's eighteen fish; and twice eighteen is thirty-six;—just three shillings: there they are.

King. I've all my counters, but am master of no more than two poor fish; that's two-and-twenty lost, or three and eight-pence. There.

Lloyd. I'm come off much the worst. Two counters gone, and twice as many fish; which come to four and eight pence.—I put down a crown and take up four-pence.

Victor. Well, and you, Rupert?

Rup. I've lost least. No more than fifteen fish, or half a crown. I'll change a guinea, when we rise, to pay it.

Juli. Good! So now I'll see my winnings.

One, two, three—Three counters, and three fish. That's six and six-pence just: of which I take four shillings, and the two and six-pence, Rupert, you shall owe me.

Victor. So that all the rest is to pay my four and forty fish.—It is comical enough, however, we should be the only winners!

King. O, I always lose, for my part.

Rup. So now the fish are four-pence?

Victor. Yes, that's settled.

Crib (shuffling the cards.) Come, I'll deal.

SCENE THE LAST.

Rupert, King, Lloyd, Crib, Juliana, Victor, Bernard, (who came in a little while before) and Mr. Grandison.

Mr. G. (*to Rupert and his friends, who seem confounded.*) Pray don't disturb yourselves.

Victor. Sit down: my father does not come to interrupt us. I informed you I might have a friend to introduce, and he'll play with us. Won't you, sir?

Juli. O yes: pray play; we shall be very glad to get your money, and these gentlemen, I know, will like to share it too.

Mr. G. With all my heart. So every one sit down. (*to Rupert and his friends, who seem quite overwhelmed.*) But what's the matter, gentlemen? Are you afraid to play with me? I can assure you I am no sharper. (*They sit down at last.*) You (*to Crib*) were dealing when I entered; so continue, pray; but first let's see, have you a pack

complete? (*Crib wants to drop the cards, but Mr. Grandison secures and looks them over.*) It is droll enough to have the court cards all together thus! but, Juliana, why not give us cleaner cards? Pray hand me over those—

Juli. It was not my fault, sir, as this gentleman (*pointing to Crib*) had brought them in his pocket; and the play was going on when I came in with ours.

Mr. G. (*to Bernard.*) What, you here, Bernard! I am very glad to see you; but pray, don't you play?

Ber. I had rather be a looker-on: you know I have nothing, sir, to throw away.

Mr. G. You are in the right to think so, and your prudence merits praise. (*to Crib*) But come, sir, here are better cards, (*Crib takes them with a trembling hand,*) at least a little cleaner: what's your game? Pray tell me.

Victor. One-and-thirty.

Mr. G. And for what?

Juli. No more than four-pence a fish. I've won all this! four shillings; and two and six-pence owing me by Mr. Rupert, who wants change.

Mr. G. (*aside.*) Wants change! I suspect so! (*to Juliana*) So much as fourpence! that's a little too much; but no matter, if we have all of us enough to pay our losings. So let us see your money. Rupert, I begin with you; (*Rupert is confused.*) What ails you? Are you taken ill?

Rup. Ye-e-es, sir—Let me—

Mr. G. What is all this? one stammers, and the other seems confounded! (*To Crib*) You, sir, are disconcerted too?

Victor. What's the matter with them?

Mr. G. It is high time I should explain the reason of this strange behaviour. Victor, you observe the effects of a guilty conscience. Happily they are not yet so totally abandoned, as to hide their villany beneath a brazen front, and to bully in their own defence.

Victor. What say you, sir? Surely you're mistaken: it is my sister, as she told you, and myself, who are the only winners.

Crib (*taking courage.*) Have we failed to pay our losings, every one, Rupert excepted?

Rup. No: but why? because you've cheated me already out of all my money.

Mr. G. I was right in thinking they would unmask themselves: And, Victor, you may see what villains you have chosen for your companions.

Victor. O, I cannot think so, sir.

Mr. G. Well then, Rupert, do you speak; you seem least hardened. Tell me, was there not a plot among you to defraud my children?

Rup. Yes, indeed, sir; but for my part, I assure you, I was forced into it. All my wish was to get back part of what I had lost before. If you knew how much this wicked fellow has squeezed me, for the other two are nothing to him, you would say he should be sent to prison.

Mr. G. You have well deserved your loss by

mixing with such company: but tell me how much you have lost?

Rup. Two guineas and a few odd shillings, with them all together; and my watch, coat-buttons, buckles, and a guinea more in money afterwards, in private with the tallest: but the guinea I still owe him; and he threatened if I did not prevail on Victor to sit down and play this evening, he would tell my father.

Ber. This, sir, I can say in Rupert's favour, that he gave me just the same account this morning, and was grieved at what he thought himself compelled to do. The grand criminal is Crib, the tallest; the two others in comparison—

Mr. G. I comprehend what you would say; and therefore, (*to King and Lloyd*) little rascals, get you gone this instant. Perhaps it is not yet too late to rescue you from infamy; and therefore I will inform your parents of your conduct.

King and Lloyd (*dropping on their knees.*) Pardon us this once, sir, we beseech you; and we will never come again within your doors.

Mr. G. No; I shall take care that you never do; but then it is not enough that my children should be safe in future from your roguery, I owe the same good service to all fathers. What perversity! at such an age not only to be gamblers, but vile cheats! the most hateful of human beings! However, out of pity to your youth, and from the hope I have of your amendment, I will do no more than tell your parents; but if ever I learn that you still continue your detestable employment, I will

make known your infamy to every one about us. So be gone, and never let me see you here again. (*King and Lloyd withdraw in silence and confusion.*) And is it true, sir, that you have pilfered these things from Rupert?

Crib (*with hesitation.*) Yes, sir.

Mr. G. You have cheated him, but that's no matter. Rupert lost them, and has merited his fortune. We will put a value on them.

Rup. I could wish, indeed, I had sufficient to redeem my loss.

Victor. O, sir, if all I have in my pocket be sufficient, Rupert may command it. I have full five guineas, take them for the service of my friend.

Mr. G. Victor! this is very generous.

Rup. What, such friendship to me!

Victor. We are neighbours and you may pay me weekly, or in any way you please. (*Crib gives Rupert his things.*)

Mr. G. (*to Rupert.*) Is everything returned to you?

Rup. Yes, sir; and I am saved, by your generosity and Victor's, from the resentment of my father. O, I will never risk his gifts again in such a manner.

Mr. G. (*offering Crib the money.*) Here's the value of your theft, for such it must be called; and you shall have it to subsist upon in prison till you are called to answer for your crime, as possibly you may not have the means without it. Nay, expect not, by solicitation, to divert the rigour of my justice. Your seduction of two youths, your

felony upon the property of this young man, and your attempt to make him instrumental in the robbery of another, well deserve that rigour. This must be your sentence; so withdraw a little for the present. (*Crib withdraws.*)

Rupert (*falling on his knees to Mr. Grandison.*) O, dear sir! from what a gulf of ruin you preserve me! And without you, what would have been my evil fortune when thrust out from home, and stigmatized in public for my vices? I am then indebted to your pity for my reputation, my repose, and my existence. (*He rises and embraces Victor.*) And my generous Victor, you whom I was going—

Victor. Utterly forget it, as I do; and for the time to come be happy.

Mr. G. Bernard's testimony of your grief at being forced into this plot, alleviates your offence; and therefore you may still continue to visit my son; but after what he has just done in your behalf, I shall account you the most profligate of youths, unless you study to deserve his friendship.

Rup. O, I will do so. Rely upon me, sir.

Mr. G. And as for you, dear Bernard, I have reason to be charmed with what so many tongues have told me of your modesty and virtue.—By your laudable example, you may very much contribute to the happiness of Victor. I request you to be often with him; and if I can show my gratitude in any way, be assured your happiness shall be promoted by me with as much affection as by your parents.

Ber. Your esteem, dear sir, is happiness sufficient for me.

Mr. G. You observe, dear children, the unhappy consequences that result from gaming?

Victor. Yes, sir, and I shall shudder all my life at the remembrance of them.

Mr. G. You observe too, Victor, with what care and circumspection one should choose a friend?

Victor. Yes, sir; and am convinced, too, how happy it is for me to have a friend in my father.

JAMES, THE AVARICIOUS BOY.

A MERCHANT, once, who had but one son, was very fond of him. He was far from having a bad heart, his countenance was rather pretty, and his friends would have loved him very much, except that he showed in every thing he did, a covetous propensity that shocked all who had the opportunities of knowing him. This covetousness made him wish for every thing possessed by others. It even wrought upon him to so great a pitch, that he would constantly refuse to share among his play-mates, or even show them what he had himself. His father, who possessed a very amiable character, wished greatly to reform him of this fault, but had never

been able. All he could do, was to show how much it grieved him.

Little James lost a great deal more by his propensity to avarice, than he had ever gained by it. Did any body give him sweetmeats, he would go away and swallow them, curmudgeon-like, in some dark corner of the house, for fear his friends would ask to have a part. At these times, his father would give twice as much to his companions: he perceived it, and no longer hid himself; but he never fixed his eye on sweetmeats, or nice things, but he appeared as if he would devour them: his eyes pursued the hands of those that held them, and his own were in a species of convulsion.

Mr. Brooks, as we have said before, was much afflicted in perceiving this; and that he might not be afflicted further than was absolutely necessary, ceased to give him any more good things, or even to have them in his house.

Had little James a wind-mill, boat, or other plaything, he would never show it: he concealed himself in the enjoyment of it, and was never happy. Or, if he had fruit, he would not share it with his play-mates, but devour it alone, refusing even those he happened to love most, and such as might be hungry; therefore none of his playmates would in turn, share anything with him: they were indeed best pleased to leave his company; they never wished to have it. When he chanced to have a quarrel, no one took his part, not even when they knew him to be in the right; but when in the wrong, all joined against him.

As it chanced one day, a little boy observed him with an apple in his hand, and gave him by surprise a knock upon the elbow, so that he was forced to let the apple go. He picked it up, however; but at that moment, to avenge himself upon the boy who had contrived to play him such a trick, set off to catch him, and in running, fell into a hog-pond, and was almost suffocated in the mud. He did his utmost to get out, but could not: he attempted to prevail upon his playmates to hold out their hands and help him; he observed they only laughed at his distress, and in derision danced about the pond, from which he could not extricate himself. Their cry was, "Let *him* hold out a hand to you to whom you have been generous! Ask assistance where you have yourself obliged beforehand!" For a while there was none compassionated his misfortune: one at last, more pitiful, came forward, and approaching where he stood, stretched forth his hand, and got him out in safety. He shook off the mud that covered him, and then, to show his gratitude to that good little boy who had delivered him, bit off about a quarter from the apple, which had caused this sad disaster, and which he still held in his hand, and tried to make him accept it.

The good little boy, disgusted with the gift, and the way of giving it, took the morsel to fling in his face; and this was, as it were, a signal for the rest to scout him. They pursued James quite home and hallooed all the way.

James was not void of feeling, and had never yet been hooted: he was thrown into a thinking humour

and did not afterwards come much into his father's presence, but confined himself to his apartment for above ten days. There he asked himself what cause his play-mates had to hate him. He addressed himself as follows: "For what reason has my little neighbour, who held out his hand to me when I was in the hog-pond, such a number of good friends? Why is he loved so much, while not a single boy will seek me out, nor be my friend, nor my companion, nor console me in affliction?"—He very soon discovered the reason, by comparing the good boy's behaviour, with his own. He recollected he was happy to do any one a pleasure; that whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he felt more joy in sharing it with his companions, than in eating it himself, and had no species of amusement in which he did not wish all those who knew him might enjoy their share. He saw plainly, how much he differed from this little boy in disposition. He resolved at last to imitate him, and went out next day with his pockets full of fruit, ran up to every boy he met, and gave him some: he could not all at once, however, give up *self*, but left a little in his pocket, which he ate in private when he returned home.

Although his liberality was not entire, he found occasion to be satisfied with the effect it already had, since his companions, on their part, were more generous to him: they showed themselves more merry in his company; they took him as a partner in their little pastimes; they divided with him what they had, and he went home quite pleased.

On the morrow he did still a great deal better. When he met his little friends, he did not fail to pull out of his pocket every thing he had, divided it into as many shares as there were mouths to eat it, and reserved no more than an equal share for himself. Indeed, if there was any difference some thought he took the least, and he was much more satisfied that day than the preceding.

By degrees he was habituated to be generous, and even to such as he could see had nothing in return to give: I mean to such as were in want. Of course he grew beloved: whenever his companions saw him, they ran to meet him with the greatest joy upon their countenances: they were glad to give him pleasure. Where then is the wonder, if we tell our readers he was now quite happy?

Such a change could not escape his father's observation, and it gave him real satisfaction. He affectionately took him to his arms, refused him nothing for the time to come, and even sought occasions to delight him. Every day James discerned, that to be happy, it was absolutely necessary he should not desire a solitary happiness, but wish to make those around him happy likewise.

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

Derby and Simon.

Derby. Good morning, neighbour Simon! I have got half a dozen miles to go, and should be glad if you will lend me Ball.

Simon. I should be quite rejoiced, friend Derby, to oblige you, but must needs set off myself immediately to fetch three sacks of meal home from the mill. My wife wants some this very morning.

Derby. She must still want it then; for the mill, I can inform you, does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell squat Thomas that the water was too low.

Simon. You don't say so? That is quite unlucky; for in that case I must gallop up to London for the meal. My wife would make a fine fuss, should I neglect it.

Derby. I can spare you such a journey. I have several sacks of meal at home, of which I will lend your wife as much as she can want.

Simon. O, master Derby, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You cannot conceive how whimsical she is!

Derby. Let her be ten times more so, and notwithstanding, I'm certain she will like it, as you sold it me yourself: the best, as you assured me, you ever had.

Simon. Yes, yes, that's true, indeed; I always have the best of every thing. You know, my good friend Derby, no one is more ready to oblige than I am; but the mare refused this morning to eat hay: and truly I am afraid she would not do to carry you.

Derby. O, never fear! she shall not want for oats upon the road.

Simon. Oats, neighbour! Oats are very dear!

Derby. They are so; but no matter. Having a good job in view, one never stands for trifles.

Simon. It will certainly be foggy, and the road

slippery enough. If you should fall and break your neck———

Derby. What fear of that? the mare is certainly sure-footed; and besides, you talked yourself of galloping to London.

Simon. Well then, to speak truth, my saddle is all in pieces, and I've sent my bridle to be mended.

Derby. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Simon. Ah, like enough! but I'm sure your saddle will not fit my mare.

Derby. Why then, I'll borrow goodman Clodpole's.

Simon. Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours.

Derby. At the worst then, there's our squire. His stable-boy is a friend of mine, and he can lend me one to fit her, or the deuce is in it, out of twenty at least that his master has.

Simon. You know, friend Derby, no one is more willing to oblige his neighbours than myself. Believe me, you should have the beast with all my heart, but she has not been curried, I believe, these three weeks past. Her mane is quite out of order; and if any one should see her in this trim, she would not fetch two guineas, should I wish to sell her, as it is probable I may.

Derby. O, a horse is very quickly curried! and my plough-boy will despatch her in a quarter of an hour.

Simon. Yes, very likely; but I've thought a little, and now recollect the creature must be shod.

Derby. Well, is there not a farrier here hard by?

Simon. O, yes! such a bungler for my mare! I would not trust him with my ass; and none but Spavin, the king's farrier in the Meuse, at London, will suit me.

Derby. As luck will have it, when I get to London, I shall go quite near the Meuse.

Simon (*seeing Frank, his man, calls out.*) Frank! Frank!

Frank. (*approaching.*) What want you, master?

Simon. Look, here's neighbour Derby, and he wants the loan of Ball. You know the skin last Monday was rubbed off her back a hand's breadth, if not more. (*He tips Frank the wink*) So go and see if she is well. (*Frank lets his master see he understands him, and goes out.*) I think she must be cured by this: O, yes! so shake hands, my good friend! I'm glad I shall be able to oblige you. We must help each other in this life. Had I at once refused to let you have the mare, you would in future have refused me something or other. Yes, that's plain. The worst that can be said of Simon is, that his acquaintance always find him ready when they want assistance. (*Frank re-enters.*) Well, how fares it with poor Ball?

Frank. How fares it with her, master? Bad enough indeed! About a hand's breadth, did you say? You meant about the breadth of both my shoulders. The poor creature can't stir a step! And then too, I have promised her to gossip Blaze, to carry her to market.

Simon. Do you hear that, neighbour? I am sorry matters turn out thus. I would not for the world have disobliged you, but must not refuse the mare to Goody. Trust me, I am very sorry for your sake, dear Derby.

Derby. And I as much for your's, dear Simon! for, to tell the truth, I had a note this morning from Lord Hazard's Steward, and he tells me, if I can but get to London time enough this very day, he'll let me have the first refusal of a deal of timber that my lord is about to cut down. It will be upwards of a hundred guineas profit to me, out of which I meant you should have from fifteen to twenty, as I meant that you should fell the trees. But——

Simon. What, from fifteen to twenty guineas, did you say?

Derby. Aye, truly, did I; and perhaps it might have been a deal more. But since your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get the blacksmith's horse, old Roan.

Simon. Old Roan! My mare is at your service. Here, Frank! Frank! tell gossip Blaze she can't have Ball to-day, as neighbour Derby wants her; and I won't refuse him any thing.

Derby. But what are you to do for meal?

Simon. My wife can go without it for a fortnight, if you want the beast so long.

Derby. And then your saddle, that is all in pieces!

Simon. I was speaking of the old one; I have got another since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Derby. So then you would have me leave the mare at Spavin's to be shod?

Simon. No, no: I had forgot our neighbour here shod her last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own he shoes extremely well.

Derby. But if the creature has lost so much skin off her back as Francis——

Simon. O, I know him. He delights to make things a great deal worse than they are; and I would lay a wager it is not bigger than my little finger.

Derby. Well then, let him curry her a little, as these three weeks past you know——

Simon. These three weeks past! I never have him fail to curry her a single day.

Derby. At least however let him give her something she *will* eat, since she refuses hay.

Simon. She did, indeed, this morning; but the reason was, that she had a bellyful of corn. Don't be afraid of any thing! she'll skim along like a bird: the road is very dry, and we shall have no fog. I wish you a good journey, and a profitable job! Come, come, this moment, and I'll hold the stirrup for you.

THE FIRE.

THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. and MRS. VERNON.	
ADRIAN, ...	*their Son.*
CONSTANCE, ...	*their Daughter.*
MEADOWS, ...	*a Farmer.*
BRIDGET, ...	*his Wife.*
HODGE, ...	*their Son.*
PHEBE, ...	*their Daughter.*
GODFREY, ...	*Mr. Vernon's Groom.*

SCENE, *The entrance of a village, in the environs of London, in a part of which, contiguous to the fields, appears a fire. On one side is a farm-house with a pump, and on the other side, a hill.*

SCENE I.

Adrian running by a path that conducts round the hill: his clothes and hair out of order. He looks back, and sees the fire bursting forth with redoubled fury.

O HEAVEN! O heaven! all burning still! what volumes of thick smoke and flames! What's now become of my papa, mamma and sister? Am I an unhappy orphan? Heaven take pity on me, and let them be safe; for they are more to me than all

the world beside—Without them, what should I do? (*Oppressed with grief and weariness, he leans against a tree. The farm-house door now opens, and the little peasant, Hodge, who has his breakfast in his hand, comes out.*)

Hodge. (*without observing Adrian.*) So then, this fire does not finish? What could possess my father to go poking with his horses, right into the middle of it! But the sun's now rising. He'll soon be back. I'll sit down here, and wait till he returns.

(*He goes to sit down by the tree, and sees little Adrian.*) Hey! hey! who's here? a fine young gentleman! What brings you out so early as this, my pretty master?

Adrian. Ah, my little friend, I neither know at present where I am, nor whither I am going.

Hodge. How! perhaps you live in town? and very likely where the fire is.

Adrian. Yes, indeed, I have escaped, I cannot well tell you in what manner.

Hodge. Is your house in flames?

Adrian. It was in our street the fire broke out; I was in bed, and sleeping very soundly. My papa ran up to snatch me out of bed: the servant dressed me in a hurry, and one carried me directly through the fire, that blazed all around us as we went forward.

Hodge. Poor dear little fellow!

(*Some one from the house cries out,* Hodge! Hodge! *but Hodge is listening to Adrian with so much attention that he does not hear it.*)

Enter Bridget and Phebe.

Bridget. (*to Phebe at the entrance.*) I hope he is not gone away, to see the fire: I've cause enough surely to tremble for his father's danger.

Phebe. No, no, mother; here he is. Ah ha! he's speaking to a little gentleman.

Bridget. (*to Hodge.*) Why didn't you answer when I call'd you?

Hodge. Have you been calling me? I didn't hear you. I was listening to this poor boy here.

Bridget. Poor! What has happened to him?

Hodge. He was like to have been burnt alive. His house was all in flames, he tells me, when they got him out.

Bridget. How pale the poor child is! And how did they contrive to save you, my little master?

Adrian. Our helper was bid to take me to a village where I had been nursed, so he put me on his shoulders; but in the street they stopped him, wanting hands to work. I fell to crying, when I saw myself alone; at which, a good woman took me by the hand, and brought me out of town, directing me to walk straight forward, till I saw a village; so I followed her advice, and here I am.

Bridget. And can you tell me what your nurse's name was?

Adrian. No, not now; but I can recollect I used to call my little foster-sister, Phebe.

Phebe. (*earnestly.*) If this little boy should be Adrian, mother?

Adrian. Yes, yes, that's my name.

Bridget. What, Adrian, Mr. Vernon's son?

Adrian. O, my dear good nurse! I recollect you now. And this is Phebe, and this Hodge. (*they embrace each other.*)

Bridget (*kissing Adrian.*) How happy am I now! I thought of nothing but my poor dear little Adrian, since this fire began. My husband's gone to give you all the assistance he can.—But how tall he's grown! Should you have recollected him? I think not, Phebe.

Phebe. Not immediately, indeed; but when I saw him first, methought I felt my heart beat toward him. It is a long time since we were last together.

Adrian. I have been a great way off, at school, and came home only three days since, to spend the holidays. Had I remained, I should, at least at present, have known nothing of this day's misfortune. O, papa! mamma! O sister!

Bridget. Poor dear child! there's no cause to make yourself uneasy. On the first alarm of fire, so near your quarter of the town, my husband sat out, to see if he could be of any use. I know him. Your papa, mamma, and sister will be safe, if mortal man can save them. But, my lovely Adrian, you have been up and running these two hours at least, and must be hungry. Will you eat a little?

Hodge. Look ye, master, here's a Yorkshire cake and butter. Take it!

Adrian. Master! You used to call me Adrian, and not master.

Hodge (*embracing him.*) Well then, Adrian, take my breakfast.

Phebe. Or stay, Adrian, you must surely be dry as well as hungry. I'll go fetch my milk-porridge. I was putting in the bread——

Adrian. No, no, my good friends. I can't have any stomach, till I see my dear papa, mamma, and sister. I'll return and seek them.

Bridget. Do you think of what you're saying? Run into the flames!

Adrian. I left them in the flames; but it was against my will. I did not like to part with them; but my papa would have it so; he in an angry tone bid Godfrey pay no heed to my resistance. I was forced at last to yield, for fear of putting him into a passion. I cannot hold out any longer, but, whatever be the danger, must go back to find if they are in safety.

Bridget. I can't let you go, that's certain. Come into the house with us.

Adrian. You then have a house. I, alas! have none.

Bridget. And is not our house yours? I fed you with my milk, and can't surely deny you bread. (*she forces him in, and says to Hodge*) Take care, and stay you here, that you may see your father the sooner, and let us know of his coming. But don't run to see the fire. Remember I forbid you that.

SCENE II.

Hodge. (*alone.*) And yet I've half a mind to do so. What a charming bonfire it must make. I don't see clearly, but I think that steeple's down

that had the golden dragon on the top. There's many a poor soul burnt out of house and home. I pity them, and yet they must not hinder me from finishing my breakfast.—(*to Phebe re-entering with a tumbler.*) Well now, sister, you're a dear good girl, indeed, to bring me drink so kindly.

Phebe. O, 'tis not for you. I'm come to get a glass of water for poor Adrian. He'll have neither milk, nor ale, nor wine. "My dear papa, mamma, and sister, (says he) very likely, are at present hungry and thirsty, and shall I have such nice things? No, no indeed: let me have nothing but a little water; that will serve me well enough, and especially as I am so thirsty."

Hodge. I must own, however, it's something comical, that Adrian should refuse a drop of any thing that's good, because he can't get any tidings of his parents.

Phebe. O, I know you well enough! Your sister might be burnt alive, and you not eat a mouthful less on that account. For my part I should be like Adrian. I should hardly think of eating, if our house were on fire, and no one could tell me what had happened to my father, mother, or even brother.

Hodge. No, nor I—provided I were not hungry.

Phebe. Can one be hungry in such a case? Look, Hodge, I've not the least degree of appetite. To see poor Adrian weep and take on so, has made me quite forget my hunger.

Hodge. So that you won't eat your milk-porridge?

Phebe. What, you want it, after having swallowed your own breakfast, with Yorkshire cake into the bargain!

Hodge. No; I'd only take your breakfast, that, if neither you nor Adrian wished to have it, nothing might be lost; that's all. But let me have the tumbler; I've not drank myself.

Phebe. (*giving him the tumbler.*) Make haste, then, Adrian's very dry.

Hodge. (*after drinking.*) Stay, stay, I'll fill it for him.

Phebe. Without rincing it?

Hodge. Do you suppose I've poison in my mouth?

Phebe. Very proper, truly, with the crumbs about the rim! I'll rince it out myself. Young gentlemen are used to cleanliness, and I would wish to let him see as much propriety and neatness in our cottage, as at home. (*She rinces the tumbler, fills it, and goes out.*)

SCENE III.

Hodge. (*alone*) So, there's my breakfast done. Suppose now I should run to town to see the fire. I shan't be missed, if I set out, stay there half an hour or so, and then come back: 'tis nothing but a good sound scolding from my mother. I'll however go a little way, and then determine. It is not more than twelve or thirteen minutes' walk before I'm there. Come, come; faint heart, the proverb tells us, never won fair lady. (*He sets off, but meets his father.*)

Enter Meadows, with a chest upon his shoulders, tired and out of breath.

Hodge. What, you're come back, father! I was going on a little way to meet you.

Meadows (*with anxiety.*) Were you? And is Adrian here?

Hodge. Yes, yes; not long ago arrived.

Meadows (*putting down the chest.*) Thank God then the whole family are safe. (*he sits down upon the chest*) Let me take breath a little.

Hodge. Won't you come in, father?

Meadows. No, no; I'll remain here in the open air, till I'm recovered from my hurry. Go, and tell your mother that I'm returned.

Meadows (*alone, wiping his face.*) I shall not die, then, without having, in my turn, obliged my benefactor.

Enter Bridget, Adrian, Hodge and Phebe.

Bridget. (*running from the farm-house, and embracing Meadows.*) Ah, my dear! What joy to see you back safe!

Meadows. My life! But Adrian, where is he, pray? Let me see him.

Adrian, (*running up.*) Here I am. Here, here, father! (*looking round about him.*) But what, are you alone? Where's my papa, mamma, and little sister?

Meadows. Safe, my child; quite safe.—Embrace me!

Adrian (jumping up into his arms.) O what joy!

Bridget. We have been all in very great perplexity. Our neighbours are come back already.

Meadows. They had not their benefactor to preserve, as I had.

Bridget. But, dear Thomas, is the fire out, and all the mischief over?

Meadows. Over, Bridget! the whole street is in flames. If you could only see the ruins, and the multitude of people! Women with their hair about their ears, all running to and fro, and calling out to find their husbands and poor children! to which, add the sound of bells, the noise of carts and engines, with the crush of houses when the timbers are burnt through, the frightened horses, and the throng of people driving full against you. I can't tell you how I made my way amid the flames that crossed before me, and the burning beams that really seemed every moment to fall down and crush me.

Bridget. Bless us! you make my blood run cold!

Phœbe. See, see, mother, how his hair and eyebrows are all singed!

Meadows. And see my arm too. But why should I complain? Could I have only got away with life, I should not have mattered losing a limb for Mr. Vernon.

Bridget. How, my dear! a limb?

Meadows. What, wife, to save our benefactor! Was it not through his means we both came together? Are we not indebted to his generosity, not only for this farm, but every thing we have? And what's still more, my jewel, was it not your milk

that reared his weakly child, now strong and hearty? (*Adrian clings to Bridget*) Did I say I should have demurred to lose a limb for Mr. Vernon?—I say more: I would have given my life to save him.

Bridget. You have then been able to assist him?

Meadows. Yes, I have that happiness to boast of. He, his lady, and his daughter, had scarcely got out of their house, as they supposod in safety, when a half burnt beam fell down into the street before them. Happily, I was not ten yards off: the people fancied they were crushed beneath its weight, and ran away. I heard their cries, came back, and rushing through the burning ruins, brought them off. I had already saved this chest you see before you, and my cart, besides, is loaded with the greatest part of their most valuable furniture.

Adrian. Be sure, my father will most richly recompense you.

Meadows. I am recompensed already, my dear little friend! Your father did not very likely think of such a service at my hands, and I have saved him. In that thought, I am much better paid than in receiving any recompense. But this is not the whole: before long, he will d[illegible]ss be here, and all his family and people.

Adrian. What, shall I see them quickly?

Meadows. Yes, my Adrian. But run, wife, and make a little preparation to receive them; let some ale be drawn, and have the cows milked instantly. Air sheets to put on all our beds too; and as for us, we'll take up our lodging in the barn.

Brid. Be it so. I'll play my part, I warrant you.

SCENE IV.

Meadows, Adrian, Hodge and Phebe.

Meadows. And I'll go put the hay up in some kind of order in the barn, and make a little room for those who may come hither and require some shelter. All the fields, alas, are covered with them! I imagine I still see them! Some, struck speechless, gaze with absolute insensibility, while they behold their houses burning, or else fall on the ground, fatigued and frightened; others run along like madmen, wring their hands, or pull their hair by the roots, and uttering fearful cries, attempt to force their passage through a line of soldiers, who with bayonets keep them off that they may save the sufferers' property from being plundered.

Phebe. O my poor dear Adrian! had you been there, they would have trod you under foot.

Meadows. As soon as they bring back my horses, I'll go out again, and take up all the children, women, and old men I meet with. Had I been the poorest person in the village, this misfortune would have rendered me the richest: since the unhappy that I shall succour, will belong to me. (*he stoops to take up the chest.*)

Hodge. Dear father, let me help you.

Meadows. No, no; have a care; 'tis far too heavy for your strength. Go, rather, and bid Humphreys heat the oven, and put all our kitchen things in order; and let Carter know that I want some flour sent in; these miserable people who are burnt

out of their habitations, shall at least find wherewithal to satisfy their wants! Thank God, I'm not so poor, that any one applying to my charity, should die for want of food. If I had nothing else, I'd give them my last bit of bread. (*he and Hodge go out.*)

SCENE V.

Adrian and Phebe.

Phebe. O *that* I'd share with you too, Adrian. Who, alas! would have supposed, I should have ever seen you in your present situation!

Adrian. Who, indeed, my dearest Phebe! for it is very hard in one night to lose every thing.

Phebe. Be comforted, my dear friend; for don't you recollect, how happy we were once together here, when we were less a great deal than at present? Well, we'll be again as happy with each other. Do you fear you can want any thing, as long as I have any thing to give you?

Adrian (*taking Phebe by the hand.*) No, I don't indeed: but then I thought it would have been my part to make you happy, get you a good husband, as papa has often said in joke, and take care of your children, like my own.

Phebe. Well, now I must contrive to do all this myself; and when we love each other, it is exactly the same thing. I'll get you all the finest flowers I can in our garden, and whatever fruit they'll let me gather. You shall also have my bed, and I'll sleep all night long on the floor beside you.

Adrian (*embracing her.*) O my dear, dear Phebe! how I ought to love you!

Phebe. You shall see what care I'll take of Constance likewise. I'll be always with you both. We drank, I need not tell you, the same milk; and is not that as if you were my brother, pray, and I your sister?

Adrian. Yes, and you shall always be my sister, and I do not know which I shall henceforward be most fond of, you or Constance. I'll present you to papa, that you may be his daughter: but when think you, will he come?

Phebe. Why make yourself uneasy? you've been told he is safe.

Adrian. But my papa is just like yours; and who can tell but he'll go back and get into the flames to save some friend or other? I must therefore be uneasy till I see him again. But hark! don't I hear a tread on the other side of the hill? If it were only he!

Enter Godfrey.

Adrian. Ah, Godfrey!

Godfr. Ah, my little master! you are safe then?

Adrian. Truly there's great need to talk about my safety; Where's papa, mamma, and Constance? Are they with you?

Godfrey. (*not knowing what to say.*) With me?

Adrian. Yes, you have not left them, surely, behind!

Godfrey. Behind! (*turning about.*) they're not behind me.

Adrian. They are not come with you then?

Godfrey. Unless they are here, I don't know where they are.

Adrian (*impatiently.*) You don't come here to seek them, do you?

Godfrey (*in confusion.*) Don't be frightened, my dear little master.—Are they not come hither?

Phebe. None but Adrian.

Adrian. He's confounded, and has some bad news to tell me! They are lost, even after all good Meadows's pains to save them!

Godfrey. Hear me.—There's no cause, at least I hope so, to alarm yourself. About an hour or forty minutes after they had forced me from you to assist the sufferers, I found means to get into the crowd. Dear master Adrian, don't however fright yourself; but so it is indeed. I ran about the ruins to discover where my master was, but could not come at any tidings of him; no, nor yet my mistress, nor miss Constance. I inquired of every one I met, if they had heard of such a family; but constantly was answered, no.

Adrian. O Heaven! take pity on me! dear papa, mamma, and Constance, where, where are you? perished, doubtless!

Godfrey. I've not told you all yet; but pray don't be frightened.—The worst part of the affair comes now.

Adrian. What is it? Why don't you tell me, Godfrey?

Godfrey. How, in Heaven's name, would you have me tell you, if you let yourself be frightened in this manner?

Adrian. Speak! pray, Godfrey, speak!

Godfrey. Well, then, the rumour was as follows

that a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl, were crushed to death, when they were just got out of doors, and thought themselves in safety. (*Adrian swoons away.*)

Phebe. Help! help! help! Come here to our assistance, some one! Adrian's dying. (*she falls down by him.*)

Godfrey. But what ails him? I said this was but a report; and then, they could not tell me who it was. It may be nothing, after all.

Phebe. Why, how you talk! his fright, at what you mentioned, overcame him, and he quite forgets that my father had preserved them.

Godfrey, (*feeling Adrian's cheek.*) O my poor dear little Adrian! he's cold as any ice!

Phebe. (*half getting up*) And what could bring you here? It is you have killed him!

Godfrey. I?—And yet I'm sure you heard me bid him not be frightened (*he raises him a little.*) Master Adrian! (*he lets him fall again.*)

Phebe. How you go to work!—Don't touch him any more.—He'll die, if he's not dead already with such treatment! O my dear, dear brother Adrian! father, mother, Hodge!—Why, where can they be got to? (*she runs in doors for help.*)

Godfrey (*leaning over Adrian.*) No, no, he's not dead: he breathes a little. Were he dead, I'd go and fling myself this moment into the first pond I come to.—(*he calls out*) Adrian! master Adrian! If I knew but how to bring him to himself! (*he blows on Adrian's face*) This blowing tries my lungs! It was very foolish in me, I must own, to

tell him what I did; but much more so in him to pay attention to it: and particularly when I bid him not be frightened.—Could I possibly speak plainer?—Adrian! Adrian! He does not hear me. When my dear wife died, I took on very sadly for her; but to die on that account would have been very silly!—Adrian! Adrian! What had I best do? He does not seem as if he would recover. Ah, I see a pump—I'll therefore go and fill my hat with water—half a dozen sprinkles very possibly may have a good effect upon him.

As he's coming back to Adrian, Mr. Vernon enters, leading in Mrs. Vernon and Constance. Godfrey drops his hat, and runs away.

Godfrey. Heaven forgive me! should he find him dead, I don't know what he'll do! For my part I am dead with fear already.

Mr. V. Was not that our Godfrey?—Godfrey, what's the matter? and where's Adrian?

Mrs. V. Surely he ran away, as if afraid of meeting with us. Where can he have left him?

Constance (*seeing Adrian on the ground.*) What's here? a child? (*stooping down*) O Heaven! my brother! and he's dead!

Mrs. V. (*falling down by Adrian*) How, Constance! Adrian?—Yes, indeed, help! help!

Mr. V. Was this misfortune wanting after all? (*examining the body*) But he's not dead. Thank Heaven, we're better off than that.—He breathes a little.—My dear life, (*to Mrs. Vernon*) as Adrian needs assistance, keep your strength that he may have it.

Mrs. V. (*nearly swooning*) Adrian ! Adrian !

Constance. Ah ! my poor dear brother ! Would to heaven the flames had rather taken all from us ! (*Mr. Vernon raises Mrs. Vernon, and brings Adrian to her.*)

Mr. V. There's no time to lose.—Have you your salts about you ?

Mrs. V. I can't tell, I'm in so great an agitation. After so much fear and fright, here's one still greater. I would part with all that's left us for one draught of water. (*Mr. Vernon sees the pump, and hastens to it.*)

Constance. (*feeling in her mother's pocket*) Here's your sal volatile, mamma.—(*while the salts are using*) Hear, hear, hear me, Adrian, and look up ; or I shall die with grief. (*he comes a little to himself*) O heavens ! he breathes ! (*she runs to her papa.*) Come, come, papa ; come quickly ; come and see him. (*Mr. Vernon brings a little water in the hollow of his hand, and throws it on his face.*)

Adrian (*sighing bitterly.*) Oh ! oh ! papa ! papa !

Mr. V. He supposes I am dead : that blockhead Godfrey must have frightened him.

Constance (*in transport.*) See ! see ! his eyes begin to open !

Mr. V. My dear fellow ! don't you know us ?

Mrs. V. Adrian ! Adrian !

Constance. Brother !

Adrian. (*looking round him.*) Am I dead or living ? or where am I ? (*he sits up in Mrs. Vernon's lap.*) Ah ! my dear mamma !

Mrs. V. My child! and have we brought you back to life?

Adrian. (*turning to his father.*) Papa too!

Constance. (*embracing him.*) My dear Adrian! my sweet brother! I'm alive again, now you are.

Adrian. O! what joy to see you thus again, dear sister! (*he turns to his mother*) It was your sweet voice, mamma, that brought me back to life.

Mr. V. (*to Mrs. Vernon*) My dear, I was lamenting our misfortune just before; but now discover there was a great deal more to be lost, than goods and such things.

Mrs. V. Let's not think a moment more about them.

Mr. V. It is but to rejoice that in reality they are so trifling. I behold you all three safe, and can have nothing to disturb me.

Constance. But what brought you, brother, into such a situation?

Adrian. Would you think it, it was Godfrey?

Mr. V. There, I said so!

Adrian. Why, he told me you had all three perished in the flames.

Constance. (*looking towards the hill*) Ah, there he is, papa; above there. (*they all look up, and Godfrey draws his head in*)

Mr. V. Godfrey! Godfrey! He's afraid to answer *me;* so call him, Adrian, you——

Adrian. Godfrey! Don't be afraid, but come down and show yourself.—I'm living.

Godfrey. (*on the hill*) Are you sure of that?

Adrian. I think so. Did you ever hear a dead man speak?

Godfrey. (*coming down, but stopping on a sudden*) You don't intend, I hope, to discharge me. If you do, I need not be at so much trouble to come on.

Mr. V. See, simpleton, the consequence of speaking without thought!

Mrs. V. A little more, and you had been the death of Adrian.

Adrian. Pray, mamma, forgive him! It was not his fault.

Godfrey. No, certainly. I bid him not to be frightened. (*Adrian holds out his hand*) I'm however glad you don't intend me any harm; and for the future, I'll think no one dead, till I see him ten feet under ground, and fairly buried.

SCENE VI.

Adrian, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Constance, Meadows, Bridget, Hodge, and Phebe.

Meadows. (*running in*) O the wretch! where is he?

Phebe. (*showing Godfrey.*) Look ye, father, here! (*Godfrey slinks behind his master.*)

Meadows. Who's this? (*Phebe and Hodge run towards Adrian, who presents them both to Constance; the former bows to Mr. Vernon.*)

Mr. V. (*raising him*) My friend! what means this humble attitude? With such respect to bow before me! my preserver! and not only mine, but all my family's!

Meadows. Yes, sir, it is another obligation you

have laid upon me. I have had the opportunity of showing you my gratitude for all your favours.

Mr. V. You have done much more for me than ever I did for you, and more than I shall ever have it in my power to do.

Meadows. What say you, sir? The service of a moment only. I, upon the other hand, have lived these eight years past by your bounty. You observe these fields, this farm: from you I had them. You have lost your all; permit me therefore to return them. It will be happiness enough for me, that I shall always have it in my power to say, I have not been ungrateful to my benefactor.

Mr. V. Well then, my good friend, I *do* permit you to return them; but on this proviso, to enrich you with much better. You have, luckily for me, preserved my strong box that had all my writings in it, and those writings are the best part of my fortune. Having now no house in London, I'll go down into the country, whither you shall follow me, and we will fix our habitations at a seat I have in Norfolk. All your children shall be mine.

Adrian. Ah! dear papa, I meant to beg as much. See, here's my sister Phebe, and here's Hodge my brother. If you knew the love and friendship they have shown me! Possibly I might have now been dead, but for their kindness.

Mrs. V. (*taking Bridget's hand.*) We will be henceforth but one family; and all our happiness shall be in loving each other like friends.

Bridget. In the mean time enter and repose yourselves. Excuse us, if we do not give you the

accommodations in our cottage we would certainly have wished to do.

Meadows. (*looking towards the hill.*) I see my cart, sir, and a number of poor people following. Will you give me leave to go and offer them the services they are so much in need of?

Mr. V. I'll go with you, and console them likewise. I am too much interested in the melancholy accident that has distressed them; though a far less sufferer by it.—Less! I should have said no sufferer, but a gainer; for the day which I conceived, at first, so miserable, gives me back much more than I have lost. It gives me, in return for such things as with money I can purchase, what is far beyond the value of all money; a new family and friends, who will be henceforth precious to my heart.

PHILIP.

O, I'll be revenged, and make him heartily repent it, cried little Philip, while his countenance turned quite red with anger, and he walked along, not seeing Emilius, his dear friend, who, at that instant, happened to be coming towards him, and hearing what he said with some degree of pain, asked him, of whom he meant to be revenged?

Philip lifted up his eyes: he saw his friend, and reassumed the smile with which his countenance

was generally glowing. O, said he, come, my friend, and you shall see of whom I will be revenged. You remember, I believe, my little *supple jack*, that pretty cane my father gave me: see, it is all in pieces: the farmer's son, that lives at yonder thatched cottage, has broke it.—And pray why did he break it? said Emilius.—I was walking along, said Philip with the greatest agitation, and was playing with my cane, by putting it quite round my body: one of the two ends, by some means or other, got out of my hand when I was opposite the gate just by the wooden-bridge, and where the little scamp had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. My cane, in springing, struck the pitcher, overset but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names. I seriously assured him that I had not intended to do what I did, and was extremely sorry for the accident. He would not hear me, but got hold of my *supple jack*, and twisted it as you may see. I will make him heartily repent it; I shall find a way to be revenged of him.

He is, indeed, a very ill-natured boy, said Emilius, but is already punished very well for being so, since every one detests and shuns him. If he wishes to enjoy a little play, he never can have a companion If he comes where any boys are met to play, they always thrust him out; but if he will not quit them, they leave him. The hatred of all that know him cannot but sufficiently avenge you.

Yes! but he has broke my cane, said Philip.

My papa gave it me but very lately; and it was a very pretty one, as you know. My father will not fail to ask me what has become of it: he will imagine that I have lost his present; possibly he will fall into a passion, and all on account of this little rogue. I did him no harm. I offered to fill up his pitcher, having knocked it down without design.—The ill-natured cur! I will be revenged of him.

Believe me, my dear friend, said Emilius, it will be better not to mind him. Your contempt is punishment enough for such a one. You are not like him; and, depend upon it, he will show himself abler to do mischief than yourself. And now I think on it, I must tell you what but very lately happened to him.

Unluckily for him, he saw a bee upon a flower: he tried to catch it, and pull off its wings for pastime; but the bee contrived to sting him, and flew off in safety to the hive. Quite mad with rage, he said, as you did, I will be revenged for this! Accordingly he cut himself a switch, thrust it through the hole into the bee-hive, and turned it about. By these means he killed several of the little creatures, but in an instant the whole swarm flew all at once upon him, and stung him in a thousand different places. You may guess how he roared with the pain, and how in his agony he tumbled himself about upon the ground. His father ran up to him and could not, without much difficulty, put the bees to flight, by flinging bowls of water on him. He was ill, in consequence of this, for several days.

You see then, his vengeance had no very great success. Revenge not therefore his insults: he will meet with some one who will punish him, without your taking any trouble in the matter. And besides, as he is ill-natured, would you be so likewise? for, my friend, he is much stronger than you are, and, to be sure of your revenge, you must be much more malicious than he is.

I think, said Philip, you are in the right: so come along with me. I will tell my father every thing, and he will not be angry with me, I hope; for look you, I can easily take comfort for my broken cane, but not, should he imagine I neglected to take care of what he gave me. After this, they went together. Philip told his father what had happened. The good gentleman consoled his son, and thanked little Emilius for the advice that he had given him.

On the day succeeding, Philip had another cane, exactly like the first. He passed the farmer's house; his son was at the door, and hung his head, while Philip went along.

However Philip, some days after, saw this little peasant fall under a heavy log of wood that he was carrying home, and which prevented him from getting up again. Philip ran to him, took the log off his shoulder, helped him to rise, and put his load once more upon his shoulder. The ill-natured boy was now quite overwhelmed with shame at the idea of receiving aid from him whom he had served so ill, and heartily repented his behaviour. Philip afterwards went home quite satis-

fied. At first he had assisted one whom he did not love, because he could not see a fellow-creature suffer without relieving him; but afterwards he was rejoiced to think of his behaviour. "This, (said Philip) is the noblest vengeance. It is impossible I should repent of this."

ALFRED AND DORINDA.

On a fine summer's day, Mr. Vernon had promised to walk with his two children, Alfred and Dorinda, in a very fine garden, a little way out of town. He went to his dressing room to prepare himself, and the children remained in the parlour. Alfred, delighted with the pleasures that he promised himself from his walk, jumping and running carelessly to and fro in the room, brushed the skirt of his jacket against a very valuable flower that his father was rearing with infinite pains, and which he had unfortunately just brought in from the window, in order to preserve it from the heat of the sun.

O brother! what have you done? said Dorinda, taking up the flower which was broken from the stalk. She was holding it still in her hand, when her father, who had finished dressing, entered the parlour. Why, Dorinda, said Mr. Vernon in an angry tone, why do you pluck a flower that you have seen me take so much pains to rear in order

to have seed from it?—Dear papa, answered Dorinda, pray do not be angry!—I am not angry, replied Mr. Vernon; but as you may take a fancy to pluck flowers too in the garden that I am going to see, and which does not belong to me, you will not take it amiss that I leave you at home.

Dorinda looked down, and kept silence. Alfred could refrain no longer. He approached his father with tears in his eyes, and said, It was not my sister, papa; it was I who plucked off the flower; so it is I who must stay at home.

Mr. Vernon, touched with the ingenuous behaviour of his children, and their affection for each other, kissed them both, and said, you are alike dear to me, and you shall both come with me.

Alfred and Dorinda leaped for joy. They went therefore to walk in the garden, where they saw plants of the most curious sorts. Mr. Vernon with pleasure observed Dorinda press her clothes on each side, and Alfred to take great care for fear of doing any damage as they walked among the flowers. The flower that Mr. Vernon had lost would have given him great pleasure; but he enjoyed much more to see mutual affection, candour and prudence flourish in his children.

ABEL.

Little Abel was about eight years old when he was so unhappy as to lose his mother. It afflicted him so much, that nothing could restore to him the gaiety so natural to young children. Mrs. Philipson, his aunt, was forced to take him to her house, for fear his sadness should still aggravate his brother's inconsolable distress.

They went, however, frequently to see him; and at last, the time was come for going out of mourning. Abel therefore quitted his; and, though his heart was full of sorrow, he endeavored to assume a lively countenance. His father was affected at this sensibility; but it was to him the occasion of more sorrow, in reflecting on the mother of this amiable child which he had forever lost; and this reflection, every one remarked, was bringing him with sorrow to the grave.

It was now a fortnight, since Abel, as his custom was, had been to see him; and his aunt was always urging some pretext or other in the interval, as often as he wished to go. The truth is, Mr. Philipson was dangerously ill. He durst not ask to see his child, from apprehension that the sight of his condition might too much affect him. These paternal struggles, joined with the affliction he was labouring under, so exhausted him, that very soon there was no hope remaining of his cure. He died, in fact, upon the day before his birth-day.

On the morrow, Abel, having waked early, tormented Mrs. Philipson so much for leave to go and wish his father joy, that she at last consented; but he saw his mourning was now going on again.

And why this ugly black, to-day, said he, when we are going to papa? Who's dead now, aunt?

His aunt was so afflicted that she could not speak a word.

Well then, said Abel, if you'll not tell me, I'll inquire of my papa.

At this she could no longer refrain from weeping; but burst into a flood of tears, and said, It is he, it is he is dead.

What, my papa dead! answered he. O heaven! take pity on me. My mamma, first dead! and now, papa! Unhappy that I am, and parentless! what will become of me? O my papa! mamma!

These words were scarcely uttered, when he fell into a swoon; nor could his aunt, without much difficulty, bring him to again.

Poor child, said she, do not thus afflict yourself. Your parents are still living.

Abel. Yes; but where?

Mrs. P. In heaven, with God. They are both happy in that place; and will, at all times, have an eye upon their child. If you are prudent, diligent, and upright, they will pray that God would bless you; and God certainly *will* bless you. This was the last prayer your father uttered yesterday, when dying.

Abel. Yesterday! when I was thinking of the pleasure I should have in seeing him this morning.

Yesterday!—He's not then buried yet? O aunt, pray let me see him. He would not send for me, fearing to afflict me; and perhaps I should have, on the other hand, afflicted him. But now, that I cannot give him pain, I would once more behold him, for the last, last time; pray let me go and see him, my dear aunt.

Mrs. P. Well then, we'll go together, if you promise you will be calm. You see my tears, and how much I am grieved in having lost my brother. He was always doing me some good or other: I was poor, and had no maintenance but what his bounty gave me. Notwithstanding which, I yield myself to Providence, that watches over us. Be calm, then, my dear child.

Abel. Yes, yes; I must indeed be calm: But pray, aunt, carry me to my papa, that I may at least see his coffin.

Mrs. Philipson then took him by the hand, and instantly went out; the day was very dark, and even foggy. Abel wept as he went on.

When they were come before the house, the undertakers were at the door; and Mr. Philipson's friends and neighbours standing round his coffin. They wept bitterly and praised the integrity of the deceased. Little Abel rushed into the house, and threw himself upon the coffin. For some time he could not speak a word; but raised his head at last, crying out, See how your Abel weeps for your loss! when mamma died, you consoled me, and yet wept yourself! but now, who is there will console me for your loss! O my papa! my good papa!

He could not utter more: his sorrow almost strangled him. His aunt had need of all her strength to pluck him from the coffin. She conducted him to a neighbour, begging she would keep him till his father's burial was over; for she durst not think of carrying him to it.

Very soon the bell began to toll. Abel heard it, and the woman, to whose care he had been trusted, having quit the apartment for a moment, he availed himself of the opportunity, got out, and ran that instant to the churchyard, where the funeral had gone. The minister had finished, and the grave was filling up; when, all at once, a cry was heard, *Bury me with my papa!* and Abel jumped into the grave.

The mourners were affected: Abel was drawn out pale and speechless; and, in spite of his resistance, carried home.

He was for upwards of three days, continually fainting; and his aunt could not revive him, not even at intervals, except by speaking to him of his dear papa. At last, his first excess of anguish was allayed: he wept no longer, but was very sorrowful.

A worthy merchant heard of this deplorable affair. He had not been without some knowledge of his father; therefore he repaired to Mrs. Philipson's, that he might see the little orphan. He was very much affected at his sadness, took him home, and was a father to him. Abel soon considered he was really the merchant's son, and every day gained greater ground on his affection. At the age of

twenty, he conducted all the business of his benefactor with so much success, that in reality the merchant thought it was his duty to assign him half the profits of it for the future; to which recompence, he added his beloved daughter.—Abel hitherto had kept his aunt, by husbanding the little perquisites belonging to him; and, by this event, he had the further happiness of making her quite easy for the remnant of her days; but never did his father's birth-day come about, but he was seized in some sort with a fever, on recalling to his memory what he once had suffered at that season; and to those sensations with which he was then affected, did he impute the principles of honour and integrity he followed, during his succeeding long life.

THE USEFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

One fine morning, in the month of June, Ambrose prepared to set out with his father on a party of pleasure, which for a fortnight before had taken up all his thoughts. He had risen, contrary to his custom, very early, in order to hasten the preparations for his jaunt. However, just as he thought he had reached the object of his wishes, the sky darkened all at once, the clouds grew thick, and a violent wind bent down the trees and raised up a tempest of dust. Ambrose went down every moment into the garden, to observe how the sky looked: he

then skipped up the stairs three at a time, to examine the barometer; but the sky and the barometer were both against him. For all this, he did not scruple to give his father good hopes, and to assure him that these unfavourable appearances would disperse in a moment; that presently it would be the finest weather in the world; and he concluded, that they ought to set out directly, to have the benefit of it.

Mr. Powell, who did not repose a blind confidence in his son's prognostics, thought it more prudent to wait a little. Just then the clouds burst, and discharged a heavy shower of rain. Ambrose who was doubly disappointed, began to cry, and obstinately refused to be comforted. The rain continued until three o'clock in the afternoon. At length the clouds dispersed, the sun resumed its lustre, the sky its clearness, and all nature breathed the freshness of spring. Ambrose recovered his good humour by degrees, in proportion as the sky brightened. His father took him out a little way, and the calmness of the air, the singing of the birds, the fresh green of the fields, and the sweet perfume that breathed all around him, restored peace and satisfaction to his heart. Do not you remark, said his father to him, the agreeable change just now produced all around you? Recollect how dull every thing appeared to us yesterday; the ground parched up by a long drought, the flowers without colour, hanging their languid heads; and in short, all vegetation seeming to be at a stand. What must we suppose to have so suddenly made nature appear

young again? The rain that has fallen to-day, said Ambrose.

The injustice of his complaints, and the folly of his behaviour, struck him sensibly as he pronounced these words. He blushed, and his father judged that his own thoughts would be sufficient to teach him another time to sacrifice, without reluctance, a selfish pleasure to the general advantage of mankind.

FOOLISH FRIGHTS.

STORY OF THE LANTERN.

FOOLISH FRIGHTS.

Mr. Hunter was one afternoon at home, and in the drawing room with his four children, Lambert, Charlotte, Dorothy and Felix, when three gentlemen, whose names were Vernon, Fairfield and Fitzwilliam, came to see him. They were Mr. Hunter's oldest friends; the children likewise loved them greatly, and were very much rejoiced to see them. They would always listen to their conversation with a greedy ear, as being not only instructive, but amusing; and on this particular occasion sat with so much attention, that they let the night come on without once thinking they wanted candles. Mr. Vernon was, by this time, relating a very curious circumstance that happened to him in his travels, when a dreadful noise was heard from the second pair of stairs. The children crowded together in a fright, behind their father's elbow chair, instead of going out and seeing what was the matter, as Mr. Hunter thought they would have done. He had bid Lambert, his eldest son, step out; but Lambert passed the order to his sister Charlotte; Charlotte to her younger sister Dorothy; and Dorothy to Felix.

During these negociations, which indeed were all transacted in a minute's time, the noise continued, and came nearer; but not one among them left his station.

Mr. Hunter eyed them with a look, which seem-

ed to ask if he, or his friends, should take the trouble to rise, and see what accident had happened?

Upon this the four began their march together towards the door, but in the figure of a square battalion, each supported by the other. They were now come near the door, when Lambert, with a fearful step, advanced and opened it; but instantly fell back into his former place. The little ones, however, were not in the least delivered from their terror, when they saw an apparition clothed in white, and crawling on all fours. In short, our *Sosias*, at the sight, turned round, and, setting up a loud shriek, retreated toward their father, who rose from his seat, and going toward the landing place, cried out, Who is there?

I, replied a voice that seemed to issue from the flooring.

I? said Mr. Hunter; and pray who is I?

The barber's boy, sir, looking for your wig. I went up stairs to bring it down, but let the box fall, which is broken to pieces.

Think, little friends, what bursts of laughter now succeeded their former silence. Mr. Hunter rung the bell for a light, and when it came, perceived the wig-box broken indeed, and the unfortunate wig entangled about the poor boy's right foot.

The tumult of this laughable adventure was scarcely over, when the father ridiculed the folly of his children, and asked of what they had been afraid? They could hardly tell themselves, having been accustomed from the cradle not to be afraid

at night, and the servants in the family expressly forbidden to tell them any foolish stories about ghosts or goblins.

The preceding conversation being thus deranged, it turned at last upon this subject, and all wished to know what could occasion those surprising fears, so common to children in darkness.

It is the natural effect of darkness, and that only, answered Mr. Vernon. As children cannot properly distinguish objects in the dark, their imagination, which is always smitten with the marvellous, shapes them out into extraordinary figures, by enlarging or contracting what they look at, as circumstances govern, till their weakness finally persuades them that they are utterly unable to resist these monsters which they think armed to hurt them. Terror thus obtains possession of them, and too frequently impresses fears which have the worst of consequences.

They would be ashamed, said Mr. Hunter, if they saw, in open day, what often gives them so much fright at night.

It was, for all the world, said Lambert, just as if I saw it; but I needed only touch it, and then I should have known very well what it was.

O yes, said Charlotte, you have given us indeed an admirable token of your courage. *Needed only to touch it!* And therefore, I suppose, you would have let me *touch* the door, but that I pushed you forward.

It becomes you well, to talk about my fear, said

Lambert; you that got behind poor Felix.....And poor little Dorothy behind me, added the sly Felix.

Come, said Mr. Hunter, I can see you have nothing with which to reproach each other. But Lambert's notion is not, on that account, less rational: for as in all the monstrous shapes that we image out to ourselves, we have but natural accidents to fear; so we may ward off all danger by the sense of feeling, which distinguishes what frequently deceives the sight. It is the neglect of this precaution in our infancy, that makes so many of us fancy ghosts in every object round about us. I remember, on this head, a story, comical enough, which I will tell you.

The four children now came round their father, crying out, A story! O, a story! and their father thus began it.

In my father's house, there lived a maid-servant, who one night was sent for beer into the cellar. We were all seated at the table, waiting, but no servant came with the beer. My mother, who was rather of a hasty temper, rose from table, and went out to call her. As it chanced, the cellar door was open, but she could not make the servant hear. My mother ordered me to bring a lamp, and go down into the cellar with her. I went first, to light the way: but as I looked straight forward, I did not mind my steps, and all at once fell over something rather soft. The light went out, and getting up, I put my hand upon another hand,

quite motionless and cold. Upon the cry that I uttered, down came the cook-maid with a candle. She drew near, and we discovered the poor girl stretched along upon the ground, face downward, in a swoon. We raised her up, and let her have a smelling bottle. She recovered her spirits; but had hardly lifted up her eyes, when she cried out: There! there she is! there still!—Who is there? replied my mother. That tall white woman there, answered she, hanging in the corner. See! see! see!—We looked the way that she pointed; and in fact did see, as she described it, something white and of a tolerable length suspended in a corner. It is only *that*? replied the cook-maid, bursting into a laugh. Why that is nothing but a leg of mutton, which I bought last night. I hung it there that it might be quite fresh and cool; and put a napkin round it to keep off the flies. She ran immediately, took off the napkin, and exhibited the leg of mutton to her fellow servant, who stood trembling with fear. It was a quarter of an hour before she was convinced of her ridiculous mistake. She did at first insist upon it, that the phantom stared her in the face with saucer eyes; that she had turned to run away, but that the ghost had followed her, fastened on her petticoat, and seized upon the candle in her hand. What happened after this she could not tell.

It is very easy to explain all this, said Mr. Vernon; and assign the reason why your servant fancied thus extravagantly. When the fright first seized her and she swooned, the circulation of the

blood was stopped, and she could not run away; she thought she had been held. Her limbs were deprived of strength, so that she could not hold the candle, and therefore supposed that the spectre took it from her.

We are happy, added Mr. Hunter, that the understanding and good sense of people have begun to dissipate these foolish notions concerning ghosts and goblins. There was once a time of so much ignorance, that these ideas mixed with superstitious notions, and deprived the boldest of their courage; but, thank heaven, they are completely done away in towns; although they subsist, as strong as ever, in the country, which is still supposed to be inhabited by witches, and a train of evil spirits. What I am going to tell you now is a laughable example of it.

Tom Stubbs, a labouring man, one evening was returning from a fair, with Edmund and Susan, his two children. It was toward the end of autumn, when the day shuts in early.

Tom, in going by an ale-house, told the children that he would stop and refresh himself a little, directing them, as they were well acquainted with the road before them, to go onward, and in half a dozen minutes he would overtake them. Edmund and Susan therefore went on slowly, talking of the drollery of a puppet show that they had been seeing, and, as well as they were able, talking like the wooden figures in it. All at once, about the middle of a path, which passed round the corner of a

little wood into the public road, their eye caught something very bright, that seemed to dance upon the ground, or rise and fall by turns. Their father, having formerly been a soldier, had frequently told them they must never be afraid of what they saw by night, which at a distance might assume a frightful figure, but to go boldly up to it, and they would find it nothing. Edmund had forgot all this instruction. He could hardly speak, he shook all over, and perspired abundantly; whereas his sister laughed to see him so frightened, saying that she would go and see the apparition nearer. Edmund, all in vain, assured her that it was a ghost, who certainly would twist her neck off. She was not discouraged by these foolish notions, but went toward the light, without stopping.

She was come within a dozen yards of it, when, behold she discerned the very puppet-show man, who had entertained her at the fair, and who was seeking something with his lantern. It appears that in drawing out his handkerchief, his purse followed; and for upwards of ten minutes he had looked about to find it on the ground, near the spot. Susan, who always had her wits about her, searched the hedges, and found it hanging on a sprig. The show-man gave her, as a recompense, the punchinello which had made her laugh so much; and as they went along, instructed her how to twitch the strings, and to make it play in that diverting manner that she had lately seen.

They were hardly at home, when Tom came in. The puppet-man informed him of what had hap-

pened, and extolled Susan's courage. It was now extremely dark, however, and little Edmund was not to be seen. Tom began to fear some accident, and therefore took a lamp, and with Susan, ran to see if he could find him.

They went very fast, and hallooed, as they ran, by turns. At last they heard, a great way off, the voice of some one in distress. They made up to it, and found Edmund in a ditch, unable to get out. He was quite covered with mud from head to foot, and his face and hands sadly torn with the brambles.

How the deuce came you here ? said his father, as he helped him out.

Ah, father, I was running with my head turned toward a jack-a-lantern that ran after me, and, as I could not see my way, I tumbled in here. I wanted to get out, but could find only brambles to lay hold of. See how they have scratched my face and hands; and thereupon he began his cries and lamentations afresh.

Tom reproved him roughly for his cowardice; but Edmund was much more vexed when told his sister's luck. He could not be consoled for having lost his share in the diverting punchinello, which she knew by this time how to play off with great dexterity.

The lantern, in your tale, said Mr. Vernon, makes me recollect a singular adventure with a lantern in it, that performed its part so well, as to affright, not merely such a little peasant as Edmund, but a whole village.

I was coming home one night on horseback, from a visit that I had just been making to a number of neighbouring villages, where I had quartered my recruits. There had fallen a great deal of rain that day, since noon, and during all the evening, which had broken up the road, and it was raining still with the same violence; but being forced to join my company the next morning, I set out, provided with a lantern, having to pass a narrow defile between two mountains. I had cleared it, when a gust of wind took off my hat, and carried it so far, that I despaired of recovering it again, and therefore gave up the matter. By great good fortune, I had on a large scarlet cloak. I covered up my head and shoulders with it, leaving nothing but a little hole to see my way and breathe through; and for fear the wind should take a fancy to my cloak as well as hat, I passed my right arm round my body to secure it, so that riding on in this position, you may easily perceive that my lantern, which I held in my right hand, was under my left shoulder. At the entrance of a village, on a hill, I met three travellers, who no sooner saw me, than they ran away, as if they were possest. For my part, I went on with a gallop, and when come into the town, alighted at an inn, where I designed to rest myself a little; but soon after, who should enter but my three poltroons, as pale as death itself. They told the landlord and his people, trembling as they spoke, that on the road they had encountered a great figure of a man all over blood, whose head was like a flame of fire,

and to increase the wonder, it was placed beneath his shoulder. He was mounted on a dreadful horse, said they, quite black before, and grey behind, which, notwithstanding it was lame, he spurred and whipped right up the mountain with extraordinary swiftness. Here they ended their relation. They had taken care to spread the alarm as they were flying from this wondrous apparition, and the people had come with them to the inn in such a drove, that upwards of a hundred were all squeezed together, opening their mouths and ears at this tremendous story.

To make up in some sort for my dismal journey, I resolved to laugh a little and be merry at their cost, intending at the same time to cure them of such frights, by showing them their folly in the present instance. With this view I mounted my horse again behind the inn, went round about, till I had rode the distance of half a mile; then turning, I disposed of my accoutrements, that is to say, my cloak and lantern, as before, and on I came upon a gallop towards the inn. You should have seen the frighted mob of peasants, how they hid their faces at the sight, and crowded into the passage. There was no one but the host that had courage to remain and keep his eye upon me. I was now before the door, on which I shifted the position of my lantern, let my cloak drop down upon my shoulders, and appeared the same figure he had seen me by his kitchen fire.

It was not without difficulty that we could bring the simple people from their terror, who had crowd

ed in for safety: the three travellers in particular, as the first impression was still strong within them, could not credit what they saw. We finished by a hearty laugh at their expence, and talking of the man whose head was like a flame of fire and placed beneath his shoulder.

This is my ghost story; and perhaps if I had not afforded these people such a conviction of their groundless apprehension, the story of my strange appearance would have passed from one old woman to another, and for centuries occasioned mortal fears throughout the country.

It depended only on me too, in the same manner, said Mr. Fairfield, to afford the subject of a fine story to the gossips of my county, in an adventure that befel me one night, about the time of my leaving school.

I was come home at Midsummer, and had received an invitation from my uncle, to be with him for a month or thereabouts. While I was there, I had occasion to get up one night, or rather morning. I was obliged to pass along a gallery, and had nothing but the moon to guide my steps, and that was very much obscured by clouds. In going by a window which opened to the garden, I saw a monstrous figure moving at a little distance from the gallery where I was. The moon, which cast a faint light on the monster, gave it an appearance rather frightful. It was like a great Colossus, with the upper part inclining forward. As it went away

I saw it by degrees diminish. All at once, however, it appeared to come in two. One half seemed motionless and dead, the other greatly agitated; but as neither of the two approached me, in the fear that seized me I had strength enough to bawl out, Help! help! help! I had but time to utter these three words, before the living half of the phantom ran up to the gallery where I was, and in a suppliant accent said to me, Ah, master Charles, do not cry out for Heaven's sake. I thought I remembered the voice; and, taking courage, went boldly up to it, crying out, who are you? Some housebreaker doubtless?—No, no, master, I am Sam the coachman.—Sam the coachman! answered I; and what are you about at such an hour as this?—I followed him, for he was now gone from me, and perceived a sack of something placed against the wall. I now saw clearly what had given him so monstrous an appearance; and why he seemed to come in two, when he had thrown the sack off his shoulders. I demanded what the sack had in it.—I am going, answered he, early to town. Last night, I quite forgot to carry my horses their supply of oats, and they must eat before they leave the stable. So I rose to get it; but pray do not speak a word about it in the house, I beg you: they might think me very careless, and perhaps a thief.—It came into my head, upon the spot, that he might in fact be what he seemed afraid of being thought. I had myself the night before, I remembered, met him with a sack of oats upon his back. Besides, it was not towards

the stable that he was going, he was very near a little door which opened at the bottom of the garden towards a lane; and besides, I thought two sacks of oats were a great deal more than three horses, (for my uncle had but three) could want. At breakfast I informed my uncle of this business. After some examination, it was found that the coachman had a false key in his possession, by means of which he had at different times purloined the corn intended for the horses.

Now, if when the phantom had approached, and called me by name, I had not overcome my first fright, but ran away to shun him, with what terrible ideas should I have been possessed all night? The idea of this monster might perhaps have accompanied me through my whole life, and rendered me a coward, if it had not touched my brain, and robbed me of my understanding.

Mr. Fitzwilliam in his turn remarked that nothwould have been more likely. As a proof of which, I have been very lately told of an unhappy incident, which shows how terrible the effects of fear may be on children. I will tell it at length, my little friends, and I hope the story will not fail to cure you of a wish to frighten one another when it is dark, if ever you indulge in such a practice.

Charles Pomeroy, a child of great vivacity and understanding, had taken such a fancy for music, that, beside his daily lesson on the organ, which his master came to give him every morning, he would

go at night on a visit to his master, who resided in the neighbourhood, and there repeat it.

Charles's brother Augustus was a good boy likewise, but had something of a turn towards drollery; and spent the time, when Charles was at his book, scheming how he might play off some trick or other, no ways minding who became the object of his waggery. He took notice that his brother frequently came home alone, and sometimes when it was dark; and he turned his thoughts upon a contrivance to frighten him a little. He could walk on stilts. One evening, therefore, at the time that his brother was expected home, he put himself into a pair of very high ones, wrapped a large white sheet about him, which trailed far behind upon the ground; and took a broad brimmed hat which he flapped down, and having covered it with crape, of a sufficient length to hang a great way down on every side, but most of all before, put it on his head. Thus frightfully equipped, he placed himself upright, and at a little distance from the house, close by the garden gate, through which his brother always entered. Charles was now returning in the innocent delight peculiar to a child, and humming to himself the tune that he had been playing. He was scarcely come within a dozen paces of the gate, when he perceived the vast Colossus, advancing to attack him. Agitated with a mortal fright, at such an apparition, he fell down upon the ground, deprived of understanding. Poor Augustus who had not foreseen the consequences of his fatal frolic, threw away his mask immediate-

ly, and fell upon his brother's almost breathless body; and did every thing in his power to reanimate him; but alas! the unhappy little fellow, as he found, was every thing but dead. His parents instantly ran to the spot, and with a great deal of difficulty brought him back to life. He opened his eyes, and viewed them with a vacant stupid look. They called him by every tender name; but he appeared as if he did not comprehend them. He endeavoured, but in vain, to speak: his tongue tried to do so, but without articulation. He is now deaf, dumb, and foolish, and will very probably remain so all his lifetime. Six or seven months have passed since this deplorable occurrence, and the doctors who attend him have, as yet, done nothing toward his cure.

Imagine, little friends, if you are able, the distress and sorrow of his parents. It would certainly have been better, both for them and him, had he died upon the spot. They would not then have every day before them such a piteous object of affliction and despair. But their distress is nothing in comparison to that of Augustus. Since the unhappy accident, he has become like a skeleton, much more than a human creature. He can neither eat nor sleep. His tears exhaust him. Twenty times a day, he he walks about the room, and suddenly stops short: he wrings his hands, plucks out his hair, and even curses his birth. He calls and embraces his dear brother, who no longer knows him. I have seen them both, and cannot tell which of the two is most unhappy.

THE TATLER.

AURELIA, though kind and good-tempered, had contracted one great fault, and that was calumny. She published every where whatever she saw amiss in others, though they were her dearest friends. The inexperience of her age induced her very often to ascribe the most trifling actions to improper motives; and a single word spoken in sport, was enough to make her form the worst suspicions, which as soon as formed, she would run into company and tell of, as if they were facts. She frequently even added circumstances to them drawn from her imagination, only with a view of making her stories more likely. You may easily conceive what mischief such conduct must produce. It was not long before one family was set against another in her neighbourhood. The discord afterwards affected individuals: wives and husbands, brothers, masters and domestics, were soon at variance with each other. Mutual confidence was destroyed among those whose company the little girl visited with her mother. People went so far, at last, as to shut their doors against her, as they would have done against a wretch tainted with the plague; but neither hatred nor humiliation could correct a vice, which custom had so deeply rivetted within her heart.

This glory was reserved for Dorinda, her cousin, who was the only person now that would receive her visits, and return them; as she always lived in

hopes of being able, in the end, to show her the enormity of her behaviour, and preserve her life from sorrow.

Miss Aurelia went one day to see her cousin, and employed an hour or two in telling spiteful tales of all their common friends, though she knew with what uneasiness her cousin heard them. It was all the same to her.

And now, said Aurelia, having stopped for want of breath, your turn has come to tell me something. You see company enough to have a stock of little anecdotes at all times on hand.

My dear Aurelia, answered Dorinda, whenever I am visiting my friends, I wish to taste the pleasures of their company; and am not such an idiot, as to lose it by observing their defects. Besides, I find I have so many myself, that I cannot possibly have time to think of the defects of others: having every need of their indulgence, I am wise enough to grant them mine. I rather choose to rivet my attention upon every commendable quality which they possess, and to endeavour to acquire it. You must be in a faultless state yourself, before you can proceed to note the faults of others. I congratulate you on having this faultless state, which I am so unhappy as to want. Continue, cousin, this employment of a charitable censor, and lead mankind to virtue by exposing the deformity of vice. You cannot fail of meriting the esteem of others for such generous cares.

Aurelia could not fail of being conscious that she was become a public object of aversion and disgust;

and therefore felt the severity of her cousin's sarcasm. She began, from that day forward, to reflect with real seriousness upon the danger of her indiscretion. She even trembled at the recollection of those mischiefs that she had caused, and now determined to prevent their progress. It was difficult at first to throw off a custom, that she had long indulged, of seeing things on the unfavourable side; but what can withstand a steady resolution? In the end, she was so totally reformed, that she applied her penetration to such objects only as deserved applause; and the detestable enjoyments of malignity that were succeeded by a purer satisfaction. She was the first to set all doubtful actions in such points of view, that others might excuse them. When she could not put them in a favourable light, it is likely, she would say, I do not know every circumstance attending them: no doubt, there were commendable motives, such as I am not acquainted with. In short, whenever the case would not admit of any thing approaching to the nature of indulgence, she would pity the offending person, and impute her fault to too great precipitation, or ignorance of the mischief that she was committing.

However, it was very long indeed before she could regain those hearts, which her former manners had alienated. She was arrived, by this time, to the age when most young ladies think of being settled, but could see no prospect of a husband. People had avoided her with so much care for years, that now she seemed as much forgotten, as if she had withdrawn herself into a convent.

No wonder then that she should suppose herself condemned to pass her days in solitude, deprived of all those pleasures that accompany a happy marriage, and the enjoyment of a chosen set of friends: but fortune determined otherwise; for a gentleman, who came upon a visit to her father, having heard her generously undertake to shield the reputation of an absent person, whom some one in the company accused, was so delighted with a goodness like his own, as to conclude that she was exactly of the turn of mind that would make him happy. He solicited her hand, and made her mistress in return both of his heart and fortune.

Aurelia, more and more convinced of the pernicious consequences of blazing other people's faults, and the delightful satisfaction which self-esteem and the respect of worthy people cannot but bestow, every day proposes her example to her children, to preserve them from the ruin she had nearly suffered.

She has given me leave to write her story in this book, for the instruction of my little friends, if there be any like her who may read it. I, for my part, know not whether there be any such: but if there should, I persuade myself, that, after the instruction of this story, they will be the better.

THE PROVIDENT FATHER.

Father.

THIS is the first time, Charles, that I have had the opportunity of being alone with you. What have you been doing ever since our separation?

Charles. I have been incessantly tormented with a thousand projects that have constantly destroyed each other. I have been working hard, yet doing nothing, like a multitude of other young people of an ardent imagination, who have no employ to take up their attention.

Father. I am pleased to find you wish for employment, and a settled state; but, Charles, we ought to wait till such time as the tree is come to its full strength, if we would wish it should bear fruit.

Charles. Do talents and wisdom constantly accompany a certain age? Is it so very strange to see a young man, not even in his twentieth year—

Father. Have much more knowledge and intrinsic merit than old men, bent down beneath the weight of old age?—Agreed; but then it is very rare to see, at such an age, that strength of character which makes man active.

Charles. But there must surely be a time when a young man feels an irresistible degree of strength, that carries him along: a devouring fire consumes us; and I for my part, feel a strength within me which I think equal to the power of moving mountains.

Father. And then you enter into a world where

nothing of that sort exists; where every step that you take is limited; where you have constantly to combat envy, sordid interest, caprice, brutal stupidity, and illiberal prejudice. Believe me, the most active virtue, and an upright heart, can never hope to prove successful, if one has not besides an indefatigable constancy, and a penetration almost divine, to scrutinize deceit and villainy. And if these qualities are so rare, even in the wisest men, how can we hope to find them in the restless unsettled minds of youth?—Do you know to what I compare this inward consciousness of your strength? To a torch, that will indifferently carry you before children, women, and old men, but which the first breath of wind will infallibly put out. I would have the strength of manhood to concentrate in the heart, as fire within the substance of a stone: in general invisible, but when once it is struck, the eye is sure of seeing sparks come forth. However, what I say is not to show that I ought to let you pass your time unoccupied. At present, I am even so happy as to have procured you an employ.

Charles. An employ! O sir, how much I thank you!

Father. Be persuaded, that the greatest joy which a father can possess, is to make his children happy.

Charles. I assure you, if ever industry, and what is more, a proper disposition, are rewarded with success, you shall not have to blush for my behaviour.

Father. I rely, indeed, upon your zeal sufficiently to be persuaded, that at no time you will look on

any occupation as unworthy of your care; for even the slightest inattention in you may draw after it the worst consequences.

Charles. I am sensible how much the honour of my country requires at my hands.

Fath. Such honour is a great affair, dear Charles, and should entirely occupy a feeling and an upright heart: and that your sentiments may always be adapted to each circumstance, observe and study what we call the genius of the nation; do whatever you are able to discover both of its strength and weakness, and consult incessantly those most advanced in years, whose age has ripened their experience. Thus, Charles, you will never have to fear a mis-employment of your knowledge, which is too frequently the fault of young men, even such as have the best propensities.

Charles. I think, I have formed myself on the surest principles, dear father.

Father. Take care how you establish novel systems; but attack all prejudice, and not that only, but injustice likewise. Be assiduous to eradicate them from the hearts of men. In general, never publish your designs before the proper time, and build not up your reputation on the ruins of a rival. Censure no one, but proceed in silence to the execution of your enterprises.

Charles. I have frequently remarked, that the desire of imitating on one hand, and blaming on the other, are very common faults; and that enthusiastic imitators and malignant critics are quite indo-

lent, while they announce themselves to others with a deal of disgusting pomp and bustle.

Father. I should even like——But I am too verbose. It is a father's heart that now lays itself open.

Charles. O, my father, can you possibly supply the son that loves you, and is so loved by you, with too many guides, considering that he is really so inexperienced, and has such a high career displayed before him? For your salutary counsels shall be always my directors.

Father. Well, my child, then have a veneration and regard for truth; that is the base of every principle of action. Never labour to establish even public welfare by improper measures; and if ever any one should offer to persuade you to it, on pretences of necessity, abandon him to his remorse, and look upon him as an enemy to his country, not openly perhaps, but so in secret.

Charles. How my heart is lightened of a burthen that oppressed it! and how earnestly I mean to put in practice, for the welfare of my fellow citizens, all the observations that I have made! With how much zeal and ardour I intend to raise my voice against abuses!

Father. Very well! But then think, think, my son, that men in vain aspire to reach perfection; and remember always, that the greatest art, the greatest effort of man's genius, is, amongst many inconveniences, to choose the least.

Charles. Aided by your counsel and experience, I shall soon arrive at some more elevated situation.

Father. I should rather choose that you would endeavour to become a useful man. To be continually going forward, and to quit one place, where we may frequently be necessary, with the view of filling up another, where we shall not prove of so much use, is to betray our country, and to cheapen and degrade our merit. To be great is to be nothing more than what we should be. And yet, after all, do not imagine that, proceeding in this manner, you will never meet with obstacles. You will, it is very likely, fail at last, oppressed beneath the burthen of those benefits that you have conferred, and be condemned to life unknown; and calumny will put upon your best intentions sinister interpretations. Be not, however, upon this account discouraged, but pursue your plans with firmness; for a time will come when your assistance will be sought. And should even this your expectation, in itself so just, be disappointed, in such case, the consciousness of your integrity will be your recompense and consolation.

THE MONKEY.

Francis, and his play-mate Philemon, were at the window. As it chanced, they heard a pipe and tabor. Looking up the street, they saw a bear approaching sternly, and a man conducting him by a

chain, to which the creature was fastened. I should be afraid, said Philemon, to stand too near that animal; for do but listen, Francis: did you ever hear such growling? I should quake if I were by him. O, he could not hurt, answered Francis; you may see he has a muzzle to prevent his biting.

They were talking thus, when Bruin, or the bear, was come exactly opposite their window, in his progress down the street. Two monkeys now took up the little gentleman's attention. One was light and nimble, but the other not so active. Both were jumping to and fro on Bruin's back, who suffered them to play their tricks as if he did not care about it. They had fruit in plenty thrown them by the mob, which they caught in their paws as soon as it was flung to them, and swallowed almost instantly. But what delighted them particularly were the nuts which the people threw. Seated on their breech, and holding them between their fore-paws, they broke the shells and picked kernels out with something of an air.

It chanced, a very large one came among the rest. The heavy monkey raised himself upon his long hind-legs to get it; but the little one darted forward, and seized it in the air before it could reach him. Cheated of his prey by the little one, he gnashed his teeth with rage. His front grew wrinkled, and his eyes flashed fire: he thrust his claws out, fell upon the little one, and seemed upon the point of tearing it to pieces. The bear found it very difficult to save him.

Do you see, said Francis to his little friend, how frightful that same monkey has become since he fell into a rage, and how he shows his teeth? O no, I should not like to be within his reach! How terrible! I should be scared to death!

Indeed? said Philemon. Well then, can you imagine it?—but yesterday, when you were in a passion, you were like him. Look, you had all his wrinkles; you even grinned as he does now; your eyes showed what a passion you was in, and, like the monkey, you seemed ready to devour poor little Harry, who had, notwithstanding, done you no great harm. I only wished I could have had a looking-glass. Your face was in reality so ugly, it would have frightened you.

Indeed! said Francis: Is it possible that I resembled such an odious beast? I could not but have been extremely frightful if I did; and must endeavour for the future never to be in a passion. When I find I'm growing angry, I will then bethink me of the monkey, recollect the malice in his countenance, and that will make me shudder at the thought of being like him. Do you too, my dear Philemon, if I forget this resolution, remind me of it like a friend.

Philemon assured him he would do so, and was faithful to his promise. Francis by degrees got rid entirely of his wrathful habit, or was very rarely in a passion. He enjoyed the greater happiness, and his indulgent parents were not less transported at his reformation.

AMELIA.

Amelia, when scarcely six years old, was very fond of her mother, and wished continually to be with her. On a certain day, Amelia's mother was going to market, and the little girl entreated to accompany her. You will only be troublesome to me, child, said she. No, no; I hope, I shall not be troublesome to you, said Amelia; and pressed so much that her mamma at last consented to give her leave.

They set out, therefore, both together. Their house was in the country, and the paths proved very bad. Amelia was frequently forced to walk behind her mother, when the ruts would not permit them to walk alongside. They were now come very near the town; and as it chanced, the road was crowded with a multitude of people passing every way. The little girl was often separated from her mother; but this gave her no uneasiness, as after two or three such accidents, she had rejoined her with ease; but the nearer they approached the market, the more she perceived the crowd to augment. This should have made her more watchful of the way that her mother went; and yet, a sort of puppet-show had sufficient charms to detain her. She stopped to gaze on Punchinello. In the midst of her entertainment, however, she turned round, but could not see her mother; she ran on, calling out and scrambling up a bank, at once looked over all the people's heads: but it was in vain. She could

not see her, could not hear her voice; and now the little maiden, being frightened, durst not mix among so great a crowd, that jostled one another. So she got into a corner, called out, mother! mother! and burst into a flood of tears.

The people that went by, looked at her, *There is a little girl,* said one, *in a piteous taking!—What is the matter with you?* asked another.—*I have lost my mother!—O, never mind it,* answered he; *you will find her again, I warrant you.* A third said, *Do not cry, my little girl. She will not come to you the sooner for that.*—Thus said many, and they all went on about their business.

By good luck, however, an old woman who sold eggs and butter, and was lame, and therefore could not walk without a crutch, was going by, but seeing her in such distress, stopped and pitied her.—*And which way was your mother going, little dear,* said the woman, *when you lost her?—She was going to the market,* said Amelia.—*Well, be comforted,* replied the first; *and come with me. I will take you to the market. You will find her there, no doubt.* Amelia gave her hand that moment to the good old woman, and soon reached the market. As they entered, she perceived her mother, gave a cry of joy, and her mother came up immediately. She took the little girl into her arms, and said, You frightened me exceedingly, my child, by wandering from me: and the child instantly burst into tears.

She told her of the puppet-show, and that she had stopped to look at it; how she called out after her, and how the good old market-woman, and she

only, took pity on her and brought her through the drowd. Amelia's mother thanked the woman, bought what eggs and butter she had left, and gave her more than she asked. Amelia kissed her ten times over; and while going home would talk of nothing but the good old market-woman.

When the first fine weather came, Amelia begged her mother to go and see Dame Dunch, which was the market-woman's name: and she consented, took a loaf of bread, and half a pound of tea, with sugar in proportion. Dame Dunch's dwelling was a wooden one: it was not large, but very clean and comfortable. In the front, there was a little grass-plat, shaded on every side by fruit-trees; upon which, Amelia played till evening with a niece of the Dame, who was as kind and good-natured as her aunt.

Amelia's mother always bought Dame Dunch's eggs and butter, but complained that she rated them at too low a price; while Dame Dunch would have it that she was paid too much. Amelia and her mother gave the good woman all the assistance in their power; and when in *her* turn the old woman could be serviceable to Amelia or her mother, she would put on her linen apron, take her crutch, and come quite out of breath but very joyous.

Thus they did each other mutual service: but the good old woman had the greatest reason to rejoice, that she had taken pity on a little girl in trouble. In the act of helping her, she did not think that her good heart would gain her such a multitude of happy hours.

THE FIRST TRIAL OF COURAGE.

Mrs. Raymond. I WISH very much to know which of my two children will show most courage to-day, when Mr. Spence arrives.

Augustus. What, mamma! is he coming to-day?

Mrs. R. I expect him.

Laura. What, the person who drew out a tooth for my papa the other day?

Mrs. R. Yes, my dear, he is a very skilful dentist. I have begged that he would call here this morning, to look at your teeth.

Augustus. That must be for my sister, I suppose. For my part I hope he will pull out no teeth of mine.

Laura. I am sure, I hope the same.

Mrs. R. Yet I fancy, my little friends, he will be obliged to pull out one for each of you. You, Laura, have one that is very loose; and you, Augustus, have two that grow too close together, the forwardest of which must be removed.

Augustus. What do you say, mamma? I have not one too many, I assure you.

Mrs. R. Mr. Spence must decide that.

Laura. But it will hurt me.

Mrs. R. I fear it will, my dear girl. However, you must not be afraid, the operation is soon over; and if it is ever so painful, it is absolutely necessary to be done.

Laura. I do not see what necessity there is to give me pain, mamma. I do not wish it to be done.

Mrs. R. I believe you. Nobody in the world wishes for such a thing. But when a great advantage is to be gained by submitting to a temporary pain, it would be very ridiculous not to consent to it quietly.

Augustus. O, I will keep my mouth so closely shut, that Mr. Spence will be very cunning, if he looks into it.

Mrs. R. I advise you, good sir, to speak in a style less earnest, and more sensible. You will keep your mouth shut! A very great effort of good sense, to be sure. Would you have me look upon you as a coward, unable to support the slightest pain? If I were you, I should be very much ashamed to have a stranger get such an opinion of me.

Augustus. So should I, my dear mamma, but—

Mrs. R. My dear boy, hear me. Do you not think that it hurts me very much to see you suffer? When you were so very sick, did you not take notice that I lost my rest and my appetite, and that I was yet more uneasy than yourself? You may imagine then, that if I have determined for you to undergo a painful operation, I must have some very pressing reason for it. My reason is this. I should be very much afflicted that my children should have irregular teeth when they grow up, and be obliged to pull them out then, when they can have no new ones in their places. This is a consideration very touching to a mother who loves you; but to you, I

should think, it must be still more powerful, as you are more concerned in it. The question to you is nothing less than whether you will have a disfigured mouth, for the rest of your life, or one well furnished with teeth. Do you, Laura, understand what I have just said to your brother?

Laura. Yes, mamma. But how much will it hurt me?

Mrs. R. I cannot possibly tell the exact quantity of pain that you will feel; but this I know, that it depends entirely upon yourself to make it much more supportable. Shall I tell you how?

Laura. O dear, yes, mamma. Pray do.

Mrs. R. It is, to make no useless resistance, but with a good grace to allow Mr. Spence to perform his operation. Your brother talked of shutting his mouth. If you undertake to do so too, do you suppose he would not find some means to open it? You may be sure beforehand, that the more you twist about, the more he will be obliged to hurt you. If complaints, instead of being mere marks of weakness, could in the least assuage pain, there would be some excuse. But since they answer no end whatever, and only make you more sensible of what you suffer, it seems to me a great disgrace, as well as a great folly, to give way to such cowardly inclinations.

Augustus. Well, mamma, we will see. Tell us how we ought to behave.

Mrs. R. Nothing is more easy. I only ask you to be quite still for one minute, and all will be over. You were in the room next to your papa, when he

had a tooth pulled. I took you in immediately after: did you hear him make any complaints?

Laura. That is because my papa has a hundred times as much strength as we have.

Mrs. R. Very true. But then his tooth was a hundred times more firmly fixed than yours. It is much harder to pull up a large oak, than a young sapling.

Augustus. What pleasure is it that this Mr. Spence takes in tearing people's jaws?

Mrs. R. He does it not for his pleasure, but for his support; and a very useful employment it is; which saves us many cruel torments.

Augustus. But, as he is paid for pulling teeth, the more he takes out, the more he gets. Suppose he were to pull all I have, one after another,

Mrs. R. It would be much more profitable to him to leave them all in, even the bad ones: for then you would be obliged to send to him very often to clean them, or put them in order; whereas, with a little attention to them every day, you will have no further occasion to employ him. See how well I have kept mine by a little of that care.

Laura. Is that because you had some drawn when you were no bigger than I?

Mrs. R. Without doubt. I had a mother who watched tenderly over every thing that was of consequence to me. She spoke to me as I am now speaking to you.

Laura. Do you remember it then? Did you cry very much?

Mrs. R. No, my dear. I can do myself the justice to say that I did not.

Laura. And what did you do to avoid it?

Mrs. R. I comprehended immediately that my outcries could answer no end, but that of making my mother miserable, exposing me in the eyes of the dentist, as a little girl without any resolution, and thus rendering me contemptible to myself.

Augustus. Well, mamma, I hope I shall not cry at all.

Mrs. R. I have no doubt that if you take that resolution, you will be able to keep it: especially if you recollect that one day or other, you will be a man.

Laura. But what I am to do who am only a woman?

Mrs. R. Women have no less occasion than men for resolution to support pain. Perhaps the very weakness of their frame requires a still higher degree of courage and patience. In order to have this fortitude ready for the great evils of life, it must first be exercised in the smallest. I have taken early care to strengthen your minds so as to despise the little accidents common to your age, such as falls, sprains, and bruises: it is time to fortify you in the same manner against sufferings more acute. However, in this case, I do not think you will have much to suffer. Your teeth are not yet sufficiently rooted to require much effort in removing. They are like tender blades of grass, held to the earth by very slender roots, which may be pulled up easily without injury. I have thought it nec-

cessary to prepare you for the pain of this operation, whatever it may be, for fear that if you found it more acute than you expected, you might have had a right to accuse me of deceiving you.

Laura. You know, mamma, that I always trust you entirely.

Augustus. O, mamma, I know you. I am not at all afraid now.

Mrs. R. I am delighted at having inspired you with this confidence in me, and at finding you so reasonable. I will not therefore treat you like those foolish children that have biscuits or playthings promised them for consenting to lose a useless tooth. I reserve for you a reward more worthy of you and of me. Whoever is most courageous, and most firm, shall have the most tender kiss.

Augustus. You shall see, mamma, that I will deserve two.

Laura. And I, brother, will take care to have as many as you.

Augustus. Very well, we shall see. Mr. Spence may come now as soon as he thinks proper.

ADVANTAGES OF SOCIABILITY.

FERDINAND was by nature of a thoughtful and observing turn. In his walks with his uncle, nothing that struck his view was lost to his reflections. His cousins complained that, whlie he appeared to

enjoy so much himself, he sought so little to contribute to the general amusement of the family. They thought at first of requesting their father not to take him with them any more, but a more gentle method of correcting him soon occurred. They agreed together to hold the same conduct with him, for some days, that he maintained in general towards them. One went to see Westminster-abbey; another the regalia and armoury at the Tower; a third the exhibition at Somerset-house; but when they came home, the accounts which they generally gave to each other of what they remarked were suppressed. Instead of that mutual communication of the pleasures of the day which made their evenings pass so delightfully before, a grave reserve and a tiresome silence took place amongst them. Ferdinand remarked this change with as much surprise as mortification.—He felt the want of those effusions of communicative cheerfulness, which indeed rarely originated from him, but in which he never failed to interest himself. Accustomed as he was to reflection, he easily perceived the injustice of his own behaviour, and soon became as free as he had before been reserved. When he yielded to this amiable principle, which is implanted in men by nature in order to connect and unite them by sentiment, his heart tasted the pleasures of benevolence and friendship; and his ardent desire of knowledge found new means of gratification from the lights which he collected from others, at the same time that he imparted his information to them.

THE PRUDENT OFFICER

COLONEL Tavernor, who, by his merit, had attained that high rank, observed with great concern that the officers belonging to his regiment gave up their time and faculties entirely to gaming. Intent upon their reformation, he invited them to dine with him; and having brought the conversation round to such a point that gaming might be naturally introduced, he gave them the subjoined short narrative of his own life.

I was no sooner out of college, than my parents bought me a lieutenancy, then vacant in the regiment I have now the honour to command. The love I had for study in my infancy, made them hope I should be equally desirous to discharge the duties of my new condition, and attain the reputation they durst imagine they were to see me in. For some few months, I acted so as not to disappoint their expectations; but soon after, the pernicious model set me by my brother officers, with their persuasions, having drawn me in to make one with them at their meetings, the insatiate demon *Play* obtained such strong possession of my heart, that every duty, which hindered me from gratifying this new passion, soon became intolerable. I could hardly bring myself to quit the gaming table for an hour, however I might stand in need of rest. In sleep, I dreamed of heaps of gold and silver. I was always shuf-

noise of dice was ever

y of eating was become my
owed my meat in haste, that I
as little absent from my gambling partners
as I could.

The beauteous mornings of the spring, the charming evenings of the summer, the voluptuous calmness of the weather in harvest time, every thing in short most capable of pleasing the imagination when it contemplates on nature, was to me entirely lost; even friendship, had no further place in me, I was only in the company of gamesters. The idea of my parents was grown painful to me; and if ever I reflected upon God, it was in blasphemies poured out against his holy name.

At first, I must acknowledge, fortune was particularly favorable to me; which had so bewildered and debased my understanding, as to make me often spread my winnings on the ground, and lie upon them, that all those who knew me might assert with truth, and in the literal sense of the expression, I rolled in gold.

For three whole years my life passed on in these unworthy occupations. It is impossible for me at present to remember them, and refrain from blushing at the stain they have reflected on my honour: and if possible, I would efface them now, by giving up half the remaining days I have to live. But how shall I presume to mention an excess more frightful still, of which no worthy conduct will remove the blot, even after twenty years passed in probity and

honour? Judge, my friends, how anxious I must be, to render my deplorable example useful to you, by the pain I suffer, when I thus submit to so humiliating a confession.

I was once commanded to go out with a recruiting party; but, alas! resigned the business of it to my sergeant, while I followed my unhappy passion. Two days afterwards he brought me twenty men to have their bounty-money paid them. I had lost, the night before, not only every thing I was myself possessed of in the world, but likewise the whole sum delivered me for this recruiting service. Think then, gentlemen, what must have been my sorrow and despair, in such a situation! I despatched that moment an express to where our regiment lay in quarters, and ingenuously confessing my misconduct, begged a brother officer to lend me what I wanted.

How! replied that officer, give up so great a sum of money to a gambler by profession? No; if I must either lose my property, or give up my connection with a man whose conduct makes his friendship infamous, it is my property I will keep.

Immediately on reading this insulting answer, I was utterly beside myself; and still remember as if it had happened yesterday, the dreadful images that at once came crowding into my imagination: on one hand, the distress and indignation of my father, the dishonor I was fixing on my family, as well as every one who knew me, and the dread of being broken with infamy; and on the other hand the bril-

liant prospect of that promotion I might have risen to, by an honorable conduct in my post. Nor did I afterwards recover the possession of my understanding, but to think of perpetrating a second crime, that I might be delivered from that ignominy which my first would bring upon me. I was ready to perpetrate such a desperate resolution, when I saw the very officer come into my apartment, whose reply had hurried me, as I have said, into this state of madness.

In the first emotion of my rage, I fell upon him like a fiend; but he disarmed me very quickly; and while I little thought of what was to ensue, embraced me, and began as follows. "I replied a little harshly to your letter, as I meant by such an answer, you should see the horror of that situation into which your rashness has precipitated you; but I perceive the effect it has upon you. Now that you repent, my property, my life, and every thing I have, you may command, as you think proper."

"Hold," continued he, and threw his purse on the table, "here is what will serve to pay your new recruits; and the remainder may supply you at the gaming-table, if you mean to return thither."

Mean to return to the gaming-table! Never, never, answered I; and clasped him to my heart.

Since that time, I have rigidly kept my word. From that day forward I determined to have done with all expensive pleasures, and apply my savings to the purpose of repaying what my generous friend had lent me. I employed my leisure time in study. My attention to the service recommended me to my

superiors; and to such a happy revolution in the course of my affairs, I am indebted for the honour of my present station in the army.

This recital made so powerful an impression on his officers, that every game of hazard ceased among them, and a noble emulation to arrive at useful knowledge, quenched that low ambition to win money, that before was so common. Such was the good consequence resulting from their prudent colonel's lesson.

A GAME AT BACKGAMMON.

Mr. Harper had been buying for his children, George and Lucy, what they call a draught-board, and backgammon table at the back, with thirty men, two red morocco boxes, and a pair of dice.

The children did not, as yet, understand both games; they were a little skilled in draughts; but backgammon was all Greek to them; so they begged their papa to give them some instruction in it. Mr. Harper, who was always ready to make one in their diversions, undertook the task, with pleasure; and, by turns, sat down with both, while the one who was not in the game, looked on for improvement.

I shall not detain you with describing, how they reckoned up the pips upon the dice, when they had thrown them, by the assistance of their fingers; or the blunders they were every minute making. I choose rather to inform you, that in a little more

than a month, they understood backgammon tolerably well, and could play with one another. Lucy bent her study to secure the hit; but George, more ambitious, would be satisfied with nothing but the gammon.

Their papa, one day, stood by while they were playing. After some bad throws, George lost all temper, and his moves, of course, were very injudicious; but his sister, who was calm and steady, carried every thing before her.

George, like other players, while he shook the box, did not fail to name the points he wanted, either to fill up his table, or defeat his adversary. *Cinq* and *quatre! Size* and *trey!* were his exclamations, but no; they would not come; and it was always deuce and ace, or double treys, or something full as bad, that turned up in their stead. He stamped on the ground, or when he threw the dice, was so outrageous, as to fling the dice box after, crying out, Was ever any thing so cross-grained and unlucky? one would think the matter were contrived to spite me!

Lucy, on the other hand, when in throwing she called for such a number as she wanted, and was disappointed, far from giving way to useless lamentation, thought what *move* would be most judicious, after her bad throw; and frequently her father was surprised to see how she would make amends for want of luck, and in an instant, as it were, recover, when he thought her on the point of being worsted.

And when victory declared for her with all the honors of a triumph, she would constantly and mod-

estly avoid the glory of her conquest; while poor George, ashamed of being beaten, durst not lift his eyes. Upon one of these occasions, when his father had been standing by, and noticed his bad playing, he addressed him to the following purport.

Mr. Harper. George, you have richly merited to lose this game.

George. And not this only, but the others, I acknowledge, for my fault in playing with a person who is constantly so lucky.

Mr. Harper. It would seem, to hear you talk, that luck is every thing at such a game as this.

George. No, papa; but when one has such throws as——

Mr. Harper. It was scarcely possible your throws should benefit you, when you played your men so injudiciously, and Lucy with so much attention: but you talk of having had such throws, and there your fault lies; for you paid attention to your sister's dice, instead of noticing her men, that you might learn to move as she did. What would be your notions of a gardener, who, without consulting the variety of seasons, should conduct himself by chance in his plantation, and complain that in the end, his fruit was not so good or plenteous as his neighbour's, who had been attentive to all circumstances in the prosecution of his labour.

George. O papa, that's very different.

Mr. Harper. And in what, pray? let me know.

George. I can't well answer you in that. I think it so, however.

Mr. Harper. I am ashamed, on your account, to

see you have recourse to such poor shifts as little minds employ, when they resolve at all events to support their cause; for tell me, have you really discerned in the comparison I instanced, any thing that hinders it from having a relation to the subject we are on?

George. To say the truth then, no. I did not once think of it. I was only anxious to avoid the appearances of being worsted in the argument I thought you would have entered into.

Mr. Harper. You may see, then, what you get by such evasions. You were only to be blamed for wanting judgment: and you added instantly thereto a want of justice, which is more condemnable. By using such a pitiful subterfuge against a thoughtful adversary, do you think he will become its dupe, and yield you up the conquest? Never. He will see the folly of it first, and afterwards the meanness. You will find you might have been entitled to his pity, but will meet with his contempt; and not *his* only, but your own.

George. I hope, papa, I have not made you angry, that you speak so to me?

Mr. Harper. You are sensible I never spare reproof, when I see any thing that leads, however round-about, to meanness or injustice. Such a lesson you will get from no one but your father; and I give it you from motives of affection, that another may not have occasion to bestow it on you from moroseness. The confession you first made me, of not having once considered what you spoke of, and which only could proceed from an ingenuous turn of

mind, persuades me you will never want a lesson of the kind.

George. I know, papa, you save me many mortifying minutes.

Mr. Harper. I can think of no other way of doing so than this of giving instruction; but at present let me come to the comparison I instanced; and I hope we shall be no less able to derive improvement from it, than illustrate what beforehand we were speaking of.

George. Let's see, let's see, papa: I promise I will not seek to contradict you; but, provided I observe it vary in the least from what you meant it should explain, you will give me leave in that case?

Mr. Harper. I desire no gentler treatment. I shall be rejoiced to have you give me juster notions; for believe me, when I tell you, that a rational self-love finds satisfaction, even in confessing its mistakes. Self-love, if rational, has always an unfeigned respect for truth, a veneration for reciprocal or mutual justice; and that reason, which can spring thus nobly from its fall, is in the way of never stumbling a second time.

George. Ah papa! I see I must a long while keep, as you have called it, a tight rein on mine.

Mr. Harper. You must; but loose, at least, *that* of your imagination, so that you may follow, while I show the way. I told you, that a player at backgammon should pursue the conduct of a skilful gardener in his garden. If the one endeavors to procure his tree a handsome looking trunk, and make such disposition of the branches, as may get him the

these rays, some far more brilliant than the others indeed, but strengthened all by each other, that makes up that glare of light collected in the focus of their union. I shall really be glad, if you inure yourself early, George, to consider all the objects you would judge of, by comparing them with others that already are familiar to your understanding; by contrasting them with one another, and remarking, in this contrast, every circumstance by which they may resemble, or be foreign to each other. This method is most natural and sure. It is a method those persons have followed, who, by exercising their imagination, have attained to the sublimity and pathos of a Homer, a Voltaire, or a Milton, who, by studying the affections of the human heart, have made themselves a Sophocles, a Moliere, or a Shakespeare; who, by rising to the origin of our ideas, have become a Condillac, or Locke; who, by investigating nature, have acquired the praises of an Aristotle, a Buffon, or an Edwards; who, by meditating on the title to give law, and form societies, have been a Montesquieu, a Mably, a Rousseau, or a Blackstone; and in short, who by pervading the mysterious order of the planetary system, have transmitted us, together with the benefit of their researches, the illustrious names of a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Bernouilli, and a Franklin; but particularly of a Newton: men all famous in the different sciences to which their genius led, and whose names I intimate thus early to you, that in time you may be animated with a wish of studying the immortal labours they have left behind them.

ADVENTURES OF A JOURNEY.

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THE ADVENTURES OF A JOURNEY.

LETTER I.

From Dormer Lennox to his sister Jessica.

Dear Sister,

I THINK I see you put on an air of importance already, on receiving a letter from me, when I have hardly got a mile beyond the threshold of the door. However, be not very proud of such an honour, since I write it, in the first place, by command; as my papa imagines that if I start a correspondence and you second it, we shall acquire some ease in letter-writing, which he says can only be attained by practice, just like other arts; and, in the next place, since I write not so much for your sake, as that of my canary-bird. When I set out, I quite forgot to recommend him to your friendship; and I know of some young ladies, who would have an object constantly before their eyes, and yet forget it, if their memory were not continually interested by a compliment bestowed, at seasonable intervals, upon their vanity. Know then, that in the fulness of my power, I make you governess of Fidele, and grant you the entire control of his household in future. Take the greatest care not to forget the duties of your office, if you would not have me take it from you. It is extremely proper that I should make, in

this place, one or two sagacious observations; namely, that the bird can no more live on nothing than yourself; that if he does not eat and drink, he cannot live; that he will be incapable of singing, if he dies; and last of all, that if he ceases singing, neither you nor I can hear him, which would be a pity. I conceive it needful also to remind you of his service the other day, when you were making such sad work as you remember of your minuet, by moving to his music while you disregarded Mr. Dupré's kit. The little creature set up such a pipe, that Mr. Dupré turned all his anger on him, forgetting what your giddy heels deserved.

These reasons are, I think, sufficient to engage your friendship in behalf of Fidele; but still, if gratitude and music have no manner of effect upon your marble heart, I have nothing but the thunder of my eloquence to move you.—Tremble therefore! Think him dead already. Yes, Jessica, dead! and then determine how you will be able to support so shocking an idea. Fancy that you behold him lying with his feet uppermost, his wings grown stiff, his eyes and little beak shut fast for ever. See him laid upon his back within the little box that you intend for his coffin, and surrounded on every side with nightshade, vervain, cypress-branches, and the weeping-willow. Every body mourns him. They inquire what cruel hand has plunged him thus into eternal darkness. A lamenting voice makes answer, It was I, unfeeling as I am! and instantly you throw yourself beside him. But I think you weep. If so, let me cry Victory! for I have nothing now to fear

upon account of Fidele, or for the quiet of your shade. Beside his ordinary victuals, do not forget to let him have every day, a bit of biscuit or a lump of sugar. You will also do extremely well to shade his house with something green, as it would soften his affliction in my absence.

As I dare persuade myself that you will, for my sake, worthily perform the duties of your charge, I purpose sending you, as some encouragement for all your zeal and industry, a faithful narrative of my extended travels. You will see adventures and achievements in it, such as should be handed down to latest posterity. Farewell, my dearest sister. I give up the playful style at least to tell you, as persuasively as I am able, how I love you, and with what affection I shall always be,

Your gentle brother,

DORMER LENNOX.

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LETTER II.

From Jessica to Dormer.

Dear Brother,

Truly one must have queer notions to suppose that a sister should be proud of hearing from her brother! I imagine that all the boasting should be rather upon your side in reflecting, that for once at least you have performed your duty, and not had your ears well pulled beforehand; though you lose all merit in the matter, by insinuating that you have written to me by papa's command, and for the sake of little Noisy.

But indeed, you needed not have recommended Fidele so strongly to my care, or lavished such a deal of rhetoric in his behalf. He is worthy of all my attention on his own account; so pray do not be uneasy lest I should not use him kindly. It is true, I shall not fill his trough till it runs over, after the example of some little boys I know, who would not care a farthing should he burst, as certainly he would, were he as fond as they are of his belly. Very likely too they would make one think that they overload him thus with victuals purely through kindness, when they only do it, that they may not have so troublesome a task again upon their hands for ten or fifteen days to come. No, no; I will show myself much more regular in my attention to him, as he certainly shall have fresh victuals every morning. Yesterday when I approached his cage to clean it, the first thing that I saw was seed sufficient to subsist him for a month, without including what was scattered on the bottom. To be sure, I must confess he is such a spendthrift, that he scatters more about him in an hour, than would suffice him for a day. But how shall I describe the floor of his apartment? Thanks to your attention or your slothful waste, it was exactly like a pond, occasioned by continual overflowings from the fountain, and poor Fidele could not descend for fear of being drowned. How rejoiced he was to see dry land! At first, he could not think of coming down, without precaution, as he tried it with one foot, while with the other he clung closely to the wire-work. Thus without the least expense have I enlarged his habitation; for he

always kept upon the perches, fearing to dirt his feet and tail at least, if not, as I have said just now, to be drowned. I have strewed a layer of fine sand upon the bottom of his mansion, and adorned the sides and top with groundsel, so that now he may suppose himself within a shady grove. In future, brother, you may do as you think proper, but it is I that take upon me to provide for Fidele. I will have his palace serve you as a model of propriety and taste in *your* apartment.

I have now written enough, I think, to quiet the uneasiness that you intimated in your letter; and must tell you that I have also my inquietudes, which I proceed to mention. You are certainly a little giddy-headed, and we have here a sly black cat that comes prowling daily. Take care when you return. I have observed that he has conceived a love for Fidele, sufficient to alarm one. Yesterday early, when I came in to give him food, I forgot to shut the door, and puss had crept in slily after me. When I had waited on the bird, and given him what he wanted, I began to thumb your books, when suddenly I heard a tender *mewing* behind me: I turned instantly about, and saw Grimalkin wriggling his whole body every way upon a sofa, opposite the cage. He was admiring Fidele; he played his tail about, and seemed to say, "My dear, sweet, pretty bird, come now and perch close by me; or else stay, I will jump upon your cage, for only see what nice soft paws I have to hug you; (but remark, he carefully concealed his claws.) I will fondle you

all day, and press you to my tender heart. Do not let my whiskers frighten you: they are long enough, I must acknowledge, but won't hurt you. I have a little mouth beneath them, Fidele, with which I will kiss your pretty beak."

Now what do you imagine Fidele replied to these fine words?—Why nothing; but one might easily discern that he was not likely to become Grimalkin's dupe; and I suppose in pussy's place he would have been as great a rogue. Have you been his instructer, brother, after all?—He stooped and raised his head, he shook his feathers and cast many a look of diffidence upon the orator, and of confidence on me, as if he would have said, "I know you very well. Your sugared words, your nice soft paws, and little mouth concealed beneath your whiskers, are no less perfiidous than your tender heart. You may deceive, perhaps, a poor mouse: but me—O, no: I laugh at all your cunning and defy your malice. I have here a friend to save me." Upon which he cried *queek*, *queek*, *queek*, with all his might. I understood him perfectly well; and without pretending that I heard any thing, I ran instantly to that part of the chamber, where stood a cistern full of water, and besprinkled our young gentleman puss so finely, as to put out all at once the fervour of his friendship. For he needed but one jump to be upon the floor, and as he ran away, he shook his coat as if he had the ague. Recollect this observation, should he come incognito upon a visit, after you have returned.

This mealy-mouthed, good-natured animal, whom many in the world resemble, made me recollect an

Ode our friend wrote, and which was lying in the paper-case. I send it you, that if you know of any good composer in your neighborhood, you may prevail upon him, for my sake, to set it to music.

ODE.

Of those folks with the sly hypocritical air,
With manners so nice,
And looks so precise,
The sight I was never yet able to bear.

When I see them, I think of a cat on the watch,
Near some high-seasoned dish,
Whether flesh, fowl, or fish,
Where the scent is so sweet,
He would venture his feet,
And longs to be making a snatch.

With an innocent look, quite gentle and free,
He'll jump on your knee,
There waving his tail, he'll mew, and all that;
And so fondly he'll pat,
And appear so demure,
That you'll think, to be sure
No mischief can lurk in the heart of our cat.

At the savoury bit, which already in fancy
He has eaten up quite,
You'll hardly perceive him to cast a sly glance;
Yet look but askance,
And at once to your tit-bit good night:
For taking a spring at the morsel so nice,
He makes sure of his prey, and then off in a trice,
Heigh presto! you'd say it was all necromancy.

I wait with great impatience to receive the narrative that you promise of your travels, which must needs be very curious. I shall dine to-morrow in the country with mamma. If any thing should hap-

pen of an interesting nature on the road, I pledge myself to give you a relation of it. Since you mean a visit to posterity, I shall be charmed to share with you in the praise of our descendants. In the interval, I wish to have it known, that you never will possess a truer friend in any one than in your sister,

JESSICA LENNOX.

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LETTER III.

From Dormer to Jessica.

Dear Sister,

I return you my sincerest thanks for the delightful letter that you have sent me to dispel my fears. The scene between my Fidele and your black cat, with their imaginary conversation, could not but amuse me greatly. I allow Grimalkin's eloquent harangue to be very clever; but the other's *queek, queek, queek*, much more so, since it ended in the adversary's total defeat through your incomparable courage; and for which you ought to have a cistern full of water in your escutcheon, when the herald makes out your coat of arms.

I have been hard at work these three days on the journal of my travels, which I promised to send you, as a recompense for your care of Fidele. Papa approves the thought of our communicating our adventures thus to each other. His opinion is, as I have already told you, that by this sort of correspondence we shall acquire a habit of inditing with facility, and properly reflecting on such objects as may strike our sight. As much as I have

written, he informs me, seems to have been done with accuracy, and he desires to read the account that you have promised of your dinner in the country with mamma. Frederic and Louisa certainly were of the party: O, how much impertinence must of necessity have passed between you! but indeed, though you should tell me only of your own, I know you have a stock in hand sufficient to supply a chapter, and that chapter not the shortest that ever was written. To encourage you in sending me this chapter with the greatest expedition, I shall be myself as quick as possible in the collation of the several parcels of my narrative, inscribed on more than twenty scraps of paper. You will have it in a week or thereabouts. Adieu: in the mean time, I clasp you to my heart, and am, as long as I have life,

Your brother, and your friend,

DORMER LENNOX.

* * * *

LETTER IV.

From Jessica to Dormer.

Dear Brother,

What can you be thinking of, to let me wait so long before I see the journal of your expedition? Are you gone, like Gulliver, to some unknown strange island, for the sake of having such achievements to record, as no one will be authorized to contradict? I cannot but admire the great exactitude and order on which you pride yourself so

much, in the mention of your twenty scraps of paper, scattered up and down, no doubt, in every corner of your chamber. It will be fortunate, however, if the little cat belonging to your habitation does not please herself by playing with the best part of your narrative. I should not be astonished, were I to discover many chasms in it, or perceive that you had begun with the conclusion, and affixed the fag-end, as we say, where the commencement should be, which would prove at least as entertaining as the chapter stuffed with my impertinences. I cannot tell at present, if the cistern-full of water would look well in my escutcheon; but suppose that your sibyl's leaves would make a special coat of arms for you.

Since my papa desires to see my narrative, I shall make haste to send it in a day or two; but hope that the intervening time will bring me yours; for I should really be sorry to postpone my great adventures till the Grecian Calends, which, as I have somewhere read, means just the same as if I should forever omit relating them. Pray embrace papa on my account, as tenderly as you are able, and desire him to return you as affectionately as he is able, all the kisses that you have given him for

Your sister and friend,
JESSICA LENNOX.

P. S. Inclosed you have my Journal.

One has no occasion to go over so much ground as you have travelled, to be able to supply the reader with adventures. We had hardly passed the Clapham road, before we fell in with a drover, who was bringing up about a hundred sheep to London. As our coachman thought his honour concerned in not permitting such a scrubby drove of cattle to usurp the road and make him quit his track, he drove the carriage through them. The poor sheep, who are accounted to have honest hearts, but weak intellects, not knowing whither they should run, in their confusion got between the horses' legs; and some were even entangled in the spokes. The drover bid the coachman stop, as loud as he could roar; but the coachman, deaf to his vociferations, would not in the least relax his speed, and still continued on the trot.

The wind was rather fresh, and therefore we had all the glasses up. My brother Frederic wished to know by what means the poor sheep would free themselves from their embarrassment. Unfortunately, he forgot that if he wished to look about him, it was necessary first of all to let down the glass, and of course he thrust his head quite through and through the brittle crystal, which that moment broke into a thousand pieces. You may judge with what alacrity he drew his head in again; but in so doing he was slightly wounded in his forehead by a piece of the broken glass. He put his hand directly on the part, and so contrived, as with the little blood proceeding from the scratch, to smear

his face all over completely, and look exactly like the Jolly Bacchus, at the ale-house opposite our door. Louisa, at this sight, was sure that her brother must have had his nose cut of, and did not doubt but it had dropped among the sheep; on which the tender-hearted little thing began to cry, Frederic! ah my poor dear brother! till mamma had, with a little scented water which she poured upon her handkerchief, wiped his face clean, and given it once more that sly look which you know it possesses. Well, dear brother, what are your ideas? I, for my part, fancy that you do not engross all the giddiness belonging to our family, and already little Frederic gives full proof that he is not a jot less giddy than his elder brother.

Nothing worth mentioning happened after this event, till we arrived at our dear nurse Margaret's, with whom we were to dine and stay till evening. After having all of us received her kind embraces, we went through the house, and into the fields, where we proposed to take a walk. By accident, I was a little distant from the rest; and as I passed along a hedge, observed three little birds that had been taken by the leg in a perfidious springe. The pretty creatures flapped their wings most lamentably, and implored me, or at least I thought so, to set them free. You may suppose, I did not show myself insensible to their petition. Instantly I broke their bonds, and had the pleasure to behold how grateful they appeared; for I could fancy gratitude in all their motions, as they flew away. This pity that I had shown them did not please a

little country boy who lived hard by and had established very greedy hopes upon the sale of these three prisoners; so that their deliverance, as I mean to let you see, and shortly, but for accidental circumstances, might have cost us dear.

The sun towards noon had dissipated all the mists. The day was so delightful, that mamma desired we might enjoy the pleasure of a rural meal, and therefore requested Margaret to let us have our dinner in the garden. After dinner, we had strawberries and cream; and at the very moment when poor Frederic, with the freedom which country manners allow, happened to be lifting up the plate to his mouth, that he might save himself the trouble of despatching matters with the spoon, a stone struck it right upon the rim, and overset its whole contents upon the table, not without first plentifully besprinkling several of us round about. You should have seen us in the height of our confusion, palpitating with fright, as if we had imagined that Jupiter was flinging down his thunderbolts among us. Margaret's husband, who is not a man to swoon at every noise, that moment posted towards the garden door, to catch this thundering deity, who was certainly the little peasant that had set the springes. But the deity, like those mentioned in Homer who amused themselves at the expense of mortals, had already made himself invisible. It was all lost labour that our host stood sentry at the door. He only saved us from the danger of another thunderbolt which might have otherwise been pointed at us.

Dinner was now over, and I thought of paying one more visit to the neighbouring hedges, and delivering if I could, some other prisoners, when mamma informed us that we must think of setting out on our return. We entered the coach once more with some reluctance, after having made dear Margaret our little presents each. There never sure had been a finer evening. From a hill, upon the top of which our coachman stopped to give his horses breath, we had the pleasure to behold a spacious horizon adorned with clouds of every colour, and set off with gold. The sun, that as I thought rejoiced in having access given him to us by Frederic, out of gratitude coloured Louisa's face and his with all the purple of his rays. Our cousin, who you know has been abroad, at such a sight turned round, and told mamma that they looked exactly like the cherubims that Roman Catholics place for ornament about the altars in their churches.

The poor sheep that we met in the morning, certainly must have alarmed their comrades, and gone off, as we encountered none on our return. We met no sort of company but half a dozen asses, who had certainly a very reverend figure, and a mule or two. Our horses, who, I fancy, thought they could discern a family resemblance in these last, were giving up the right-hand side of the road, and complimenting them with fifty gambols and curvets; but our proud coachman would preserve the honour of his seat, and feelingly convinced them with his whip, that they were creatures of much more importance; and that ranking as they did above them in all books of

natural history, it was but just they should preserve it on the road. They were obliged to yield assent to arguments so striking, and got home in perfect order, and without another misadventure. J. L.

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LETTER V.

From Dormer to Jessica.

It is not in the least degree astonishing, my dear sister, that you should come off so easily in the recital of a journey, which has brought you into company with none but short-horned, or long-eared animals; a giddy boy that breaks window glasses; or a little raggamuffin that pelts you with stones. If such affairs are what you call adventures, I can hardly guess what name you can find magnificent enough for mine. And after having told you what has happened to me in the compass of a single parish, you may easily imagine what surprising matters I should have to tell you in a longer journey. I begin to think that at the period of knight errantry, I should have made a pretty figure, and particularly if I myself sung the great achievements that I should perform; which, trust me, I would do, lest any one, who might be tempted to record them, should not do it to my liking.

Inclosed therefore I send you a small specimen of my abilities as a journalist. I submit it to your censure, or, to mend the expression, recommend you to peruse it with your greatest possible attention; otherwise it is not unlikely but you will miss some among its singular and striking beauties.

Yours, DORMER.

We rolled along in silence for the space of twenty minutes in our carriage, with no less velocity than the clouds above our heads. I blessed the memory of him who first invented this delightful way of travelling without pain or trouble; and shall always think it charming, till some other person brings the project to perfection of transporting us still more delightfully, by means of a balloon, with eagles to direct it.

I was meditating on this subject, when of a sudden I perceived the coachman violently exercised at something. His great coat had slipped from his seat upon one of the front wheels, which carried it about the centre. After many revolutions, he had made shift to fasten on a sleeve, which he was pulling to him, and ejaculating as he tugged, My coat! my coat!—I thrust out my head hastily to see what ailed him, when my hat blew off; so I joined in concert with the coachman, and cried out as lustily, My hat! my hat!—Poor Jeffry, from his station in the rear, stood witness to my lamentations, and leaned over towards me, when behold, the furred cap that he wears, fell off. He did not imitate us, crying out, My cap! my cap! but, aiming to recover it when falling, somehow or other lost his footing, and came down the nearest way, head foremost. Happily for Jeffry we were going through a very soft quagmire, otherwise I cannot pretend to tell you what misfortune would have befallen his limbs; at leas , I am sure, his nose and chin would have been

both demolished, as he fell into the quagmire face downwards. All this happened in a minute. My papa, in this confusion, was the only person who retained his senses. He let down the glass in front, and seizing on the coachman's reins, which now were fallen from him, stopped the horses. Upon this, the coachman getting down was able to free his coat. But what long faces did he make, when he saw in the middle of the back a monstrous rent, through which a judge might easily have thrust his head, and not disordered his huge wig. On his side, Jeffry, as I saw, had got his mouth so filled with mud, that he could not for a time bring out a single syllable. O sister! had you seen him thus beplastered as he was, affect a grin, in order to show papa that his fall had broken no bones, I am sure you would have laughed for a month to come, at recollecting his appearance. He did nothing but sneeze and sputter, shake himself, and rub his knees and elbows with both hands; his coat, which had been green, no longer preserved that colour any where, except behind. In short he looked as if he was dressed for a masquerade.

He went a little back to seek his fox-skin cap. By great good luck, the maker had not taken off the creature's tail, but left it on to serve by way of plume. By that it was discovered in the quagmire, and by that fished up. When he had got it out, he was obliged to wring it twenty times before it was in a state for travelling, even under Jeffry's arm. He also picked up my hat, but not before the wind had made it cut a hundred capers this and that way

in the air. It lost however nothing by so many somersets; on the contrary, it gained a comfortable coat, which, though all the brushes of the house have frequently been exercised upon it, nevertheless it still retains, and seems determined to retain, in spite of their beards.

After we were once again prepared for motion forward, and affairs about us in their former order, we proceeded to philosophize upon these accidents; but after having tried to do so in a very serious strain, we fancied the best method was to take the affair more gaily. My papa drew consolation from his purse to give the coachman; and on my side, as I observed Jeffry in pain about his fur cap only, since the livery was his master's property, I tipped him such a wink as restored him to a better temper. After which, we all went forward, just as if no accident had happened.

We were now come near a village, when papa discerned an old soldier seated on a stone beside the road. One leg was under him, bent backward, and the other, a wooden one, stuck out stiff before him. A long crutch lay quietly upon his left, and on his right hand sat a great black dog. Papa, who loves a soldier, and particularly when that soldier is a cripple, courteously saluted him, and bade me fling a shilling to him, which he gave me. I fulfilled so honourable a commission in a very dexterous manner, I may say without the least degree of ostentation, as I did not miss the hat. The soldier's gratitude was uttered in so high a pitch, that it sufficed to wake a poor beggar woman, who lay sleep-

ing not far off upon a little straw. She trotted after us and reached the carriage just as we were ready to alight and put up at an inn. "Ah, sir," said she to my papa, "how you bestow your charity! and if you give it to an old drunken fellow, what assistance will you afford an honest woman, as I am, who have not swallowed these ten years a glass of any liquor stronger than small beer?" Papa, whose mind was occupied on many subjects at that instant, was not thinking of the invalid, and viewed her with visible astonishment. "Yes, yes, sir," continued she, "it is of that drunken soldier I am speaking. O, I heard how much he thanked you for the shilling which, it seems, you threw him by this little gentleman. I would lay a wager, that, before night comes, he will spend it all in gin. And then, sir, did not you remark the great black dog beside him as he sat? A beggar keep a dog! What is that but robbing other people who deserve assistance?"

"Hold your tongue!" said my papa, and seemed quite angry. "Why abuse a man at this rate, who has no less need than you of my compassion? If he drinks a little gin, I can forgive an old soldier such a fault. While we are seated at our ease before a good fire, and even you are not without so great a comfort, soldiers must endure the wind, snow, rain, and every rigour of cold winter. Where can be the wonder then, if they should have recourse to what is sure to warm them, and in time become accustomed to it? And respecting his great dog, perhaps that animal may be the only friend that he has, his

tried associate, and the single creature who partakes of his bad days."

When he had said these words, he held out twopence, without looking at her. She received them with a kind of scorn, and went off grumbling all the way, as long as we could hear her speak. The ill-natured wretch had made me angry. "I am very sorry, sir," said I, "that you gave her any thing. She must be a very horrid creature to abuse a poor old soldier, and be envious of the alms that you gave him." "You are in the right," replied my father. "He who wishes to excite my pity, to another's detriment, deserves my indignation only. Yet I saw that she was in want, and only upon that account forgot her evil disposition. It is punishment enough that she is reduced to beg. Had she but kept her tongue in bounds, I would have given her what the soldier had."

While we were thus discoursing, our host had shown us up into a room, one window of which opened towards the road that we had been travelling, and another towards a yard, behind the house. While they were getting dinner ready, I stood looking out, to mark the carriages that were continually going by; and what can you imagine, sister, I beheld, when I had hardly been a minute there?—the beggar woman, who was now come back, and had by this time set herself upon a block beside the gateway. She pulled out a little flask of brandy from her pocket, and began to give a hearty pull. I called out to papa, and bade him come and see. He told me not to speak, lest we should be over-

heard. We both looked at her, and soon saw the soldier likewise coming down the road, supported by his crutch, and followed by the great black dog. We were both curious to overhear their conversation. "Mother," said the soldier, who was now come pretty near her, "do you mean to take a lodging here, and have no dinner? You are not hungry, I suppose?" "Heaven help me!" said the hypocrite, and made as if she wept, "I assure you, my good friend, I do not want for an appetite: if I could but come at something good to eat, I should not much mind what it was." "If that be all," replied the generous soldier, "I have sufficient for us both." On this he sat down by her, slipped a knapsack from his shoulder, and took out a lump of coarse brown bread, together with a slice of cheese wrapt up in paper, which he held out to the woman, saying, "There, good woman, help yourself." She did, and pretty plentifully. He put up with what was left, though but a trifle; and of this, for every bit that he ate himself, the large black dog had likewise his share, who had assumed his place behind, and all the while was resting his head in a very friendly way upon his master's shoulder.

During their repast, the hypocritical old woman turned her conversation on the unfeelingness of travellers; adding, that the gentleman who had just before alighted from his carriage, and put up for dinner at the inn, gave her only a poor half-penny. "That cannot be true," replied the honest-hearted soldier. "He must be a noble gentleman: or

certainly he had no money in his purse but gold, which could not easily be changed. See, what he threw me by the little gentleman his son—a shilling! It is not always that pieces of this weight of metal tumble into my hat. But do not fret yourself, for you shall be the better for my luck. I cannot be happy by myself. A good repast requires good liquor, and I have not had a drop within my lips today, although it is very late. The truth is, my poor money bag was so consumptive, that I could easily have passed it through a needle's eye this morning; but, thank heaven, at present it is quite plump and jolly, so that I can well afford to lay out sixpence for us both. Come, good mother, let me have your hand."

Saying thus, he rose much in spirits, and quite jovial; the old woman took upon her the attendant's part, and officiously held him out his crutch, caressing now and then the dog. I could have beat the wretch for this dissembled friendship. They walked together to the house, and entered the gateway; while we above stairs shifted ground, and hastened to the other window which looked out into the yard. We heard the soldier call for a gill of brandy with two little glasses, one of which he filled and gave the woman, who made haste and swallowed it immediately. Papa could not restrain his indignation any longer. "Out on such a hateful creature!" cried he.—They both lifted up their hands. The woman recollecting us, that moment gave a shriek, but, on the contrary, the soldier was not disconcerted. "See," said he, "good sir, how we

are making merry on your bounty. Let me drink your health," continued he, and took his hat off, "with the gentleman your son's." I never forget any one, however little, that is but generously disposed."

While we were both at dinner, the landlord informed us that the honest soldier, whose name was Trim, had been a long while in the service; that he had not quitted it before he lost his leg, and had the friendship and esteem of all his officers. "It is he," continued the host, "who keeps up peace and order in the village, since his soldier-like appearance awes the vagabonds about us. Every body would be glad to give him victuals, if he would but take their bounty; but he never will accept of any thing that he has not earned by some good service or other, as by going upon errands, which he does with no less expedition and fidelity. As regularly as the morning comes, he goes out loaded with a basket full of flints upon his shoulder, and fills up the holes that have been made the day before along the road. You must have noticed in what admirable order it appeared. He never asks for any thing; but there is scarcely a traveller accustomed to the road who does not throw him something as he passes by. He takes it without any hesitation, as he thinks that he has deserved it. This is his employ all summer; and in winter, when the weather is at the coldest, he fills up his time in making children's wooden clogs, for which he takes up his seat in my kitchen chimney. He generously gives these clogs to those whose parents are so poor that they cannot pay his price, lest they should happen to catch cold. The

only recompense that he asks of them for this trouble, is to see them dance before him."

Well, sister, what are your thoughts of this good-hearted Trim? This last particular in his story gave me so much pleasure, that I ordered a pair immediately for you, which I shall take when I return. As you are far too generous, and besides too distant to discharge the value of the clogs in capers, I have engaged myself, as you would do, to pay him for them in hard money. I design to give him half a crown, and then the clogs will be much worthier of you. They will not be useless, if you mean to run about at any time next winter in the garden.

If I did not apprehend that my journal had already tired your patience, I should have a great deal more to mention. I would tell you how, as we were going on, I terminated an important matter in a way which Don Quixote, celebrated as he was for bravery, would never have thought of.

You will suppose, perhaps, that after such a preface, there was an enchanter, or at least a giant in the case, or some illustrious princess to deliver, or some great kingdom to be recovered by conquest. It was nothing of all this. It was no other than a little girl who was tending a cow, and a boy engaged in the same office with an ass, who were struggling with each other for an apple which the former had found. After having very gravely taken all the necessary information of their quarrel, I took up, as you may guess, the weaker party, and defended her, but in nothing more than words, since fortunately for the stronger, I had neither lance nor shield; or rath-

er to confess a truth, because even though I had, he was of a size to thresh my knighthood soundly. I perceived immediately that the moderation of a Solomon or a Titus suited much better with my inferiority of size, and therefore I adjusted the affair in contest to the satisfaction of both combatants, by sharing equally between them the remainder of that tart which you know the cook had made me, that I might not faint with hunger by the way.

I might go on, and tell you of the pitiable fortune of a hare that we saw running across the country, followed by a pack of hounds and huntsmen. The poor creature, after having often thrown them out, as is the phrase with sportsmen, by her doublings on the open plain, had climbed a pointed rock. A furious dog perceived her in this last retreat, and had the audacity to force her. I beheld them both roll down the precipice together, miserably mangled. But this picture is much too cruel: is it not, Jessica? Let me therefore touch on themes more pleasing, and inform you of the joy that our unexpected coming here gave every one belonging to the house. If your dry jokes had not forever undeceived me on the subject of my own exclusive merit, I should think myself a cleverer fellow, from the hearty welcome that we received. It is much more modest in me to suppose myself indebted for that welcome to the recollection of your visit here, which they have cherished ever since last year. I do suppose it, and place all my boast in thanking you for

having laid the groundwork of the entertainment that I am now experiencing.

And thus, dear sister, I have sent you a recital of my wonderful adventures, which perhaps you will think too tedious. The most perilous of every circumstance attending them was when, to give you some amusement, I engaged to put them down in black and white. I thought that I never should have come to the conclusion of my task. I will not boast of any merit in the execution of my great undertaking, and yet I please myself with thinking that you will owe my kindness something, when you come to be acquainted that at present they have been ringing for me these ten minutes to come down and eat some fritters which are growing cold, while I myself am hard at work in winding up my letter. I can hardly fancy that the heroism of fraternal love ever yet went much farther than I have pushed it in this single instance for you.

Adieu, dear sister! I will divert myself as much as possible for your sake rather than my own, that at the time of my return I may present myself before you so much the more merry-hearted. I cannot tell what you may think of this; but for my part, I think that you should look upon this as a proof of the tenderness of that attachment with which I am dear sister, yours,

DORMER LENNOX.

LETTER VI.

From Jessica to Dormer.

Dear Brother,

I have often heard that nothing forms the understanding so effectually as travelling; and your narrative supplies me with a proof of the assertion which I did not in the least expect; for who would ever think that such a little animal as you, should think of being a philosopher for having travelled eighteen miles? You told me, in your first epistle, that you designed the Journal of your Travels for posterity. Whenever, therefore, you think fit to send it as directed, I will take upon me to complete such sketches as are fit to bear it company, which I will get corrected by my drawing master. For example sake, our solemn coachman, who, without once changing place, gets hold of his great coat, and lugs it by the sleeve; poor Jeffry rising solemnly and slowly from his quagmire; and my giddy headed brother quite uncovered at the chariot door, and with his eyes pursuing the poor hat in all its evolutions. Here are three droll figures; while papa, still faithful to his character for prudence, shall be represented as in contrast seizing on the coachman's reins to stop his horses. You don't think I shall forget the old soldier and old woman dining on the block. O, how I'll strive to set off to the best advantage honest Trim, together with his great black dog, that ate so amicably leaning on his shoulder. Finally, I'll terminate my gallery with the scene betwixt your girl with the cow, and your

spent a sixpence of his money, he should still have ninety-nine pounds, nineteen shillings and a sixpence left; that such a sum was full enough to set him up in trade, and that a single half-hour's industry would compensate for such a trifling pleasure as he wished to have at present.

It was thus, that taking up the glass, he sought to quiet his interior scruples; but alas, his present conduct was to open him a door to ruin.

On the morrow, so agreeable a recollection of his pleasure at the ale-house filled his mind, that he was now less scrupulous with conscience in expending one more sixpence at it. He had ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings still remaining.

On the following days, the love of liquor had besotted him in such a manner, that he constantly returned to his beloved ale-house, but increased the quantity of his liquor to a shilling's worth at first; then sixpence more; and so on, till he came to half-a-crown; at which he seemed to make a stand, and every time, he could console himself with saying, It is but two-and-sixpence that I am spending. O, I need not fear but I shall have enough to carry on my trade.

Such was his delusive way of reasoning, in reply to what his conscience whispered, which would now and then be heard. It did not occur to him, that his fortune was an even hundred pounds, and that the useful application of the whole depended on the fit employ to which he put its parts.

You see then, my dear little friends, how by insensible gradation he at length plunged into a life

of extravagance. He found no longer any joy in industry, employed entirely as he was in contemplating his present riches, which he fancied inexhaustible; and yet, from day to day, he did not fail to find that they were diminishing. He was convinced, and his conviction all at once came over him like a clap of thunder, that he could not make amends for his preceding dissipation, as his benefactor would not be so fond of lending him another hundred pounds, when he had seen him so misuse the first.

Quite overcome with shame and grief, the more he sought to stifle his ideas with hard drinking, so much the sooner did his ruin fall upon him. And at last the frightful moment came, when quite disgusted at the thought of industry, and being an object of horror to himself, he regarded life as a burthen, since it presented him with nothing but a prospect of miserable poverty whenever he looked forward.

He renounced his country, followed by despair, and joined a gang of smugglers, formidable for the ravages which they spread through every county on the coast. But Heaven did not permit their violence to remain long unpunished. A disgraceful death soon ended his career of wickedness.

Alas! when his reason first of all addressed him, if he had listened to the reproaches of his conscience, easy in his situation, he might now have been enjoying, in repute and honour, the ease of a respectable and opulent old age.

You shudder, children, at his lamentable folly:

but such is that of multitudes among us, in the use which they make of life. It was bestowed upon them that they might live happy in virtuous enjoyments, and yet they lavish it upon every shameful dissipation. They think that there will always be time enough left them, for the proper use thereof. However, in the mean time, days, months, and years, flow onward, and they find, at the conclusion of them, they have not made such use as they fondly proposed. In some sort, they are even happy if their conduct does not plunge them finally into despair.

THE FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES.

Araminta and Emily.

Araminta. Good morning, Emily; I consider it extremely kind that you are come to see me.

Emily. My mamma has just now given me leave to pass the evening with you.

Araminta. Has she? I am very glad of it. It appears to me as if our friends were much more welcome when all nature smiles about us.

Emily. So I think too. Give me your arm and let us walk. How sweetly we shall pass the time in talking with each other!

Araminta. Yes; and running after one another? Shall we fix upon the grove for our diversions?

Emily. O, with all my heart! A good thought! as we shall not be interrupted there.

Araminta. I shall request you only to let me sit down a little, so that I may give about a dozen stitches to this apron.

Emily. Do; and more than that: I will help you.

Araminta. Not for the world, Emily; though I thank you: but the truth is, I would not have a single stitch in what I am now making that is not my own.

Emily. I judge then that you intend to make a present of it?

Araminta. Right.

Emily. And are you in a hurry to complete it?

Araminta. I wish it should be finished by the 4th of this month, which is Miss Le Févre's birthday.

Emily. Miss Le Févre, say you? I do not recollect at present any one of that name among our acquaintances.

Araminta. The reason is, she is mine particularly; one who is so good to me, she seems to have no opportunity, or rather time, for being good to others. O, an excellent and tender friend! to whom I am indebted very possibly for all my happiness.

Emily. And pray how so, Araminta? I long to know her.

Araminta. Well, what think you of my governess?

Emily. O, she! you know you call her generally Mademoiselle.

Araminta. Yes, Mademoiselle, or Miss Le

Févre. Now, pray have you not remarked—I do not mean when I came from France—but nearly ten months since, a wondrous change in my behaviour?

Emily. To confess the truth, I have; and think you hardly the same person that you were formerly. What can have caused so great an alteration? Till you quitted England, ay, and since you came from France, I must acknowledge you were proud and huffish. You offended every body without scruple, and the least familiarity from others was considered as an insult by you; but at present your behaviour is engaging. You have that complacency and affability which cannot but win people's hearts. I freely tell you, I myself even love you ten times more at present than I did. You took such airs upon you before as disgusted me. I was a hundred times disposed to break off all connection with you; whereas now, I find a real pleasure in your company and conversation. And what pleases me still more is, that you seem much happier than before.

Araminta. And so I am, dear friend. I was an object to be pitied at the time you mention. I occasioned all our family, and every one that wished me well, a deal of trouble. Miss Le Févre, in particular, was grieved to think of my behaviour, as she loved me tenderly; and yet, while I was grieving her, I knew that she faithfully fulfilled the promise which she made to my dear mamma, upon her dying bed, of loving me with all the affection of a mother.

Emily. Every body must confess, you could not

possibly have fallen into better hands; and the advantage of your trip to France would have been really considerable had it only been the means of introducing such a person to you. I am told, there are few families but would wish her for their children.

Araminta. You are yet to learn how much I owe her; therefore I mean to tell you. It is the story of a morning that will live forever in my recollection: it was the morning of the 4th of this very month, and, as I knew before, her birth-day. I was early awake. She must be still asleep, said I; for then we did not lie together, not even in the same apartment. I will surprise her, if I can, before she rises; so I dressed myself as nicely as I could, then took the basket which a charming little lady, you know who, (*she squeezes Emily by the hand*) had given me as a present, and ran down in to the garden to get flowers, that I might scatter them on Miss Le Févre's bed, as is the custom upon birth-days in her country. I stole secretly along the hedge, and, unperceived by any one, had gathered three fresh roses. I now looked about for honey-suckles, jessamin, and myrtle: I bethought myself that they grew below the arbour at the bottom of the garden. I was running thither; but in passing by the arbour I saw Miss Le Févre on her knees, and both hands before her face; I turned to shun her, but it was in vain; she heard my steps, and raised her head, and called out that I should that moment come to her.

She had not time to wipe her eyes: I saw that

she had been weeping; but her tears were not like those which I had so often seen her shed at the recital of some generous action. Noting her reception of me, which was friendly and affectionate, I could not but observe that she had a countenance of sorrow.

With one hand she instantly took mine, and passed the other round my waist. We walked up and down the terrace twice in this position, and were silent; for, as Mademoiselle forbore to say a word, I durst not move my lips, so much was I affected!

But at length she pressed me still more closely to her bosom, and beholding me with tenderness, and likewise glancing at my basket with the roses in it, "I observe, said she, dear Araminta, you have not overlooked my birth-day. This affectionate attention to me would certainly make me forget the melancholy thoughts which oppress my mind on your account, but that your happiness occasioned them. Yes, dearest Araminta, atttribute only to my friendship what I am now about to mention. I am anxious to discharge my bosom of its load, that I may welcome those more delightful thoughts which I owe you for the present, that, I observe, you were preparing for me."

I was dumb while she thus addressed me: it was as if my conscience had spoken to me by her lips.

You, Araminta, continued she, who have received from nature such a disposition, and have had that disposition so well cultivated by the example and instructions of your good mamma, will you pervert

it by a fault which of itself alone must put out every virtue? I will not mention it by name; and now particularly, after what I have already told you. It might make you perhaps look with too much horror on yourself: and I have no desire to mortify my lovely child. It is sufficient that your heart acknowledges this fault: and I persuade myself, I know you well enough to be assured that your utmost efforts will in future, be excited to destroy it. Let us not go too far back, but only think of your behaviour yesterday.

Do you remember the decisive tone of voice with which you spoke at breakfast, to display how much you knew of history? You cited, I must own, events sufficiently instructive to have made the company listen to what you said, but they saw you resolved, if I may so say, to excite their admiration. You appeared so marvellously well contented with yourself, that they were really afraid of praising you, which would have unavoidably inflamed or aggravated your self-love. Remember, likewise, with how much attention they gave ear to little Arabella, and were really enchanted with the grace of her recital, and the modesty with which she blushed at being thought so well informed. I saw you, my dear, turn pale with spite and envy. Tears of rage were in your eyes, and it was in vain you strove to hide them, while the company were inwardly rejoiced to see you so completely humbled.

In the afternoon, when with an air of triumph in your eyes you came to show your writing, and it

passed without receiving any of those praises that you expected—with what visible vexation did you receive it back when every one had seen it!

And at night, when you accompanied Miss Arabella on the piano, the bad time that you kept, perhaps on purpose, put her out; and when she asked you in a whisper to play better, what a hideous look did you then put on, instead of doing as she bade you?

For heaven's sake, interrupted I, and at the same time burst out a crying: do not go on;—for you must know, Emily, her discourse had pierced me to the heart.

It was vanity, Mademoiselle, said I: that vice which you durst not mention by name. I never saw its frightfulness so much as at present.

I could say no more; but she was able to discern my thoughts. Her arm in agitation pressed me again to her bosom with a tenderness that I am unable to describe. I felt her tears fall plenteously upon my cheeks, while with her eyes she looked in silence up to heaven.

The eloquence of this mute prayer completely overwhelmed me. We were come, without perceiving it, to the foot of this large tree. We stopped close by this green bank, and I fell down upon it quite overcome. She instantly afforded me the tenderest succour, and restored me to new life by her affectionate caresses.

Being now upon the point of going in, I said, dry your tears, my good friend; they are the last that you shall have cause to shed on my account.

On her part, she embraced me still more tenderly, and answered, You could never have rejoiced me so completely on my birth-day as by this noble resolution. It is the fittest nosegay for us both, the nosegay that I hope will never lose its beauty.

By degrees we both became more tranquil. She remarked the fineness of the morning; and my heart, now eased of an intolerable load, was in a proper disposition to enjoy the beauty of the day which came on very fine.

I grew sensible how sweet it is to have the experience of this calm within one's self. I begged her to instruct me by what means I might keep up so pleasing a serenity. Two hours thus passed away between us in a conversation full of friendship and affectionate instruction.

My papa, without informing me of his intention, had prepared a little banquet; we were present at it, and gave signs with how much joy our bosoms overflowed. Since that time, dear Emily, I have begun to put away that odious vice which made me insupportable to others and myself. I leave you then to to think, if I can possibly omit, on the return of such a day, to testify my gratitude for such a worthy friend, who was the means of making it the era of my happiness.

Emily. My dear Araminta, since we have still a little time, I will also prepare your friend a nosegay as a sign of gratitude for having heightened my enjoyment in continuing still to love you.

Araminta. Come then: now I have done; and will assist you.

OLD LAWRENCE.

LETTER I.

From George Wallace to his Sister.

Dear Catharine,

I HAVE dismal news to tell you! Our good old friend Lawrence is no more. You recollect he had been sick ever since last autumn. For a fortnight past he did not leave his room. Last Monday evening, when I came from school, they told me that he died that afternoon. I could not, I assure you, refrain from crying bitterly. His long indisposition had rendered him much dearer to me. I employed the time that I had to spare from school, in doing him whatever service I was able. After all, alas! I owed him more than I had time and means to pay. He was our friend, and, I may add too, our benefactor from the cradle. In our earliest childhood, we lived a great deal more in his arms, than on our feet. He was never out of temper, but always kind and cheerful. How delighted was he, when he had it in his power to afford us any new pleasure, or to disguise an old one so that we might think it new! I verily believe that all his pain in dying was, that death prevented him from being any longer useful to us. He had been of older standing in the family than our papa; and though he was no other than a common servant, every body looked upon him with a sort of veneration. During his last illness, no one paid a visit here without inquiring how fares good Old Lawrence?" I could see that the question was agreeable to my papa, who always looked on Law-

rence as a very faithful friend. If so, no wonder then that he supported him in his old age, and gave him every sort of comfort that he could require. A gentleman could not have been more comfortably situated, or more attentively treated.

Last night, when he was buried, I desired papa's permission to be present at the ceremony. He could not, without some difficulty, grant me such a favour, lest it might have a bad effect upon me: but he saw that I should have suffered more from being absent. I accompanied the body therefore, holding up a corner of the pall. I thought that by this office we were still attached to one another, and that really in some sort I possessed him still. When I was forced to quit my hold, my hand was just as if it had been numbed, and did not open without difficulty; but if this was mournful, it was much more melancholy when they let him down into the grave, and especially when they filled it up. I could not take my eyes off the spot, and till then, was not persuaded that death had wholly separated us. As long as I could see his coffin, there still remained something of him; but when this remainder disappeared, then I felt that I had forever lost him. All night long I saw him in my dreams; he seemed to smile upon me, and I rushed into his arms. I passed this morning in my chamber alone, and was employed in writing you this letter. I intended to send you but a line or two, whereas my subject has extended while I spoke of Lawrence.

Our good friend has come to see me—Mr. Hutton, that venerable worthy man, who takes so much

delight in giving people pleasure when he cannot do them good; and he has left me an exceedingly pathetic story of a servant woman who worked hard to support her mistress after she was fallen into poverty. Indeed I found it so exceedingly pathetic, that I set immediately about transcribing it, and send you a fair copy, since the reading of it may be a solace to you, as it was to me. At every act of friendship that Elspy performed, I cried out, This Lawrence would have done for us, had we been in the situation of the lady. Ah, poor Lawrence! my good friend Lawrence!

Farewell, dear sister! I must here conclude my letter; being sent for by my papa. Assure my aunt and uncle of my best respects, and let each have two kisses, which they will place to my account. We have had a loss in Lawrence, which we cannot make up but by loving each other more sincerely. Farewell then, once more! from him who, with a renewed heart of friend and brother, signs himself yours, GEORGE WALLACE.

....

ELSPY CAMPBELL.

(*This piece was inclosed in the preceding letter.*)

Mrs. Macdowell, a widow lady, of an ancient and respectable family in Scotland, after having enjoyed the advantages of fortune till the age of fifty years, saw herself all at once deprived of them, and reduced to the most helpless indigence. She never had been blessed with children, who might now support her by the labor of their industry; and every other

individual of the family was equally involved in her misfortunes. Wandering in the Highlands, she was all day soliciting a shelter for the night, and a morsel of bread for subsistence.

Elspy Campbell, who had been her faithful servant many years, and was always treated very kindly by her mistress, learnt these dismal tidings in her humble cottage, whither she was now retired to pass the remnant of her days, far distant from her former service. She immediately set out in search of her respectable mistress. There was a line marked out by her misfortune, and the grateful Elspy had but to walk in it. After much laborious travel, she at last found the mournful object of her journey, and falling on the ground before her, began thus: "O, my dear good mistress! though I am hardly younger than yourself, I am, notwithstanding that, much stronger and more capable of working. You are far too feeble to go through with any thing like labour, on account of your former way of life, your troubles, and the several infirmities that are come all at once upon you. Come and take up your abode with me. I have a little cottage: it is well situated, and keeps out the weather. In addition to my cottage, I have a garden which produces me more potatoes than both of us can consume. When I have tried all methods to support you, or rather when God's providence has done whatever he thinks proper to support us both, you shall be free to quit me, if you find an inn with better entertainment, or stay with me, if you should not find one. Be of courage, my dear mistress! I was always

stout and hearty in your service, and I thank God, am still the same. I will find you food, if any will but show itself, when I have sown my little bit of ground, and if it will not show itself, in that case I will dig down till I find it."

"O my generous Elspy!" said the afflicted widow, "I resign myself entirely to your friendship. I will live and die with one of so much gratitude; for I am sure God's blessing will be always with you." They set out immediately for Elspy's dwelling house. The cottage was indeed extremely little, but was in a healthful situation: cleanliness and order were the only decorations that it could boast. There was a hole on one side in the wall, through which a little light proceeded, when the wind was not that way; but when it would have incommoded her, the hole was stopped completely by a sod, and poor Elspy was obliged to be contented with the little light that reached her down the chimney. Elspy's bed, which was invisible when people entered, was defended from the cold that would have reached it through the door-way, by a bank of earth. It had a mattrass stuffed with straw, good sheets, a pair of blankets, and coarse woollen rug. It had no curtains; but when Elspy found that she was in future to be honoured with the friendship and society of so respectable a guest, she bethought herself to hang the walls about with a bulrush lining, which was warmer than silk damask. In this bed slept Mrs. Macdowell, with her feet placed against Elspy's bosom, who was used to bend herself almost double, round the bottom of the bed, that she might

keep them warm. She never would consent to lie at the side of her mistress; but the more she saw her fallen from her former splendour, still the more obedience and respect she showed her, to wipe out by that means all idea of the change she had experienced in her fortune.

An old Bible, Robinson Crusoe, and a few odd volumes of devotion and morality, which once had covers, furnished ample matter for their evening's conversations. With respect to their repasts, they frequently had eggs, at all times milk, and were never without potatoes. The best baked potatoes, freshest eggs, and largest bowl of milk, were constantly placed before Mrs. Macdowell.

It will doubtless be a matter of some curiosity to know how Elspy could keep up the honours of her cot in such a state of economical abundance. To do this, she had her spinning-wheel in winter, and her labours of the field in harvest. It must notwithstanding be acknowledged that she possessed a manifest advantage over every younger woman, not so much for any natural activity, as for an obtuse angle in her line of bodily direction, so that both her hands and eyes were nearer by a great deal to the ground than they otherwise would have been, and readier for her spinning-wheel. Besides, when things were raised in price above her means to purchase them, she had but to go out and beg assistance in the neighboring towns and villages. For this she had contrived a tolerably efficacious method. She would go among the richest farmers only, and when got to

their door, stand still, and lifting up her hands to heaven, cry out, "I come to ask your charity, not for myself, for I can live on any thing, but for my mistress, a lady of noble blood, daughter of Lord James, and grand-child of Lord Archibald." If the farmers gave her any thing, or what sufficed her reasonable expectations, she would add, "May the Almighty's blessing, with my mistress's, and Elspy Campbell's, come upon this house and its inhabitants!" It is easy to imagine what success this blessing and the expectation of a different salutation from the lips of Elspy, had she been refused, produced from people naturally hospitable, and exceedingly attached to their nobility. She obtained by this method, victuals, clothes, and very often money, which she carefully put up to buy her mistress shoes and stockings; and these when half worn out served afterwards for herself.

Thus they lived, both happy; one in her exertions, and the other in her gratitude. The generous Elspy was extremely rigorous on the subject of her duty. Mrs. Macdowell was a gentlewoman, and though supported by Elspy, was not to forego the privileges of nobility; that is to say, she was not to do any thing like work, no, not so much as wash her feet herself. One day, as Elspy was employed in carrying out a basket of manure to lay on her potato beds, her mistress had come out to get a pitcher of water, and was now returning with it to the cottage. Elspy saw her, put the basket down, and running to her, took the pitcher, emptied it, and fetched her other water. When she brought it in,

she said with much respect, "Pardon me, madam! you that are the daughter of Lord James, and grandchild to Lord Archibald, never shall disgrace yourself by carrying water while I live, and have my limbs to do it for you."

The report of so much generosity in one so indigent, at last reached me, who am the writer of this story, and I sent her, every quarter, such assistance as my fortune would allow. As long as Elspy lived, which was upwards of six years from the time of my first learning these particulars, whenever I sat down to dine or sup in company, and was required to give my toast, it was always Elspy Campbell. My attachment to this name generally made the company eager to know something of the lady who engrossed so great a share of my affection. They would consequently ask me; and I told them, Elspy Campbell was an aged beggar woman. "What!" they would cry out, "a beggar!" "Yes, but hear the rest;" and then would follow the whole story, such in substance as I have already told it. Hardly ever did I finish, but half-crowns and half-guineas rained into my hat for Elspy. These small sums, which I was sure to send her pretty often, once occasioned her to ask my servant, "Who is it that sends you? Doubtless, he is a friend of God. He does me good, as God does, though I never see him."

Mrs. Macdowell died, and Elspy very quickly after, through affliction for the loss of her good mistress. She remembered nothing but the bounty of her former benefactress; what her gratitude had

done in consequence of that remembrance she forgot.

The generous, the heroic servility of Elspy was not, as it might have been, a spark of gratitude that crackled for a moment, and went out: it was an ardent flame that blazed for twenty years, till death suppressed it for a season in the grave where she was laid to rest; for it is not utterly put out, since from her ashes it will certainly burst forth again, with renovated brightness, on the morning of that day that never is to end.

....

LETTER. II.

From Catharine Wallace to George her brother.

Dearest Brother,

What sorrowful tidings your letter brings me! Am I never more to see my dear friend Lawrence? Good man! he seemed to apprehend as much himself, the day that I left you to come here. "It is very likely, dear Miss Kitty," said he, "you will never see me more, and therefore think of me at least." Alas, I have been thinking of him, and concluded how it would please him when he found that I had done so, on my return. I thought to knit him a stout pair of stockings for next winter's wear, and was at work upon them at the very moment that I received your letter, with intelligence that he was dead. The work fell from me. After I had picked it up, I shed a flood of tears. "They are not then for him," I cried. "O yes, they shall be; for I will finish both, and put them in my drawer, that

they may daily be a token of remembrance for him." You do not tell me in your letter if he often spoke about me. I am sure he did, but that you feared to aggravate my grief by saying so. I am greatly grieved that I was not present to tend upon him in his sickness, as I verily believe that the pleasure of our services would have prolonged his days. I think you acted very properly in going to his burial. I acknowledge, had I been at home, I should not have possessed a heart to do so; but am therefore more affected at your strength of mind and friendship.

In the sorrow caused me by your letter, it was impossible for me to read the history of Elspy Campbell without tears. I thank you for it, and am thoroughly convinced, as you are, that our friend Lawrence would have done the same for us, had we been in the place of Mrs. Macdowell. I imagine it is the fault of masters, that the greater part of servants are not Lawrences and Elspies. They address them frequently so roughly, how can they suppose their servants should do any thing but fear them? Since by accidental circumstances they are placed in an inferior rank, is it humanity to tread them under foot? or rather, is it not our duty to afford such tokens of affection as may raise them in their own esteem, and gain us their attachment? People seek to make themselves respected by their countrymen and neighbours: why not then do more, and seek to be respected in their families, by those who are present with them every moment of

the day? Why not look upon them as a second class of children? To benefit the dearest friend they are possessed of, are there many masters, who would do what the generous Elspy did in favor of her mistress?

When my uncle had perused your letter, he informed me that, a society of gentlemen in France had very lately recompensed a conduct just like Elspy's. I am glad to hear that it meets with imitation. It must certainly show to masters the necessity of being kind and courteous to their servants, since it shows them that, in spite of present fortune, they may come to want their succour one day or other; nor can servants hear of such a conduct, and not feel a species of encouragement to serve their masters with fidelity and diligence. I think, if ever we keep house, we shall be able, like papa, to fill it with such people as will serve us with their hearts no less than with their hands.

This week has been a very sad one for your poor sister. Yesterday my uncle took me out to walk with him in the country. Suddenly we heard a drum strike up: we hastened to the spot. It was for several new recruits that had been levied and were going then to join their regiments. There were mixed among the soldiers many country-women who no doubt had children, if not husbands too, amongst the party; for they did nothing but embrace and kiss each other, and shed tears. When we had looked a little at this multitude, a woman dressed in mourning, of a very decent and respectable appearance, drew our observation. She was taking leave

of a young man who bit his lips to keep from crying. She gave him a little piece of canvass that had something wrapped up in it, but he would not accept it, though she pressed him very earnestly. My uncle upon this drew near and said, "Is that your son, my good woman?" "Yes," says she, "my only son, sir, and the world has not a better. My poor husband died ten months ago, and left me with three little girls besides, the eldest not quite five years old. Our last bad harvest made him run five pounds in debt. When he was dead, the creditors came on me, and I thought would take away my little field, which is all that we have for our support. The recruiting party then were with us, and a wealthy farmer's son had been drawn in to enlist. He made it known about the country, that if any one would take his place, he should receive four pounds. My son applied, and said, that for five guineas he would be his man, which was at last agreed to. Of this I did not know a word until every thing was settled; otherwise I should have begged my son to leave his sisters and myself to want a little for the present, rather than deprive me of his help, he being every thing to us, and the only friend that we have. I thought I should have swooned when he presented me the guineas which he had just received for enlisting. I applied to the recruiting serjeant to break off the bargain, but he would not lend an ear to any thing that I said. My son endeavored to console me every way in his power, by saying that my little field was now set free, and therefore would preserve the children and myself from real want. Be com-

forted, said he; I shall be quartered in the neighborhood a little longer, so that every evening, when our exercise is over, I can come and work a little for you; and at worst my time of service is not longer than three years, and then I shall have my discharge. Alas! cried she, when every thing was going on so well, I did not doubt of being able soon to pay my debts; and he must leave me now! Perhaps the war will come again, and I shall never see him more."

My uncle asked her what it was that she would have given him in the piece of canvass. She replied, it was a guinea which had been paid her, not a week before, by a lady, for the weaning of her child. "It was all the money," added she, "that I have on earth, and I designed to keep it for some great emergency. I only wish that he would have taken it, but ought to have known him better. He would never rob me, as he said, no, not accept of any thing, when he has all day long been labouring for me; on the contrary, he used to give me what he earned among the farmers for his work."

My uncle took down her direction, promising to do whatever he could for her. She appeared extremely sensible of such kindness, and her sensibility affected me as much; and yet I think, that I pitied the poor young man still more. It was very easy to discern the violence he did himself, to hide his sorrow from his mother and companions, notwithstanding there was nothing in that sorrow that he had any need to blush at. His poor mother wished to go a little further with him; but, as soon

as the drum struck up, she fainted. We brought her home, and tried all methods to console her: I, by gentle language, and my uncle by promises of kindness.

Hear me, my good brother, while I tell you an idea that has just now struck me. From the loss of Lawrence, we can tell how wretched they must be who are divided from the object of their love. The mother suffers surely more than we, as having lost much more than we who do but mourn a friend. We cannot bring poor Lawrence back to life, but may restore at least a son to his afflicted mother. I have done some needle-work to please my uncle, which he means to recompense by giving me an elegant new gown. I will have the gown in ready money. And do you, on your side, use the greatest expedition to complete the drawing that my papa has just ordered. I am sure, he will pay you very generously for it. We will then unite our little stock, and purchase the young soldier his discharge, thus showing our regard to the memory of old Lawrence: so that, if mankind are to be recompensed in future, for the good that they do in this life, this kind action will be put to his account, who was the cause of it, and he will know that we love him still as much as ever. I shall set out this day fortnight to come home, when we will settle the affair together, and desire papa to execute it. He will certainly be glad to serve us, and this hope is much the sweetest that I can taste, till I have once again the joy of seeing you. Farewell! I am rejoiced that I can on my part contribute the renewed friendship

of which you speak, and which will last as long as I have breath. Yours,

CATHARINE WALLACE.

JULIAN AND ROSINA.

MR. LORIMER was reading in a corner of his parlour, while his wife and daughter were employed in silence at their tambour frame; when, on a sudden, little Julian entered hastily, quite out of breath, his eyes full of tears, his hair in great disorder, and one sock upon his heel. He had a racket in his hand; and as he entered, he cried out, Come, mamma, do pray, and see the mother of poor Christopher and Frederic. They have not had a bit of any thing to eat all day. Frederic asked me to play with him at shuttlecock, to make him forget, as he said, that he was hungry; and they do not know how they shall get any thing before to-morrow evening, at the soonest. I would have given them all the money in my purse; but, would you think it? they refused it. I made answer, Come with me, and you shall see——No, no, said they; we are already obliged to your mamma, and dare not go again to teaze her. Then too, their poor mother, hearing this, burst out a weeping.—But I must not cry, said Julian, as my papa is reading. Ah, Rosina, had you seen them, you would certainly have cried as

much as I! and stooping as he spoke, he laid hold of Rosina's apron by the corner, to wipe his eyes.

The mother, melted at this recital and the little boy's behaviour, dropped her needle; and the father held up his book before his face.

Come, children, said Mrs. Lorimer, come, and let us see if we can help these three unhappy people.

While Frederic, Christopher, and the afflicted mother stood before their benefactress, Rosina pulled her brother by the coat, and in a whisper asked him if he recollected that nice little cake which their uncle gave them in the morning? Yes, said Julian, and turned round as if he meant to run and bring it. Keep mamma in conversation here, and make as if you did not know that I was gone; for I will run and fetch it. No, no, said Rosina, there is no need of that; for look, it is here.—On which the little girl, lifting up Frederic's cap that lay accidentally on the table, showed her brother the nice little cake, which she had watched the opportunity of slipping beneath it.

POLICY.

A gentleman observing with concern his only son upon the point of taking to the spendthrift way of living, let him do as he thought proper; and it was not long before the son run himself behind hand to a great amount, I'll pay whatever you may ask for, said the father to him, as my honor is

much dearer to me than my money; but take notice of what follows: You love joyous living, and I love the poor. I have given away in charity a great deal less than I was accustomed to do before I thought of your establishment. I will think no longer of it, as a libertine should never marry; so indulge yourself as much as you think proper, but on this condition: I declare, that when at any time you spend beyond the money I allow you as a gentleman, some hospital or other charitable institution, shall receive from me, as much as you require to satisfy your debts; and I will begin this very day. Accordingly the money was that moment ordered to a certain charity; and thus the youth by being doubly punished for his prodigality, was quickly cured of a disease that otherwise would have insured his ruin.

END OF VOL. III.

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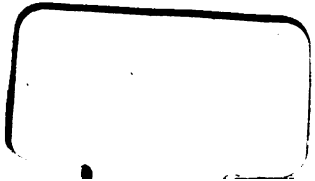
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